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SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

ALL INDIA.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER I.

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PRICE TWO RUPEES.

SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. I.] NOVEMBER, 1851. [Vol. I.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

OUR TITLE.

THERE is no truer proverb than that which intimates the vital necessity of giving a good name even to a dog. It was with anxious feelings that we found ourselves one Wednesday in presence of a numerous meeting of our intended contributors, assembled to assist at the christening of our forthcoming Periodical.

"You are all," said we, "partly aware of the views with which the present undertaking is commenced. The object which has brought us together this morning is the giving our Miscellany a name which shall imply those views clearly, boldly, and with neatness. The Public must be told what they are to expect. There must be nothing scoffing, nothing pretentious, nothing pedantic. We will not vend poison at our shop, and call it a Surgery; we will not deal in Blue Ruin, and term our den a Palace; we will not, under the guise of a Temple, sell the morals of Mammon, or the philosophy of Mephistophiles.

"We understand clearly,—do we not?—that what we publish shall be devoted to the humble, but honest service of integrity, peace, and improvement all over the world; but with a special view to the interests of the various classes who inhabit this country; of Gentoo and Nair, of Mahratta and Parsee, of Bengalee and Hindoo, of Mussalman and Sikh, of Eurasian and European, of Soldier, Sailor, and Civilian, of Medical-man and Chaplain, of Subjects and Rulers: that it shall be, in short, a real Friend of India. As that title however has been forestalled, we beg you all to assist us in selecting one, if possible, equally appropriate."

After the applause that followed our speech had in some degree subsided, our contributors began to make their several suggestions. Our lyric Poet proposed "The Fire-fly." What more appropriate name, he asked, than that of the most beautiful production of the East? Our Politician interrupted by observing that the title pro-

posed by his Hon. Friend was not sufficiently "earnest;" that the Fire-fly was an insect whose brilliancy was utterly useless, and which he had also been informed (his honorable and inspired friend would correct him if he was in error) occasionally stung in a very unpleasant manner. He would advise some name suggestive of Progress, and of the great interests which make all men kin. His motto was "Forward, forward for ever," and he thought "Onwards" would be a better name. His friend the Economist observed that there could be no doubt that the Fire-fly was an unproductive animal, and as such, a bad emblem for them; but he thought the word "Onwards" might remind the profane of "Inwards," and create ludicrous associations. He himself had "Nothing" to propose. This was unanimously rejected.

A hurricane of names now poured from every side of the room. We had The Mint, Light, The Dreamer, The Sower, The Companion, The Pen, As You Like It, The Lamplighter, Ink, The Smatterer, The Workman, Help, The Library, The Learner, The Staff, The Wanderer, What? The Seeker, The Stoker, The Recluse, The Alembic, The Calm Hour, (with the motto "detur hora quieti,") The Anodyne, The Struggle, The Lens, The Meteor, and The Bachelor's Wife.

None of these pleased all. One was pointless, another was quaint; this was too old, that too paradoxical. The Poet (who is extremely conceited) still continued at intervals to put forth titles in an interrogatory tone of voice—which was responded to by total silence—Excelsior, Seed, Footprints, and the like, but they fell dead.

A common-place friend, who had done nothing but smoke ever since he entered the room, and of whom no one could say clearly what had brought him to the meeting, suddenly opened his lips for the first time—"Why don't you call it something, without any humbug?" asked he: "Call it by the publisher's name, as they do in England—'Saunders' Monthly Magazine?'"

The escape from our anxieties was too obvious to be rejected; and the first number of—

"Saunders' Monthly Magazine"

Is now offered to the Public.

SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. I.] NOVEMBER, 1851. [Vol. I.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

"Alas! how rashly each man draws
On his own head the weight of unjust laws."—Horace.
Freeman's *Translation.*

CHAPTER I.

My first recollections are connected with the assemblage of young men, scholastic buildings, green plots of turf, and innumerable hurryings to and fro of people in caps and gowns. The very air I breathed was redolent with the fumes of dissipation and the studious lamp. The very waifs and strays that furnished my earliest toys were such relics of student life as combine associations of the most opposite character. My father was a professor of the University of Oxford, and the garden of his house adjoined one of its larger Colleges. There, in my infant rambles, I was always picking up old trencher caps, rejected tobacco pipes, empty bottles, and half-burned lexicons, while it seemed one of the most entertaining amusements of the gownsmen to hoist me through the windows of their rooms, and cram me with strawberry jam in those places of severe intellectual labour. Hence it was that I became familiar with the language, alike of the kennel and of the schools: and learned betimes that the best man was he who could combine the greatest amount of stage coachmanship with the utmost degree of learning. I am speaking of some time back, for when I went to my first school, some four miles from Oxford, great George was still king. The Reform Bill was far from being the law of the land, and many persons and customs were in existence that are mere words to the present generation. The school of which I speak was not an ambitious institution; it was in the house of the curate of a quiet village, abounding in green meadow land, watered by a slow

sedgy river: I have passed the house many times in later life,—it is at present inhabited by a wine merchant.

Previous to this, my education had not been confined entirely to country life, as I had several times been taken up to London by my dear old grandmother, and spent weeks together in her husband's dark and dusty house at Paul's Chain. I believe that no one now resides in the city. My grandfather, who was a Proctor of the old school, in powder and a fob, lived over his own office. Many a night, when the rumble and the roar of the streets had died away, or nothing was heard, but the slow sullen jolt of some belated wagon from the country; many a night have I lain in my little bed, and listened, (I remember it all as I write,) to the measured music of the cathedral clock hard by, to which the thousand steeples near and far swelled a long echo.

I have wandered from my school, though, and as I have undertaken its description, I feel that it would be better to begin a new chapter.

CHAPTER .'.

The master of my little school may be indicated by his usual nick-name Boanerges, for his name began with B., and he was also a son of thunder. However, his noise did no one harm, being the noise of an indolent and good-natured person.

His wife was one of the few women I have ever seen, who was totally and at all points disagreeable; beyond her sex, this woman had no redeeming trait. She turned her back upon me the instant my father's carriage drove from the door, and I was left in a strange house, alone for the first time in my life: I took it then for a sense of liberty, and danced merrily round the room like a little ass, till the loud crash of a large China jar brought me up with a couple of boxes on the ear from the fair hands of Mrs. B. which made me see sparks for nine minutes.

My father, when I left home, (for I had come to school alone in the carriage, he wanting the courage which should have sustained him during the actual sacrifice;) had given me a two-bladed pen-knife and four new shillings; these treasures were heard of by Boanerges, and were immediately carried to my account by that worthy man, so that the eye of the flesh beheld them no more. The next day I made the acquaintance of the rest of the school, which was not large. In the department of which I was a member were two or three others, a nephew of the master, and the spoiled orphan grandson of an opulent lady in the neighbourhood; this boy had a pale face and chronic blotches, from a perpetual over-indulgence in preserved fruit: there was also a parlour boarder, whose father was a prosperous horse dealer, who wished his son to learn a little besides "the points of a 'oss." This gentleman, finding me quite unacquainted with the rudiments of marble playing, kindly undertook my instruction in that respect; and indemnified himself by a rude system of payments in kind. He was completely ignorant of every thing else, his father never having taught the hound a word till he was too old to be flogged—

the only way in which he could have learned anything at any time. This fellow's bullying was not my only sorrow; the chiefest was the sad, sick sense of being away from home and kindred: the distance was not considerable, but I was as much alone really as if it had been ten times greater. My father was entirely occupied with his own studies and with the business of teaching, while my mother was a confirmed invalid, and seldom stirred from home at all. O how bitterly I used to cry, and how deeply I used to envy those boys who had brothers to come and see them. There were but two things (besides eating and drinking) which gave me any pleasure. One was, wandering in a cool grove or wilderness at the end of the garden, where the Quaker who had lived in the house before us had raised a mound with a grotto on it, which could only be reached by the right path—an instructive sight—this was one of my pleasures; the other was such reading (being secular, and not connected with the school) as came in my way: the chief among such books being Tom and Jerry (with coloured plates, in which Clergymen in black gaiters and Charlies in drab great coats constantly appeared in degrading and uncomfortable positions), and a volume of Tales of Chivalry and Faerie, of which I only remember that there was matter relating to a Princess of Fez, who was hardly treated.

I went home very little improved by my first "half." I swore at every third word, told my mother the beer was "devilish thin," left the bottom button of my waistcoat open, and walking with my father, expectorated through my teeth as I had seen the big boys do after smoking a cigar. These artless practices the dear old man did not punish as they deserved, seeing that I was only seven years of age, and was easily persuaded to leave them off when he shewed me that they were not gentlemanly! still the bad seed remained where it had been sown; and bore fruit, even then pernicious. I had a profound contempt for my sisters, by reason of their sex, which consideration also induced me to withhold the smallest mark of respect from the governess, a very worthy and amiable woman: I also made an unavailing application to change my button covered tunic, with its wide collar of crimped muslin, for the more manly apparel of my older school-fellows.

The Christmas holidays drew to an end, and with them all my pride. Like the soul, in Blair's Grave, I flew to every avenue that should yield the means of escape, and found it not. Neither the snow nor the frost, nor a cold that I did my best to catch, nor my actual tears, prevailed to get me more than a day's respite. How little is ever known of the misery the fondest parents unnecessarily inflict upon their children: in how many cases would they not be securing alike their own comfort and the good of their offspring, by giving them the benefits of home education.

CHAPTER III.

VERY bitterly did I contrast my going to school in this frosty time to my flushed entrance there in mellow August. The winter of my

discontent grew sharper and more dark; I pined for home; I would not learn; I took no pleasure but in the short ferocity of appetite as far as it could be indulged by yeast dumplings and diluted table beer. This state of things soon made me very ill, and my father at once came to me. To this dear parent I confided all my little sorrows, as I would willingly have done many a time since, in cases far more serious. He heard me to the end, and in reply, reasoned with me as if I had been his equal When I had learnt to take a rather more healthy view of the matter, he went away for the time, but left with me a little portfolio, the hue and odour of which I shall never forget, and which was filled with pictures which he had himself collected for me. He also promised that if I would attend to my books, and behave like a man, he would send the pony for me, every alternate Saturday afternoon, and let me remain at home till the Monday morning: this plan having received the full assent of my guide, philosopher and friend, I became more comfortable, and returned to the fourth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, and the respected old Joke, since deceased, I believe, of Semiramis surrounding her city with cock-tailed mice; and so matters went on for some time, till a personage arrived who drew out to the full any little tendency I may have possessed to admire dandyism and external elegance.

Cox was a small apothecary in a small town, till an old gentleman by the name of Bloxam falling ill, in the absence of the regular practitioner was compelled to seek the assistance of the druggist. A timely dose so quickly relieved him of his immediate fears of dissolution, that when that lamented event really occurred, it was found that he had left the bulk of his property to the man of pills, who was to take the name of the testator.

With this trifling condition the sage readily complied, and as it was too late in the day to think of becoming a gentleman himself, he very properly determined to do what he could in that behalf for his son and heir: so Cox-Bloxam junior was taken from the day-school of his own village, and after a short period of town-life with his father during the proving of the will, and other business matters, became domesticated as a parlour-boarder under the roof of my learned friend Boanerges. Here the splendour of his waistcoats and the affability of his manners speedily pointed him out as no common person; there was not a female in the establishment to whom he was not an object of the most slavish adoration: towards the boys he was condescending, used to send them of errands (such as the purchase of a shilling's worth of cigars, the ends of which he encouraged us to smoke), teach them shooting, and occasionally give a clinical lecture on his father's profession, illustrated by experiments with a penknife on Boanerges' milch-cow. But to this day I have never recovered the deep awe with which this young man's dress and habits inspired me—I can only say that my manly aspirations (as I then thought them) increased from that day forward, and that my poor mother had no peace till I was permitted to go into jackets, and have my trowsers cut in the existing mode.

But I continued the fairy course

with still more regularity than the Tom and Jerry: for my heart was with the one, the other only appealed to my vanity; from the earliest dawn of reason my studies had been constant, though somewhat desultory in their subject. At the age of five (two years and more before my going to school,) I had been put into the hands of a walking tutor, an amiable young man, who, instead of teaching me truths, simple and nutritious, had been more careful to push me on in studies that should make a show. I have still in my possession a copy of Phœdrus, in which he has recorded with his sign manual, that he presented it to me on account of my proficiency in Latin and Greek, at the age of six. I could not then have been acquainted with the commonest principles of grammar, so that my memory and my ambition were cultivated, while my understanding was left fallow. This was not a system calculated to give a practical tone to a mind perhaps constitutionally too relaxed and imaginative. Always fond of reading, and left to myself in a house filled with books, I chose such as increased these tendencies. My favorites were Chaucer and some plays of Shakspeare, in Reed's Edition, (where I used to wonder who Malone was, and why there was so much mention of Johnson,) and Harris's Voyages: to these must be added occasional bits of Beloe's Herodotus, selected without reference to Chronology. It will not therefore be matter of surprise that I should, after I had been at school a twelve-month, have had two distinct characters. One for the blaze of day, when I was idle, swaggering, and contradictious; the other at night, when poring over ghost stories till I was afraid to go to bed, until I could get some one to walk through the intervening passages by my side.

At this time it was that the cholera first began its havoc in England. I am now to approach one of the most important eras in my little annals. My first, and hitherto my greatest misfortune, it would be as impossible to describe, as it would be to forget the happiness and benefit I had derived from the tender and judicious friendship of my father, from my earliest consciousness to this period. He was always especially fond of his first-born, and took great delight in walking with me in the fields, storing my mind with truthful observations of the works of God, and answering with unconquerable goodness all my little foolish questions—"Who was the greatest poet that ever lived?" "Was a Lord made like other men?" and similar absurdities.

CHAPTER IV.

His illness came on in August, the day after I had left for school after one of my Sunday visits. As usual in the dreadful malady to which he fell a victim, the attack was hidden in its approach, and swift in its operation: so that in the horror of the moment I was so completely forgotton, as not to be sent for till the next day.

When I heard the sound so welcome to a school-boy, "You are wanted, Freeman," I snatched my cap from its peg, and obeyed the summons with joy; but when the master met me with a grave

look, and leading me silently into the bed-room, bid me pack my little box, I began to tremble with vague apprehension. Very gently, (for he was as kind as indolent, and stood in fear of sorrow) did he break the truth, "there was bad news of my father, he was ill; very ill: perhaps I should never see him again." I, though practically ignorant what death was, began to understand that it must be this thing that men hesitated to name! I did nothing, but went down softly, mounted my little mare, and rode home without speaking a word to the groom. When we got to the garden gate of our garden, and I saw how the fading trees waved their boughs, my heart sank to painful languor. I went into the house; my mother met me, her face soiled and changed with excess of weeping; and led me by the hand into the "spare room," a large chamber usually appropriated to guests. Here in the long black box clothed in white, and in a close atmosphere, of camphor and of flowers, the old man lay, for ever still. I took the passive hand—the rest is a hiatus of bitter sorrow and of idle tears; a sorrow that instead of diminishing, gained strength for many a day, for every day that I went into some place where he had been with us, I felt that he was getting farther off and farther.

In the course of that autumn, we left our sweet familiar home that spoke so much of him,—the beautiful old garden now bare and possessed by eddies of dry and yellow leaves. I remember every circumstance of that flitting. We had engaged the whole coach, and young as I was, when we passed through the old walk, and under the gate, I felt that a great change was come; and that I should be there as I had been, no more. A curtain fell: the romantic age of life ended; that part, which, like the youth of Nations, is a mass of vague traditions, bearing the impress of heavenly truths, this ended here; the bright sun, the sweet-voiced birds, the innocent, unreserved loves, the superstitious fears, and all that surrounds early life with the twilight of a fairer world, are fled for ever, or till death at least. Still the heart breathes to their call a melting echo, still their memories are nearer to us than the vitiated feelings of later years.

CHAPTER V.

Our first march was upon London, where my poor mother had a world of business, for which she was alike unfitted by her inexperience and by her present state of feeling. She found however all the assistance she required in my guardian, who met her there by appointment—my dear father's old college friend, the Rev. Thomas Warren, of Stagnum-in-the-Mere. In their college days they had been friends and rivals both in the schools and in the good graces of the master's daughter. In this latter contest my father was the successful candidate, which, however, with the exception of a temporary coolness, produced no interruption to the genuine esteem which prevailed between these two pure and holy men. They soon after parted, never to meet again. My father vacated his Fellowship

to marry, and remained at Oxford as a Professor, while Warren, anxious for the active duties of his calling, accompanied his old school-fellow Lord Eversfield in a short tour on the continent; and soon after his return, was presented to his Lordship's living, the modest and retired Rectory of Stagnum-in-the-Mere, where he had resided ever since. His friend had a beautiful seat close by, where he spent the few years of his happiness in the society of his old friend, and of a wife whom he lost, while they were both still young. A taint of hereditary insanity followed this bereavement, and the young widower was for some years under personal restraint. The mental disorder only left him to become a prey of physical infirmity, but the weak sun-set of his life was full of light and peace. With his last breath Lord Eversfield left his infant daughter Edith to Warren's care, who being himself by this time married, was unable to give the young heiress much of that attention, of which fate seemed to have deprived her. Dr. Warren was by no means without a relish for the pleasures of enlightened society, or a certain respect for Bishops and for Lords, which distinguished the parsons of the old school; without partaking of that tuft-hunting character for which some of their modern brethren have since been remarkable. Accordingly, it will be no matter of surprise that this pious and simple-hearted man had enough of the wisdom of the serpent, to be a very efficient guide to my mother through the mazes of the law and the snares of London.

I remember his appearance on first entering our dingy lodging; nor is it difficult to do so otherwise: during his life it was never altered. A portly person, with a fine head, covered at the sides and back with short white hair; a countenance full of sense and good humour; and a bearing, marked by that species of venerable *bon hommie*, peculiar to really good men who have known the world; which commands respect without seeming to exact it. Having been dignified by a stall in the cathedral of his diocese, he adhered to the becoming costume of a somewhat elder day, the square cut coat, with ruffles at the wrist, a low muslin neckcloth, with a large white breast frill, buckles at his knees and in his shoes, and out of doors, black gaiters, and the shovel hat, once a badge of his profession.

This kind and venerable friend accomplished all our little affairs, or put them into the proper train; he then proposed that we should all come down to Stagnum, where we could live with him, until we had time to look about us. "My young friend Cope," he said, "will be a kind and good tutor for Charley; a very remarkable young man, madam; took a high degree at Oxford, and was immediately appointed to our chapel: he has ideas which were not taught in our youth, and is taking the greatest pains to restore the church to its ancient purity." The Rector had learned German when he was abroad after Waterloo; for he had a talent for languages, and spoke his own much better than was usual in days when mis-pronunciation and bad grammar often formed the Shibboleths of society. He had read many of the books of the Neologists, and had hailed the opposition, which he found his

young colleagues prepared to offer to those speculations. At the time of which I speak they had gone no farther; neither Warren nor any one else could then have had any idea that the road which so scrupulously avoided the frontiers of Germany, led eventually to the hills of Rome.

We started, taking as before the whole of the coach; my mother and her maid occupied the interior; Thomas, the grey old footman, with his wife, who was our cook, sat with the guard, one religiously watching his old fiddle, the other grasping with despairing tenacity a swollen basket, from which protruded the neck of a black bottle, and which the worthy couple, with the assistance of the guard, considerably lightened of its fluid and solid contents before we got to our journey's end. I was in front with Warren; and George, the rector's man, being, (in virtue of his connection with his master's stable) a sporting character, adorned the box-seat, and listened respectfully to the intelligent conversation of the coachman. The day was fine, the road perfection, the scenery lovely and constantly varied, and the cattle of that faultless description which marked the climacteric, and preceded the downfal of the stage-coach system. At two we halted for dinner, at six for tea, at nine the twilight melted, and in the whispering calm of a bright but moonless night, we came within the soft sounds and fresh atmosphere of the sea down a hill, with the horses' hoofs keeping merry harmony to the pole-chains and splinter-bars, through an irregular street of old and picturesque houses, and we drew up at the garden gate of the cheerfully lighted parsonage.

The merry voices of two little girls full of glee at papa's arrival, the respectful greetings of the servants, and the more deep and precious welcome given by his wife and aged mother, made up a scene too sweet to be free from sadness. I was all excitement, and masked my shyness by the most manful exertions to get down the luggage. But my poor mother was painfully reminded of the home she had for ever lost. "Let us go in," said she, in a voice so altered, that, in the darkness, I scarcely knew from whom it proceeded. We went in, and in a few minutes I was in my new bed, vainly trying to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

In the peaceful solitudes of the west of England, nine years of a child's life may well slip by without producing any event of sufficient importance to leave on the mind of the man a permanent impression: at least it is so with myself. The recollections of the period from nine to eighteen are, as I believe is usually the case, a confused image of happiness. Not that happiness is the peculiar privilege of childhood; it would be grievous ingratitude to the Giver of all good to suppose it. A man engaged in a profession for which he is tolerably well qualified, with a certainty that he and his are safe from actual want, may enjoy a more rational and a more real happiness than a child; but God in his mercy has so ordered it, that the memories of good are more enduring than those of evil;

and thus it arises that though "sad," yet "sweet" are "the days that are no more." Their sadness is not sorrowful, nay, is itself a source of pleasure. Our society was small and simple. The curate, my tutor, was a young man of three or four-and-twenty, amiable, affectionate and upright. Some weaknesses he had, but they did not affect his practice, and produced no evil effects on my mind, owing in a great measure to their visionary nature, and also to the healthy teaching of my mother, and of my faithful guardian the rector. This worthy friend had preserved for her the esteem that a generous-minded man must always feel for a woman whom he has once loved, and as it was only from his own lips that I heard the fact, I presume that my mother was never made acquainted with the sacred source of much of his tender assiduity.

We lived in a pretty farm-house where the good couple who occupied the land, ministered to most of our simple wants. A little removed from the town, this residence united the convenience of such a situation, with unusual privacy. Three hundred yards off, and just showing its plain chimney over the surrounding elm trees, stood the red-brick house of the doctor, which formed the beginning of the little street. He was a severe but worthy man, whose practice and tone of mind were decidedly those of the "old school." But he was, at the time of which I am speaking, the only medical practitioner of Stagnum, which town was in the very transitional period which has led to its present splendors. But I must not anticipate.

Stagnum-in-the-Mere is situated on a wide piece of low ground bounded almost entirely by smooth downs barren of every thing but a sort of short thick herbage which forms very good pasture for sheep; nor is it easy for a stranger, on his first visit, to understand why the original settlers did not place their town on these breezy heights rather than voluntarily encounter the influences of the low and swampy land where they planted their colony. But the fact is to be referred to two causes. The first of which was that the river of those parts, which, (like many of its aquatic brethren,) bore the significant name of Ouse, had at the time been a stream of some consequence, and discharged itself into a snug little harbour, capable (according to tradition) of accommodating a ship of five hundred tons burthen; now, alas! they are sadly shrunk, both river and mouth, the former dawdles in its slimy bed, and enters feebly into the sea, by a channel over which, at low water, the present writer has often stepped: moreover the place of the harbour had been dried up, and Stagnum was deserted by the sea, which had retreated to a distance of two miles; the intervening space materially increasing the insalubrity of the climate, a salt marsh, varied at high tides, by great pools which stagnated there, till restored to the restless ocean by the next unusual flow.

As some little compensation for the decline of our town, a hot well was discovered in the reign of Charles 1st, (as it is said) by a visitor, at the Manor house, and a pump room and row of shops arose, together with a very few lodging houses, so that toward the end of his successors'

merry reign, it became a fashionable resort. It is even pretended that the Court of that profligate period had visited Hot Stagnum (so was the new town named), introducing their sham pastoralities there when fashion determined on being Arcadian, or the plague or the Dutch fleet frightened them from town. Grammont however does not so record. But the existence of the rumour proves that the place had become popular, and we find that soon after the death of Charles II. the Parish Church of St. Bede, in the old town, proved too distant and too small for a race, who, even in their vices, never dreamed of neglecting the external observances of religion. In the year of the Revolution was completed a structure in which was displayed in an ingenious manner the bad taste peculiar to the period. The chapel at Hot Stagnum is still standing, and exhibits a mixture of the Gothic, Grecian, and Barn schools of architecture. If not designed by Vanbrugh, it entitles its composer to that artist's epitaph.

> "Lie heavy on him earth, for he
> Laid many a grievous load on thee!"

Such as it is, the word of truth has been preached in it, to the comfort of thousands, which is of more importance than the graces of architecture, or the splendour of visible circumstances. A good man, pursuing his sacred office amidst a sincere "company of faithful people," is a sight more edifying perhaps than a cathedral full of perfunctory triflers, with all the pomp of stole and alb, candle and choir, and professional organ-playing. It must not however be denied that many a man is sincerely actuated by right feelings in adding to the beauty of a place of worship and removing untasteful objects that deform it; especially when, like Dr. Warren's curate, he appropriates the slender superfluities of his own narrow income to the work; the only thing to be doubted THEN is, whether, in a hampered social system like ours, where thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge, and almost as many for want of the very bread by which it is written that man should not live alone: such objects are ever to be considered as among the most important.

It must not be supposed that the prosperous state of Hot Stagnum continued uninterrupted from the time of the building of the Chapel of Ease; on the contrary new Spas were discovered; Tonbridge, Cheltenham and Harrogate drew off the fashionable world; the bye-roads fell into dis-repair, and the little society, in the days of my boyhood, was as prim and unlike the rest of the world, as the characters in a Tractarian novel—works, by the way, of that stamp were then not in existence, or I should have been in a fair way of reading them all at the curate's. The vague stirrings of that excellent young man's disposition had not taken any decided bent, but they were no doubt ready for the reception of hazy sentimentalities, the aspirations for a retrogression to a state of things they little comprehend, which some of his Oxford-friends afterwards taught him. In those days he fasted a little in private, believed in the divine right of kings, objected to the Pope's being compared to an improper female, and considered Charles 1st a martyr; but

beyond these harmless practices, his ambition had never soared. The architectural impurities of his little chapel were a perpetual eyesore to him, so he saved up his little *possibles*, and clapped on a cross here and screen there, which rendered the building in its transition state rather more unsightly than ever. Still, as I said above, there could be no doubt of the purity of his motives; and I am persuaded that the progress of his chapel toward a Gothic character almost compensated for the reluctance of the flock to proceed in a similar direction. He took it as an augury, or hoped it might be a means. But it must be confessed that the congregation were very stubborn. Agreeing with the curate on the main points of religion, they were loath to leave the usages to which they had been accustomed from children, for no better reason than the *ipse dixit* of an inexperienced theorist, whom they remembered ten years ago, "knuckling down" at Big Ring in the Close.

I have dwelt thus much on this gentleman's views and tendencies, because I had more to do with him when I was a little older, and was influenced by him, undoubtedly in a way very beneficial to myself.

The only other inhabitant of Stagnum whose importance deserves a separate mention was the lawyer, a smart, shrewd little fellow. He was inordinately vain, and could not resist any opportunity, however slight, of making a speech, so much so, that he invaded the monotony of private life with his oratory, and even in common conversation, availed himself largely of the conventional formalities of debate.

In the midst of society, innocent though mediocre, and surrounded by a scenery, rich, if not beautiful; lulled to sleep every night by the distant sound of the sea, not heard wave by wave, but in a mingled melancholy cadence, I passed my boyhood. The old desultory reading was continued; none of Cope's boys knew as much of Greek, Latin or French as I did, and being thus in a class by myself, I had in a great measure the direction of my own education. The French master was very superior to the ordinary "Mushew" of private schools, being an M. A. of Paris, and a man of information as well as some natural power. Besides him, I associated with several persons of very different habits, with the old wooden-legged Lieutenant of the Preventive-service, with the two young ladies at the parsonage, and (I blush to mention so low a character) with whistling Joe, the poacher, the most unmitigated blackguard in the parish.

The Squire himself was a very proud person, and in no way attractive to a lad of my disposition, being one of the most zealous leaders of the evangelical party in Parliament, and a great bashaw in his own family, where his system of management was developing all the worst points in the character of his son Lionel, a youth, who, fortunately for me, spent most of his time away from Stagnum, in the aristocratic shades of Eton College.

THE POET'S FAME.

SEEK'ST thou the Poet's fame? alas! the bloom
That glows on beauty's cheek, the flower's perfume,
So sweet at morn, and vanish'd ere the eve,
The rainbow's mantle that the sunbeams weave,
Music soft echoing on the evening's breath,
Are transient all, more transient still his wreath.

Seek'st thou the Poet's fame? Oh! who shall tell,
The pangs that mingle in the Poet's spell?
O'er the broad brow, the envied laurels wave,
The tongues of Nations shield him from the grave;
On his wrung soul the canker worm still preys,
And there *are* snakes, that sting beneath the bays.
He whose wild notes of anguish or despair
Claim'd manhood's sigh, or beauty's tearful prayer;
He whose sad strain each feeling bosom wrings;
Has felt a thousand fold, the woes he sings.

Seek'st thou the Poet's fame? alas! in vain
Have thousands toil'd that phantom wreath to gain;
Fann'd with their sighs, and watered with their tears,
Fame's fragile flower (whose frailty but endears),
Life-long they sow'd! Amid the thorns of woe
They laboured on—did *Life* reward them? No!
The hand of fate withold the well-earn'd meed,
The sun of fortune smil'd not on the seed.
Death came!—Did death life's cold neglect atone,
With glory's garlands o'er their ashes thrown,
And wreathe their *tombs* with flowers, to *them* denied?
Death brought no harvest! as they lived they died;
O'er their fair garden rolls oblivion's wave,
And nameless, fameless, sleep they in the grave.

Alas! when life was young, and joys were rife,
They never knew them—busied in the strife,
Lured on by hope, thro' many a sleepless night
And restless day, they fought the doubtful fight;
They bartered youth, and all its varied bliss,
The sigh of love, and beauty's burning kiss;
Peace, pleasure, friendship, all they had, forgot,
And all for Fame—and yet, they won it not!

Seek'st thou the Poet's fame? Oh! pause awhile
Where summer suns o'er Spezzio's wavelets smile,
Say, whose* the dust that gilds the sand-strewn beach,
And let his spirit in his ashes teach.
'Tis his! the poet of the soul, whose song
Of truth and freedom, thro' earth echoing long,
Shall be believed at last, when future years
Have wash'd out falsehood from the world with tears;

* Shelley.

'Tis his, whose lofty mind could dare to rend
The mask of regal* vice, and scorn'd to bend
To the world's mandates, good and great,
Mankind unlike him, gave him ...... but their hate;
Think of the pangs he suffered, while he strove
A willing victim of the Muses' love;
Think of his sorrowing life, his sullied name,
In his lone grave—ah! what avails his fame?
Say, can the gilding on the tomb repay,
A life, in toil and misery pass'd away.

Seek'st thou the Poet's fame? why not be blest
Thro' life's short years with happiness and rest?
Why, in the vain pursuit, waste youth and health?
Are there not pleasure, beauty, power and wealth?
Why dare the world, and brave its bitter scorn,
To gain the praise of ages yet unborn?
That when ourselves have faded from the earth,
Our names may live among the names of worth,
And wondering myriads cross the stormy wave,
To bend in silence o'er the Poet's grave?
Say, can his deaf ear vibrate with the sound
Of noble feet, that lightly press the ground?
His dust now hallows; honour'd in *decay*
The *frame*, whence fled the *soul* unmark'd, away?
Say, can he hear the kind and pitying sigh
That mourns his fate, uncar'd for, doomed to die?
Say, can he feel the sympathetic tear,
Denied in life, but shed upon his bier?

What is the Poet's fame? to be repaid
By praise when we can hear it not; to wade
Thro' years of sorrow, to an empty name,
A banner o'er a tomb!—*that* is the Poet's fame!

Seek not the Poet's fame! ah! warning vain,
While there is death, the hope to live again
In good men's hearts, must lead towards that goal,
And thro' all sufferings, spur the aspir'ng soul!
Then go thy way, and play thy destin'd part,
Thro' toil and woe, to win ...... a broken heart.
Yet deem not thou, tho' vain the world's applause,
Thy labours lost. Go, sing of freedom's cause;
Teach men how false the shadows they pursue,
What they should shun, and what they ought to do,
With truthful pen. Oh! let them shuddering see,
What they are now, and what they ought to be.
Go, tell of truth and virtue's hallow'd sway;
Tho' the world scorn thee, changeless keep thy way,
So shall thy words fresh blossom every age,
And man reap wisdom from thy teeming page;
So shall thy soul fulfil its Maker's aim,
And Heaven itself accord—the Poet's Fame.

Augustus Howard.

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* See Swellfoot the Tyrant, a Satire on George the Fourth.

A CHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

> "Old Chaucer, like the *Morning Star*,
> To us discovers day from far;
> His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
> Which our dark nation long involved;
> But he, descending to the shades,
> Darkness again the age invades."
>
> DENHAM.

From Peter Ovidius Naso Jones, Esquire, India, to the Lady Jemima Jingle, Belgrave Square, London.

MY DEAR COZ,—You have commanded me to write you a *very* long letter;—you have directed that there shall be a *great* deal of poetry in it, and you have remarked, that I must have plenty of spare time, having "of course little or nothing to do in that horrid hot India," for, according to you, the only busy people in this world are those who inhabit the houses East of Temple Bar.

But you are wrong, for certes I have a great deal to do, and yet I have leisure; and believe me, the only people who never have leisure or spare time, are those who have no appointed duties to perform, and who therefore exercise the royal independence of being systematically idle. Such people have no leisure ever; they are busy doing nothing always, or helping others in that dreary occupation. Now Mrs. Eve of Eden must have been, according to my belief, really a very busy woman; her time must have been fully and usefully occupied; for though she did not condescend to such drudgery as needle work, and purchased her aprons at the "real original warehouse," yet she had to make the cyder, to peel the potatoes, to dry the tobacco (for Adam was fond of his pipe,) to prepare the salad, and feed the birds, beasts and fishes under her charge, to chop up the lobsters, and make hasty puddings; yet *she*, after having punctually, as Milton says—

> "Due at her hour prepar'd
> For dinner savoury fruits of taste, to please
> True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
> Of nectrous draughts between, from milky stream,
> Berry or grape,"

by which I take it champagne, mousseux and milk punch are pleasantly designated—*she* (I say) found leisure to peruse her favourite periodical, or diurnal publications, and to pay

> "Her earliest visitation and her last at eve"

to her budding violets; she scanned with interest those ephemerals the morning and evening newspapers of her days; her "*daily news*" was a *daisy new;* her "this morning's *Times*" was a new edition of wild *Thyme*—so without more preamble, as she found leisure without neglecting her duty to cultivate her botanical tastes, even so I find time to cultivate you.

And first about poetry, I find it in my mind to begin at the beginning, and to endeavour to impress you with the merits of old Geoffry Chaucer. Now don't fly out, and call him "a nasty old thing," and tell me you want something newer; if you do, I must say to you, as Lieutenant Perpenna did to the Queen of Portugal, in Corneille's tragedy of Sartorius,—

"Madame, il est ici votre maitre et le mien
Il faut en sa présence un peu de modestie
Et, si je vous oblige à quelque repartie,
La faite sans aigreur, sans outrages mêlés,
Et ne point oublier devant qui vous parlez."

I tell you, old Chaucer was the "Father of English heroic verse, and the first English versifier who wrote poetically;" that is rather a high title I take it, even in your fair eyes.

You probably have not had any great previous acquaintance with him,—indeed much of his chatter would chime but ill with the polished periods of Pimlico, or the bland babble of Belgravia; still you cannot fail to have read of

"The inevitable charms of Emily,"

or her laudable habit of early rising now—

"When morn with rosy light had streaked the sky
Uprose the sun, and uprose Emily."

I mean to eschew that Lady—glorious John Dryden having done old Chaucer ample justice in *her* portraiture. There are, however some score more, left untouched by Dryden, Pope, Betterton, Ogle and every body else, whose beauties I may perhaps disinter for your amusement. "The Knightes Tale;" "The Wyf of Bathes Tale;" "The Nun Preest Tale;" "The Flower and the Leaf," have all been done into English by Dryden, albeit much of their original coarseness he has chosen to leave untouched. Pope imitated the "Merchant's Tale;" the "Wife of Bath's Prologue;" the "House of Fame;" and one Mr. Betterton, who was an "alter idem" of the Bard of Twickenham, rendered the "Reves Tale," and some of the "Characters of the Pilgrims;" and the "Canterbury Tales" are said to have been modernised by a Mr. Ogle about a hundred years ago; but neither of the last have I to refer to, and if I ever have seen them in younger days, they have long since passed out of memory.

Will you feel insulted, if I tell you that Chaucer was born in A. D. 1328, and died in A. D. 1400? Will it hurt your sensitive nature to know, that it was considered doubtful whether his father had been a merchant, a trader, a vintner, a knight, or even a peer of the realm? And shall you feel consoled by the information that he was a contemporary of your pet Petrarch's; that he was rather well connected, being allied to a Prince of the blood, and that his wife's sister was that pretty Mistress Catherine Swynford, who was the loving spouse of no less a man than John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster? That Chaucer managed to exist, and somewhat to flourish during the reigns of Edward III., Richard II. and Henry IV., and that he left a great deal of poetry behind him, which has been very little read generally; and which even in Dryden's time, between A. D. 1650 and A. D. 1700, was thought to be worth *translating*, for it was written in an almost unknown tongue, and one not easily learnt, or indeed worth the trouble of learning, for it is English unsophisticated?

It sounds oddly, does it not?—to talk of translating an English poet into English; but still Dr. Sam Johnson's rule will not apply in this case. He says, "You may *translate* books of Science exactly, you may also *translate* history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical; but poetry indeed cannot be *translated*, and therefore it is the *Poets* who preserve the languages; for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language, if we could have all that is written

in it, just as well in a translation; but as the Beauties of *Poetry* cannot be preserved in any language except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language." I beg your pardon, Sam the Great; nobody wishes to preserve the precise language in which Chaucer wrote, and as very few can read him in the original, why the only remedy is a translation, and so poetry may sometimes require translation in spite of the Lexicographer's dictum.

Old John Dryden, as nearly as possible, 300 years after Chaucer, both in birth and death, says—"It came into my mind that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled Ovid, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, and I resolved to put their merits to the trial by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language as it is now refined" (1698). He then proceeds to say that his own feelings are in favour of his countryman and predecessor, but that he knows he is in a miserable minority, for he says, besides many of the learned, all the young men about town, and the ladies, are the declared patrons of Ovid. He likewise likens Chaucer to Boccacio, and says that among other things they had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that "Dante had begun to *file* the Italian language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccacio, who likewise received no little help from his master Petrarch; but the reformation of Italian prose was wholly owing to Boccacio himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue, though many of his phrases have become obsolete, as, in process of time, it must needs happen."

Then he goes on, for I must make this dry detail as short as possible, to show that "Chaucer first adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal," which was in his day "the most polished of all the modern languages." These are some of his reasons for rendering parts of Chaucer's poetry into English, and if they were considered valid in the end of the 17th Century, they can hardly have lost force, now that we have passed the half-way house of the 19th Century, and

"The dust on antique time would lie unswept,"

and the merits of by-past poets, "like graves i' the Holy Churchyard," would become more indistinct under the gnawings of old "*Edax Rerum*" year by year, if an occasional cousin did not call them into notice as in the present case. I do not—mind you,—lay any claim to the excuse pleaded by glorious John, who naïvely reminds his readers of the "old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, got up clumsily and heavily, but begged of the fair spectators that they would count four score and eight before they judged him." I do not pretend to require half such an arithmetical exertion from you, though I am afraid, that having mounted more briskly, I shall not ride half so well.

Having Ovid as a kind of sponsor, I must only just remark, that, while with that gentleman, the golden age of the Roman tongue is supposed to have ended; with Chaucer, on the contrary, the purity of the English tongue commenced. *Ovid* lived when the

Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our new language, therefore Dryden says, "As Chaucer was the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil," and I say "Ditto to Mr. Burke."

All this is very dry, but I will strive to avoid such (somewhat necessary, as preliminary though they be) grave matters in future. Chaucer (as you will see from the originals of the two pictures I have taken) was not very famous for rhythmical regularity always, and (as I do *not* mean that you shall see) neither was his language always fit for ears polite; but they were funny people in the reign of Edward III., and, as Tacitus remarks, what Chaucer wrote was probably "auribus istius temporis accommodata," which means that it is very absurd to attempt to make "a gilt purse out of a sow's ear." He lived in the very *infancy* of our poetry, and nothing is brought to perfection all at once. I blame Dryden more, for while he indulges in very naughty language—at a much later age of the world, when our poetry had come to wear a frock and sash and pink shoes, and could play a little on the piano-forte—he professes to eschew it, and disowns even while he writes—"Totum hoc indictum volo" he says, and tries to get out of the scrape by quoting this couplet—

> "Eke Plato seyeth who so can him rede,
> The wordes mote ben cosin to the dede;"

while the words he uses are so far from being only fair "cousins," that they are positively ugly "brothers and sisters;" and what analogy there is between discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, and indelicate Summer-House Flirtations, I leave you to guess; but "revenons a nos moutons," our pretty lambs I mean. One hundred and fifty years ago, many people, it is said, despised Chaucer, and "looked on him as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worthy reviving;" while others said that Chaucer ought not to be translated, "because there was a certain veneration due to his old language, and that it was little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it." I hope to disabuse you of both these antiquated notions, and at all events you will cheerfully admit, that ladies can neither read nor understand Chaucer in his present dress; and even if something be lost in the process of transfusion, (that is in all translations,) there are very few men who can read Chaucer so as to understand him perfectly; and if imperfectly, then with less profit and no pleasure. For these reasons then, fairest ladye, I have undertaken a few adaptations from an old poet in your behoof; if I have overloaded my original occasionally, you will remember that "facile est inventis addere" is no great commendation; it may be translated: once get your boat to travel through water by steam, and railway carriages will very soon follow by land. I have no fear that, in the absence of a knowledge of the original, my mild interpolations will be considered "like supplements to a mutilated statue of antiquity which injure your pre-conceived associations, and hurt, by their incongruity with your feelings, more than they give pleasure by their own excellence." On the contrary, I am almost conceited enough to doubt whether you will be able

to detect what I have sparingly added to what Geoffry Chaucer wrote, and with this somewhat plausible and somewhat impertinent prologue, allow me the honor of introducing you to the Mincing Lady Prioress, as Dryden calls her.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. I.—The Nun Prioress.

And mid that goodly company I guess,
There rode a shy and smiling Prioress;
So meek and simple, e'en in just complaint,
She rarely dare evoke her patron saint;
She murmured faintly scraps of hymns divine,
Through her sweet nose, did this fair Eglantine;
Ne'er did such nose such psalmody enshrine.
Her education finished was, we know;
French she could talk, as taught at Stratford Bow:
How that same language in its own countree
Was spoken, she nor knew, nor cared she.
At meals so mindful, never mortal saw,
A single morsel slip from out her jaw,
Nor did in transit, soup, however hot,
E'er stain her snowy vest with greasy spot;
She used her napkin with a quiet grace,
And when she drank her tea, she wiped her face;
Her mood was ever merrily inclined,
Her mirth was pleasant, cheerful, but refined.
No airs assumed of spurious stateliness,
Because she happed to be a Prioress.
Her gentle nature was her chiefest charm;
She shrank to see a mouse e'en come to harm;
On dogs she doated, and her kindly care,
Fed them with cakes and cates, and such like fare
If ever wretch, in cruel wanton part,
With stick or switch to them caused pain or smart
The very sight went nigh to break her heart.
Her neatly crimped hood, naught could surpass,
Her shapely nose, her bright eyes gray as glass;
Her sweet small mouth, its lips so ripe and red,
The white and sheeny front which fenced her head,
Expanding full a span in breadth, I trow,
Well suits her tall slim form, that open brow.
Her deftly fitting cloak, so neat, so warm,
The ruby bracelet on her snowy arm,
Vermilion sunset fringing snowy peak,
Too poor comparison its charm to speak;
A necklace formed of bead-shaped emeralds green,
Enwreathed her alabaster neck I ween,
From whence depending, hung a broach of gold,
On which this playful truth was briefly told.
Engraved thereon appeared a crowned A.
And neath it, "*Amor vincit Omnia.*"
Its meaning, that, through all eternity
Love shall be Heaven, Heaven Love shall be,

That Love *encircling* all from aye to aye,
Rules the world's alphabet from A to A.
Beside her rode a Nun, mute modest Mary,
A kind of perking pouting Private Secretary.*

So much for the Ecclesiastical Lady; what think you of her? If any beings of such form and mould are extant now-a-days, they are unquestionably locked up in those aggravating Agapemones, or still more unconscionable cloister (from which your fair friend has ha such a marvellous escape lately.) How much more religious and rational to let such creatures dance lightsomely through the world's sunshine in the good old fashion—

"By which we note the Fairies,
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession."

Of a verity, Catholicity is becoming very cold-blooded and uncomfortable of late, and there are re Cardinal vices than Cardinal tues in these degenerate days. It might almost reconcile you, fair Coz, to nunhood if you could get upon an ambling palfrey and join so pleasant a picnic as that which went to Canterbury to pray at the

* As I gesse
Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simpl and coy,
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy,
And she was cleped Madam Eglentine;
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely,
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle,
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe,
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese when she dronken hadde hire draught;
Full semely after hire mete she raught
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful pleasant and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefetan chere
Of court and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert,
And all was conscience and tender herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was,
Hire nose tretis, hire eyen grey as glass;
Hire mouth full smale, and therto soft and red.
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe,
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware,
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene
On whiche was first ywritten a crouned A,
And after Amor vincit omnia
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

tomb of old Thomas A'Becket. You never have tales whispered to you in Rotten Row, half so interesting (unless indeed you have proved false to the parboiled writer of this pleasant epistle) as those which beguiled the journey of old Chaucer's chatty wayfarers.

You will see that I have not untruthfully softened down, what you will consider the feminine failings of the pretty Prioress; she ate and drank like ordinary women, but never slobbered her bib and tucker, which virtue, you will say, Mr. Chaucer was very impertinent to make mention of at all; she had her pet spaniels and Italian greyhounds, (not lapdogs) as you have; and she made use of that highly orthodox organ, the nostril for the development of church music, much in the same manner as methodists and monks do in our days—upon the *independent* principle probably of *every Lady her own bellows blower*. She was "finished" too, at some angelic academe, or fashionable female boarding school of those days, and came forth fresh gilt and lettered, to astonish mankind in general, with her various accomplishments, so that heaven and earth were very prettily mingled in her, and if she affected somewhat of the "Mens divinior," her metaphysics sometimes meandered also towards "Maintenon cutlets." I do not accuse old Geoffry Chaucer of any occult ill nature, or secluded sarcasm in this narration of her homelier propensities, although it is right to mention that he was no great admirer of Popes or Paternosters, and indeed was supposed to be a follower and convert of Wycliffe the Reformer, the same who was called the "Morning Star of the Reformation," as indeed, he undoubtedly was the first to propose the enactment of an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, for the purpose of opposing the "Pio Nonos" and countermining the "Cardinal Wisemans" of the fourteenth century. But you have doubtless had this "Bill," as resuscitated, *dinned ad nauseam* into your ears at every *dinner* party during the past session of Parliament; so I will turn to a pleasanter topic, and give you another portrait of a most peerless paragon;—have you any like her within the precincts of Pimlico? Does Belgravia boast such beauty? Has Eaton Square such an Eve?

"A maid as tender and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall,
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst,
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first!"

Here she is. Chaucer describes her as one of the ladies in waiting in the "Court of Love," which was held in the neighbourhood of the *Mountain of Citherea*, (of course you know where that is), and his poem is written in imitation of the "Romaunt of the Rose" for the purpose of shewing that all are subject to Love,—"what impediments soever to the contrary, notwithstanding,"—an axiom which I am sure *I*, and I sincerely hope *you*, will not take any pains to controvert.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. II.—The Ladye Rosiall.

Now shall you see—her speech was thus begun,—
The fairest Ladye underneath the sun;

Sweet Rosiall's name is carved on many a tree,
But still her Virgin heart is fancy free—

* * * * * *

Lo! in her arbour sat fair Rosiall!
Her piercing eye-beams as on me they fall,
Sent such a sudden thrill through ev'ry vein,
Alas! that joy's excess should cause such pain!
Stunn'd with her beauty, low on bended knee,
Dumb with devotion, fell I instantly;
But how describe a creature so divine,
How find a fitting hymn for such a shrine?
The graceful symmetry, the well-turned head,
The tiny ear, flushed with the faintest red;
Her lily temples, and her pencilled brow,
Parted by such a pathway, spread with snow,
Adown her chiselled nose, continued straight,
Making a milky way tow'rd Heav'n's own gate!
Bright as the first bright gleams of dawning day,
Or starlets glad in skies serene that play,
Her beaming eyes illume with lustrous light
Each lovely feature, chastening red and white;
Her mouth which, like a bud, doth ope and close,
Her lips, which rob the loveliest hues from rose,
So plump and pouting—lean lips mar delight,
As old Maximian Gallus well doth write.*
Whiter than freshest fallen snowy wreath,
Ranged in one level line her pearly teeth;
Her fragrant breath! such odours ne'er were shed
By Eden's flowrets in their dewy bed;
Her figure, face, arms, hands, her modest mood,
Redolent of all things gracious and good,
From head to slender foot, divinest womanhood!
How decked, adorned, and, in what hues arrayed,
I hear demanded, was this matchless maid?
A gold embroidered band of tissue rare,
Restrained the streaming tresses of her hair;
About her neck a chain of choice device,
Enamelled roses set in gems of price.
A vapoury robe, in hue like grass new mown,
Floated around her, cinctured by a zone
Of gold, enriched with many a precious stone,
Thus was she clad—her like there liveth none.

* * * * * *

Aha! if Jove the Thunderer had seen a
Maid like to *her*, would he have sought Alcmena?
Would he have cared with ear attent to list to
Th' Arcadian babble of the coy Callisto?
Who, strolling once in meadowy Savanna,
Fell down and worshipped a disguised Diana!
Both had been spurned, disdained, and left to hope a-
Gainst ev'ry hope; *unbullied* poor Europa,
Nay e'en that shower of Californian Manna he
Would not have thrown away on doating Danae—
Nor, reader fair as *you*, I'm sure, and *I* hope he
Would ne'er have flirted so with miss Antiope,

Nor cared one rap, pardon the rhyme, fair reader,
To go swan hopping with the Lady Leda—
For all their beauties blent, a feast ambrosial
Were found in *her* Jove's proper Queen and wife, sweet
Mistress *Rosiall !**

* Well, all is well now shall ye seen, she said,
The fairist ladie undir sonne that is
Come on with me . demene you lich a maide,
With shamefast drede, for ye shall speke ywis,
With hir that is the mirrour, joie, and blisse,
But somewhat straunge and sad of her demene
She is , beware your countinaunce be sene.
Not ovirlight, ne rechelesse, ne to holde,
Ne malaperte, ne rennying with your tong,
For she will you obeisin and beholde,
And you demaunde why ye wer hens so long,
Out of this Courte, without resort emong ,
And Rosiall her name is hote aright,
Whose herte is yet yyevin to no wight
There was Rosiall, womanly to se.
Whose stremis, so till persying of her eye,
Mine hert gan thrill for beatie in the stounde ;
Alas quod I' who hath me yeve this wounde !
And then i drede to speke till at the laste
I grete the ladie reverently and wele,
When that my sigh was gone and overpaste,
And doune on knees full humbly gan I knele,
Besechying her my fervent wo to hele,
For there I toke full purpose in my mynde
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bynde .
For if I shall all fully her discrive,
Her hed was rounde by compasse of nature,
Her here as gold, she passid all on live,
And lillie forehed hed this creature,
With lovelishe browis, flawe of colour pure,
Betwene the which was mene disseveraunce,
From every browe to shewin a distaunce ,
Her nose directed streght, and even as line,
With forme and shape thereto convenient,
In which the godis milke white path doth shine
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient
As is the smaragde, unto my judgement,
Or yet these sterris hevenly small and bright,
Her visage is of lovely rede and white ,
Her mouthe is short, and shitte in litil spece,
Flamying somdele, not ovir redde I mene—
With pregnaunt lips, and thicke to kisse percace,
For lippis thinne, not fat, but evir lene,
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bene,
For if the basse ben full there is delite ;
Maximian truely thus doeth he write.
But to my purpose , I saie white as snowe
Ben all her tethe, and in ordir thei stonde
Of one stature, and eke her breth I trowe
Surmountith all odours that er I founde,
In sweteness, and her body, face and honde,
Ben sharply slendir so that from the hedde,
Unto the fote all is but womanhedde.
I holde my pece of othir thingis hidde ;
Here shal my sole and not my tong bewrie ;
But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That shall I well discovir you and saie ;
A bende of gold and silk full freshe and gaie,
With her intresse ybrondirid full wele,
Right smothly kept, and shinying every dele ·
About her necke a flower of fresh devise,
With rubies set that lustie were to sene,
And she in goune was light and sommir wise,
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
With aureat sent aboute her sidis clene,
With divers stonis precious and riche ;
Thus was she raied, yet sawe I ner her liche ;
For if that Jove had this ladie yseine,
Tho' the faire Calisto ne Alcmena

Now it occurs to me that this is a fairish specimen of as destructive and dangerous a description of damsel, as any poor unsophisticated bachelor might meet with in a long morning's walk, even in Kensington gardens. He would, in my opinion, more safely encounter the planet Venus herself, if he desired to preserve his young affections from being transmuted into absolute tinder. Such a blaze of beauty would be sadly too much for most bachelors, and it is perhaps well that the specimens are rare. But on the other hand, it is quite possible that there may be found beauties even in Belgravia, benignant and benevolent enough to say on reading the above description, " What a horrid odious creature! I am sure she must have been a low vulgar wretch; just fancy a grass-green muslin! How sallow she must have looked, and then a zone, things that have gone out of fashion ages ago, and her great thick lips which that creature *Mr. Maximian Gallus* approves of, a monster ! My brother Tom from Eton says, the translation is *Jolly Old Cock;* I should have thought so—nasty creature, that's the kind of company she keeps, is it ?" And so on; but then again the men will rather approve of her; and the elderly ladies will liken their " coming out" daughters to her, and the homely mechanics who read and appreciate such descriptions, will repeat from Dickens, " Well, you *are* a nice young woman for a musical party, *you are,*" said the boot cleaner, and poets will say that, panoplied in such beauty, she must sway all hearts, and will liken her to

> " A mailed angel on a battle day."

and sentimental young gentlemen will quote with a considerable sigh, from old Fletcher, and say,

> " A good night to you, and may
> The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,
> And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers:
> No dreams, but chaste and clear, attempt your fancy,
> And, break betimes Sweet Morn! I have lost my light else "

And you, my lady Coz, what will you say? *not* that I have committed profanation and sacrilege in altering here and there old Chaucer, to fit him for modern tastes, you cannot say *that*, for I give you the original version this time, but do not mean to do so in future, in order that you may judge for yourself, how indistinct the meanings of 450 years ago have become to casual readers, and decide how much, if any credit is due to any body who will render them accessible to the fairest of nature's works, from which works so much of all poetic inspiration has been derived, as lawyers say, from time whereof the memory of man, or the history of man runneth not to the contrary. Neither will you accuse me of pretermitting poetry in my present communication, and you have an opportunity, should you feel inclined to avail yourself of a further dose of Chaucer, second hand, of saying, " Prithee, Coz, send me more," there are some two dozen very pretty damsels pourtrayed by old Geoffry,

> Thei nevir haddin in his armis leine,
> Ne he had lovid the faire Europa,
> Ye, ne yet Danae ne Antiopa,
> For all ther beautie stode in Rosiall,
> She semid lich a thyng celestiall.

who have never been put into modern English costume yet, that I know of. Some bewitching barmaids, a very superior sort of empress or two, with princesses and tradesmen's wives and daughters rejoicing in every variety of charm and blandishment.

I give you, or any body else, full leave to be as critical or as hypercritical as you like. You may pull *Rosiall* to pieces and take care to select just those fascinations which your unhappy cousin has superadded. You may say it is absurd that any body's mouth should "ope and close like a bud," I tell you, most distrustful damsel, that in this our orient clime, I have seen a bud, which had made the mistake probably of disclosing its beauties too soon, adopt the clauses of the "early closing bill," and shut up again that evening to re-ope next morning, wide enough to admit any diminutive ham Sandwich; and remember, when I use the word "open," in reference to a lady's mouth, I have no intention of allowing her to open it so wide that, as Shakespeare says, in Henry VI., "all the Laws of England shall come out of it," or that, as Jack Cade says of his, "her mouth shall be the Parliament of England." On the contrary, I object even to the admission of any piece of Parliament cake into it, unless the cubic measurement of said cake be under half an inch. As to Maximian Gallus, he was the author of some half dozen elegies, a translation of which is to be found in the Harleian MSS. 2253, if you like to go and look at them. He flourished in the reign of the Emperor Anastatius of Constantinople, some thirteen hundred years ago, and the opinion propounded in respect of *lips*, has never to this day, that I am aware of, been disputed or questioned As to the ladies referred to in the latter part of the poem, you need not disturb your mind about them; they managed to get themselves a good deal talked about in their own days, some years ago, when they really appear to have been fashionable people, and some of them of rather good family; but as I am not aware that any relations or descendants of any of them are at the present day occupying houses in Belgrave Square, no more need be said on the subject. The worst case by far was that of poor Lady Calisto, who was regularly taken in by a wolf in sheep's clothing: and so Addio! sweet Cousin, perpend and respond, thine ever,

P. OVIDIUS NASO JONES.

LINDENSTOWE.

> "Serene will be our days and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE rays of the setting sun rested on the lawn of a beautiful cottage in Devonshire. As the light, reddening in its decline, passed through the branches of an old fir tree, it threw a long chequered shadow on the smooth grass. A gentleman, whose gray locks told of age, and whose ample forehead and calm expressive eyes betokened refinement and benevolence, was seated in an arm chair on the lawn. He held a large volume on his knees, and a spaniel dog lay asleep at his feet. But though his eyes were bent occasionally over the book, it was evident that his thoughts were elsewhere; still evening had laid her spell upon him—

> "In the air,
> Was that cool freshness, that discoloring shade,
> Which makes the eye turn inward."*

Who has not felt at sunset a half melancholy, half pleasurable sensation of scarcely remembered farewells and partings, whose bitterness has long gone by? The gentle dew was falling with a perceptible sound on the shrubs and flowers: the convolvulus closed: pallid and dead the cistus fell from its stalk; but there were others that seemed not to fear the night; nay, even refreshed by the dampness to pour forth a fuller fragrance. A pleasant cottage of two stories high, and overgrown with ivy and woodbine, stood at the top of the lawn. The grounds were not extensive, but prettily laid out; at the back a kitchen garden extended for some distance: on one side of the lawn there was a sunken fence, beyond which a stretch of country was seen. Amidst the rich green of this landscape, a silver streak glistened here and there, showing the presence of a river. On the other side a copse of thick trees excluded a little village, whilst at the bottom of the lawn, a light iron railing divided the garden from a churchyard. And there lay the rude old fathers, quietly enough, with their thoughts and their love buried along with them! And there too, stood the old tower, which had so stood for many reigns, and had seen many rough and smooth days: bright evenings when the yard beneath was full of happy voices, and long dark nights of beating wind and rain: above all, one memorable Sunday afternoon, a hundred years since, a breathless sultry day, when

* Southey.

lightning suddenly fell from a massive cloud; and afterwards a terrible shout of fear rose from within the church, when it was found, as is recorded on a board in the chancel, that George Dingle and four others were lying dead at the bottom of one of the pillars. The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the horizon, when an old man issued out from the cottage. He was dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat and nankeen trousers: he had a clear red face surmounted by a light-haired wig, and little bright twinkling eyes, contrasting oddly with an exceedingly solemn expression of mouth. "You'll please to come in," said he, as he approached the arm chair, "for the dew is falling, and there is rheumatics a-lurking and a-hiding in every corner of this gardin."

"No, thank you, Martin, I wish to sit a little longer," said the gentleman.

"No, but you don't though, git up," replied Martin bluffly. Master and servant looked at each other very firmly for a minute, when upon the former saying quietly "I *will* sit longer," the contest concluded, and Martin retreated, not however without announcing in a defiant manner, "You shall have a great coat on, though." This coat was shortly afterwards brought, and the old gentleman silently submitted to be immersed in it, when Martin, standing behind the chair, began to bring biographical details to bear on the occasion. "It was Mr. Roberts's uncle as suffered so," he said, "from rheumatics, him as was coal merchant down Ipswich way, and well to do too. Duckory and Roberts he was called, and kept his pony chaise, as many is the day I have seen the old gentleman in it, buttoned up to his nose, in an allmighty top coat, little Sam Dexter a driving, who was a merry chap, but too fond of lifting hand to mouth, and drunk two and twenty half pints of beer for a wager one Shrove Tuesday; he driving, because Roberts's uncle could no more hold reins than a Guy Faux."

"Thank you," said Mr. Chester, for such was the gentleman's name, "thank you, Martin, I think the coal merchant may stand over till to-morrow; that will do just at present, Martin." "Ah, but it is all true, as if it was printed on a newspaper," rejoined Martin, angrily withdrawing into the cottage.

The book was now closed, so that there was no appearance of aught but reflection; the old gentleman closed his eyes, and sank back in his chair with that calm and hushed expression which rests on the brows of the good, in sleep. But he was not asleep, for every now and then he looked up to watch the wonderful stars, now rapidly one by one "swimming into ken." Good companions for a musing hour, the unknown stars! "There are more things in heaven and earth," they whisper, "than are dreamt of in your philosophy," but when we would know somewhat further of this matter, they fall back into the cold silence of their eternal distance. Mr. Chester was still lying back, when the little spaniel which had hitherto slept on quietly at his feet, first raised its head with pricked ears, and then barked lazily.

"What's the matter, Marquis?" said the old man looking down

kindly. The face of a spaniel exhibits a beautiful change, when the anxious, eager expression, the raised ear and wrinkled forehead, passes at a familiar voice into one of affection: the ears at once droop and the eye assumes the subdued, melancholy look peculiar to the species.

The quick hearing of Marquis had not deceived him, for shortly afterwards Mr. Chester caught the mellow sound of a horn, the ring of hoofs and the rattle of wheels, indicating the approach of the evening coach, with its cargo of strangers, each perhaps having graven on his memory such a novel as no hand shall ever pen. The sound of the trotting team was muffled as the coach came by the copse, but not so much so but that Mr. Chester could perceive that they had stopped altogether at his gate. Marquis flew down the path, whilst Mr. Chester jumping up, called loudly at the cottage door for Martin. Before Martin however arrived, the form of a young man in a cloak and travelling cap emerged from the shrubs.

"What! Arthur! impossible! so soon and without one word of notice! Arthur, is it really you?" cried the old gentleman, running up and seizing the new-comer by the hand.

"It is really me, my dear father," said the other, laughing.

"But what does this mean? quarrelled with your party? German cookery disagreed with you? spent all your money, or what?"

"No," said the young man, "neither temper, stomach, nor purse have been the cause of my return, but certain letters arrived from England, which I found it necessary to answer in person."

"Well, you would make a first-rate man of business if you always delivered your letters as well as wrote them; but joking apart, what letters and what necessity and what answers *are* you talking about? It is all Greek to me, worse—Coptic!"

"My dear father," said Arthur, "I will only give you one clue to the mystery to-night: there is a lady in the case."

"What!" burst in the old man, "marry a German frau! never, Arthur. I will cut you off with a shilling; now do not tell me sardonically and Sheridanically that I should have to borrow it from your uncle the Baron, because I *have* one shilling, and I will cut you off with that, and 'dammie if ever I will call you Jack again.'"

"No, no," said Arthur, "I told you the letters were from England, and now I positively will not say another word on the subject till to-morrow. I have got plenty of stories to tell you; steam-boat blowing up on the Rhine; Philological Doctor, pale, spectacles, profound, making off with my great coat; not to speak of a large supply of the sublime, sunrise on the Rigi, &c. &c., but not a syllable of the mystery."

"Well! you're a strange fellow," said Mr. Chester, "but I suppose it is no use expostulating, you will have your own way. It is all very odd, but I think I can trust you it is nothing wrong. By the way," he added gaily, "do you eat, now you're a love-sick swain, perhaps you do—

"Howe'er the noble, suffering mind may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread,
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed,"*

quoth grand-dad Homer: come in and have some supper."

Martin, who had been hovering near during this conversation, now thought it a fit moment to introduce a narration of how Mr. Roberts once came back from Ipswich in an unexpected way. This, however, was promptly cut short by directions to put the cold chicken pie on the dining room table We shall leave Mr. Chester and Arthur at supper, whilst we explain to our readers something of the antecedents of father and son.

Mr. Chester was the younger of the two sons of a clergyman. The elder brother entered the profession of the law, and by great study in the early part of his career, and afterwards by good fortune in obtaining opportunities of bringing to light what he knew, rose to eminence at the bar, and finally to ermine on the bench. For the younger brother an appointment in a government office was obtained. Mr. Chester's tastes and habits as a young man were such as this position suited extremely well. An elegant artist with the pencil, a lover of light literature, he could find in London society of a congenial disposition, whilst the duties of his office were not too heavy for one naturally unambitious and indolent; occasional publications in the magazines, an epigram, a sonnet, a translation from the classics, placed him in the ranks of literary dilettanti; and thus from year to year he lived on a refined, easy, graceful existence, attaining such steps in his office as the ordinary chances of succession brought him. When past thirty, a slight addition to his income having raised it to a respectable competency; he looked about him with a view to marrying, and at length found a lady who was willing to accept him, in the person of the youngest daughter of a poor Irish peer. Lady Mary O'Keefe was then five-and-twenty, pretty, and tolerably accomplished: they married, and though there was never any deep or romantic affection existing between them, similarity of tastes and calm, pliant tempers, rendered them happy as companions; and it was only when Mr. Chester lost her, which he did two years after their marriage, in child-bed, that the void she left made him feel she had been worthy of deeper feelings than he had ever entertained towards her. The infant, a boy, notwithstanding the deprivation it had sustained, grew up very healthily. As life passed on with Mr. Chester, his character gradually underwent a great alteration : perhaps the change was originated by the love of his child, and aided by the advance of age, and the shadows which coming events cast over that period; but chiefly induced, perhaps, by the turn which the spirit of the times was taking. He began to feel the calm elegance of gentlemanly philosophy, the "clemens vita urbana"* ill-suited for the truth of life. For the most smooth and uneventful career is after all pregnant with stirring events : hintings of probation, whispers of reality, forebod-

* Pope's Odyssey.

* Terence.

ings of a destiny. "I see," he began to say "that 'all the world's a stage,' but all the men and women on it are players; there are no spectators, except indeed those whom the exquisite thought of Bacon* pointed out; God and the Angels." But as it is often the case that when a mind is led to take up new views, the pendulum swings as far beyond the level in the opposite direction; so Mr. Chester was carried away into rather extravagant ideas of action, and that ultra belief in self-reliance, and the omnipotence of the individual, which appears in the writings of the American Emerson and others, and which, by the way, is often but little removed from that stoicism which Horace is ridiculing, when he writes—

> "Sapiens operis sic optimus omnis,
> Est opifex solus, sic rex."

Old habits however are not easily thrown off, and though Mr. Chester was full of his new opinions, and sincerely anxious to be useful and to do good, still a shade of ancient dilettantiism occasionally shot across his new life, which made a very amusing contrast.

When Arthur was leaving Rugby, where he had been educated, for Cambridge, Mr. Chester having received a small accession of property on the death of the Irish peer, his father-in-law, had given up his appointment; and retiring to Devonshire, had settled in a small village not far from the town of Totness, where he purchased a cottage named Lindenstowe, with about two acres of ground attached to it. And now he set about a system of active charity, which he had attempted in some degree for the last few years of his stay in London. He moreover tried to instil into the labourers, much to their astonishment, that they were all "mute, inglorious Miltons," and "village Hampdens," and only required determination to come out as such; and when he told the schoolmaster, who was commencing a course of Mrs. Trimmer's Rome, that it was no use his reading history unless he remembered 'that a man* is a whole encyclopædia of facts,' that gentleman hardly knew how to take it. Another plan of his was a periodical series of little essays, entitled "The Lindenstowe Tracts," which he printed at Exeter and distributed in his own neighbourhood. Some of these reached accidentally to further places, and were much admired for the elegance of their style; but as the reader may suppose, they did not much take in the villages, as Mr. Chester had expected they would. An idea of their contents may perhaps be gathered from the name of one of them; it was "A Trumpet-call to the Battle of Life."

At the time this story commences, Arthur had passed Cambridge. His degree had been that of Senior Optime in Mathematics and First Class in Classics. This guarantee of considerable ability, added to a large stock of general information quite prepared him to take his place in society as a superior man. Having from early life expressed a predilection for the Church—and this meeting with no objection from his father—he had attended divinity lectures with the view of

* Advancement of Learning, Book II.

* Emerson.

taking orders. But a summer was to be previously given up to travelling on the continent; and in company with two friends who had yet to pass the ordeal of their degree, he had proceeded as far as Geneva, by way of the Rhine. There he was to leave them, and go on by himself to Italy; and it was just at the time that Mr. Chester was expecting a letter from somewhere south of the Alps, that Arthur himself suddenly made his appearance as has been described. A short chat succeeded supper, and then the old gentleman made off to bed, full of curiosity as to the disclosures of the next morning.

Twelve o'clock sounded from the old Church tower: between the measured strokes, the wheels were heard running round, up among the bats, and in the darkness. All was silent in the cottage, but a figure was yet pacing alone along the grass plat, and mingling his shadow with the dim shadow of the old fir tree. A slight breeze passed over the shrubs, rustling their leaves, and making the garden seem very lonely, but Arthur, for it was he, paced on unregarding, for his thoughts were far away. And at three, and after, when delicate streaks faintly marked the east and

> "Notice of a change in the dark world
> Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird
> That early woke to feed her little ones
> Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light,"*

the lamp in a chamber and a shadow on the window-blind showed that its tenant was not yet at rest.

CHAPTER II.

THE entrance next morning of Mr. Chester, into the breakfast room, cut short some excellent advice which Arthur was receiving with regard to his future prospects. For Martin, from the expression he had caught the night before, on the lawn, "a lady in the case," had got a suspicion into his head, that Arthur was going to marry a foreigner; and having from youth up, imbibed a dislike to everything not wholly English, he had taken this early opportunity of giving a caution. Not content with avowing that he "could not abide Germints"; he had further stated that "them buy-a-brooms aint no good," and was proceeding to illustrate this position by an instance in which Mrs. Roberts had, many years since, been deceived and imposed upon by a wandering Bavarian, when their conversation was arrested by the approach of his master. Breakfast being concluded, Arthur and the old gentleman took a turn on the lawn.

"Bless us," cried Mr. Chester, "how solemn we are this morning; Chaucer was perfectly right—

> 'Thise bachelors singen, alas!
> Whan that they finde any adversitie
> In love.'"

"My dear father," said Arthur, "I felt I should have some difficulty in telling you my whole story, as I wished to tell it you, by word of mouth, and I therefore sat up last night and wrote it down; here it is," he continued, taking a paper from his pocket, "and I put it into your hands with

* Tennyson.

only this proviso, that you remember I do not pretend to defend myself from the charge of imprudence, and perhaps selfish inconsiderateness with regard to the position of another: all I ask is, that you will give me credit for having acted throughout with pure motives, and that though I have undoubtedly been beguiled into errors, yet that my tempter was my heart." Old Chester, rendered perfectly nervous by the earnestness of Arthur's manner, took the paper and went into his own study to read it: while Arthur remained on the lawn, playing with Marquis in that earnest way in which a man does do a very trifling action when he is thinking of something perfectly different. Marquis however, not detecting the hypocrisy, was mad with delight.

The paper, when opened in the study, ran as follows:—"You will remember that I passed a considerable part of last summer at Hastings, and that I chose that place to read at, that I might be near my old friend Everett, whose family lives in the neighbourhood. It was through them that I became acquainted with the Lattimers, whom I have before mentioned to you by name, but whom I must now describe to you in detail, as it is one bearing that name who is the subject of this letter. Mr. Lattimer is a rich merchant; he is the senior partner of the house of Lattimer and Douse, and reported to have accumulated a large fortune. He is, apparently, a quiet, impassive man, fond of his family, good-natured, at least as much so as an apathetic person can be, but quietly obstinate. He has one daughter; his wife is dead, but an unmarried sister lives with him, and keeps his house. Miss Hesther Lattimer is somewhat of her brother's disposition, though it shows itself in a different way. She is a very calm person, and remarkably intrepid; without any expression of kindness, she is charitable to the poor; and with no demonstrations of endearment, seems attached to her niece and brother.

"Eva Lattimer, the heroine of this confession, is in my opinion, my dear father, a very remarkable girl. She is tall and dark: though her features are regular, she is not the least what is called pretty, she has no roses, dimples, cherry lips, or, in fact, any Phœbe and Callirhoe charms; her complexion, though clear, is exceedingly pale: her eyes, large and perfectly black, have ordinarily a sad, almost a stern expression, and her brow sometimes, when the face is in repose, seems like that of one suffering from too strong a light, clouded and slightly contracted. But when she is pleased, a most gentle and beautiful expression steals over her countenance: you almost fancy you can see it advance from feature to feature, from brow to lip, like sunshine coming towards one on the sea. No one would think her very handsome on first seeing her; but no one, I think, would fail to be struck with her. Her walk expresses her character in a remarkable way; she is very erect, and her step stately; you might call it—haughty. The first time I saw her, I thought her a very unusual person: my imagination was excited about her, and I remember finding myself murmuring the word "Saragossa," by which I suppose I was thinking such a form was more fitted to

stand up against the sky on the ramparts of a leaguered town, than to appear amongst the wholly undramatic scenery of a watering place drawing room. But attracted, as I undoubtedly was, by her from the first, the idea of falling in love with her never entered my mind, as I suppose it does every body's, on making the acquaintance of what is called a pretty girl. It is a sad confession, but I must admit its truth, that I, who have always been a great admirer of women, and have written verses to imaginary beauties ever since I was twelve years old, never got on very well with real ones. An inaptness at picking up that light badinage, which forms so sadly principal an element in drawing-room intercourse; added to a reserve brought on by being fond of studying character and watching in company for traits of disposition, (a dull habit, I allow,) are my only excuses. But reserved or stupid, or whatever I may be, I found myself more at home with Eva Lattimer, than with any girl I knew before. We seemed to understand each other at once, and to enter appreciatingly into one another's thoughts and opinions. I was constantly at their house; it evidently never occurred to Mr. Lattimer to suppose that I could have any other views than those of friendship, and Miss Hesther was perfectly blind to matters of the sort.

I was not long acquainted with Eva, before I perceived that she was rather of a melancholy disposition: by melancholy I do not mean that vague sentiment which, as Bulwer has observed, is a luxury to the young, but rather that feeling half sad, half bitter, which is perceptible, like a flavour, in the minds of those who have not found life fulfil the hopes it had inspired. Such a feeling in a girl was of course only to be remarked in outline, but still it was sufficiently apparent to lead me to suppose she had something on her mind, or had experienced some disappointment; but as she made no mention of anything of the kind, when we became intimately acquainted, the idea died away. I did, indeed, ask the Everetts, and they said, they thought there was some story about a cousin of her's who had been drowned, but they evidently knew very little about it. Eva at any rate was fond of indulging in a little sarcastic, poetical sort of sadness, and was pleased at my joining in it, though my doing so was dictated by nothing but the intrinsic pleasure of pathos. I used to ride out with her and her father, and to accompany them in boating expeditions, of which Mr. Lattimer was particularly fond. Eva was not accomplished: she did not draw, and was not an accurate linguist; and even her music, though there was great character in it, and though she had a true soul for the Art, was somewhat untutored and halting. There was something very attractive, however, in her singing, and though not able at a difficult piece, she accompanied herself exceedingly well: her voice was a contralto, rich, mellow, and full of point and passion. There were some ballads, which I never heard better interpreted than by her; sung, I mean, so fully to the explanation of all the composer meant.

Weeks passed away,—happy weeks indeed—but I could not conceal from myself that my feel-

ings for Eva had, almost insensibly, undergone a great change. I had felt a delight in her society and an admiration for her character before; but now the prospect of parting seemed quite sickening, and settling down to usual life, as if she did not exist, too dull and depressing to be endured. My greatest anxiety was to know how she felt towards me, and I watched every opportunity of discovering any symptoms of affection. But it was a difficult task with Eva; for she was of so genuine a disposition, that she made no secret of telling you that she liked your society and your conversation, but it was hard to detect whether this admitted-friendship was the name for a warmer feeling. So troubled however did I become on this subject, that I determined not to leave the place without disclosing how attached I was to her, and seeking to learn whether my affection was reciprocated. I do not think I had the least hope of becoming engaged to her: I was prompted by a wish that she should know that I was susceptible of love, and by a dissatisfaction at the thought of only being to her, what any one else with similar tastes and ideas might be. It was a few days before the time that I proposed leaving Hastings, when I called one afternoon at the Lattimer's. Mr. Lattimer had run up to town on business, and Miss Hesther had got hold of a novel, and was comfortably ensconced in an arm chair: I proposed a walk to Eva, on the cliffs; she assented, and we went out together. I attempted all the way, as much as I could, to turn the conversation on personal subjects, and pointedly expressed the sorrow I felt, as my departure drew near. At length we came to a ledge of the cliff on which there was a seat. Autumn had advanced; the wood at our backs was tinted with the beautiful hues of decay; below, in front, the sea came rolling in; there were no sounds but the rustling of the damp leaves and the subdued murmur of the waves, as they broke on the beach. We sat down; I took her hand: "Miss Lattimer," I said, "perhaps after a few days I shall never see you again; I cannot, will not leave you, without telling you what I feel for you. Not that I can express myself in words, not that language is eloquent enough to assure you of how I love you. But do let me tell you, how you have answered all that I have ever dreamed of woman." She did not withdraw her hand, but I felt, as I raised it to my lips, that it was cold, and I observed that she turned pale. Then, with a vague fear, and a prodigality of love, I burst out, "I do not want any answer from you, except that you are not displeased with my poor offering of affection." She rose and walked to the edge of the cliff. I stood beside her, and we both looked down at the sea. My eye rested at the moment on a coast guardman, standing on the shore, no taller than one's finger at that distance, and whenever this eventful scene crosses my mind, I remember also that solitary figure. "Mr. Chester," she said, and her voice faltered, "I am sorry this has happened; you are putting both yourself and myself to useless pain; you do not know my father. If I could feel for you, as you say you feel for me, and even to tell you so, the avowal would only seal our unhappiness

for life. Let me go home, and forget that this has occurred ; be my friend as before, and rest assured of my great respect and regard for you." But "respect" and "regard" were but dreary stones to one asking for bread. We left the spot. And now that the spell of silence had once been broken, the treasured love of many days burst forth in a passionate appeal. All I besought was, that she would tell me, *if* circumstances had been perfectly favorable, and *if* her father had been willing, and *if* I had had riches or rank, whether then I might have hoped. And this much before we reached Hastings she did tell me, and it was enough. Enough, as I walked down the street with my feet tingling to leap ; enough, when I dashed my hat off on the beach, and sang and shouted to the sea ; enough, when I rushed frantically into my lodgings, and as frantically out again, without the shadow of a purpose. I felt another being ;* I seemed to myself to have fulfilled the object of my existence : were I to die that instant—'He lived and he loved' might be put on my tomb, and what more could be put on any one's. And curious enough, though I had long known inwardly how I loved Eva, I never regarded it as true love, till I had some assurance of its return. I thought myself more of a citizen as I walked in the street ; I tried to depress one meek man whom I met, by a look as much as to say "no one would marry *you* under *any* circumstances." Sometimes I was strangely calm, as if I had grown suddenly old : I had finished my course, I was ready for burial ; the gravity of age had fallen on me, like the mantle of the seer. But I will say no more—thus much may seem extravagant—but it is all true. The morning is breaking as I write, and I must hasten to conclude what to me is a delightful narrative. During the few remaining days of my stay at Hastings, I saw Miss Lattimer several times, and before I started, we were indefinitely engaged : we hoped against hope that time would do something for us ; the only arrangement that could deserve the name of a plan was the negative one that I should not come forward till I was settled in the church at any rate ; for Eva assured me that quiet man as her father seemed, he would oppose anything like what one may call a ragged and scrambling match, with a determination for which I was not prepared. Of course we were to correspond unceasingly, and we have corresponded unceasingly, and blessed day that we promised to do so. We parted by the sea : the coach started from St. Leonard's by which I was to go, and I walked with Eva and her aunt from Hastings along the fine terrace that connects the two towns. It was a very rough morning and the sea came crashing in, like tropical thunder. At my last glimpse of her, as the coach drove off, Eva was standing on the edge of the terrace ; the wind blew back her dark hair ; she waved

* It is not the world that I knew before,

I am loved, I am loved—Jubilate !

BULWER LYTTON.

her farewell, and pointed to the sea. I think she meant 'be brave like it, and all obstacles will be overcome.' We have not met since; but it was at the commencement of this year, that I received intelligence from her, that a young nobleman, the eldest son of an Earl, who by gambling has managed to run through every available shilling of his property, had been introduced to them, and was paying herself a good deal of attention. A subsequent letter informed me that he had proposed, and had been, of course, rejected. But it appears afterwards, encouraged by Mr. Lattimer, who was very vexed and angry, not to consider Eva's decision as final, he had come down to Hastings where the family were again fixed for the summer, and was still hanging on in a vague hope of success. A short and hurried note followed me to Geneva, telling me that poor dear Eva had been subjected to such persecution from her father, that I must come at once forward and make known our engagement. You may naturally conceive that I did not hesitate an instant; my path was clear, and I returned to astonish you, and frighten old Martin. I see now I have been to blame; not, heaven and my heart know, in my intentions; but I have put Eva in a difficult position, and in urging our engagement, I have somewhat compromised her open character, without consideration of any thing but my own happiness. The wish to relieve at once any uneasiness I may have caused, makes me disclose all this to you, and ask your kind assistance in coming forward with me, that I may appear less of the adventurer and more of a person who has a good, if poor family, into which to invite his beloved Eva. My dear father, you will love her to distraction the moment you see her, now I have told you all about her. Do you not feel already that she must be very nice? She would make so charming a daughter-in-law—if, if, Mr. Lattimer was only with Pharoah at the bottom of the Red Sea. But I will hope; do forgive, and come and assist me all in your power, like a good old man as you are.

Your loving Son,

ARTHUR CHESTER.

CHAPTER III.

OLD Mr. Chester was a man of good common sense, though rather flighty, it must be allowed, and Quixotic with regard to the transcendental opinions he had taken up. He had always been on such familiar and confidential terms with Arthur, that he was disappointed that the whole matter had been concealed from him; but he felt that this was rather the time to guide and influence than to reproach. "Well Arthur," said he, as he came out of his study with a slight shade on his brow, "there can be no manner of doubt that you must come forward with your claim immediately; and" he continued," since you have gone so far, boy, why I must go with you, and see what can be done with the person who plays the heavy old gentleman in this neat little farce. Your prospects depend upon your uncle, and what are they? A word in

the Chancellor's ear—a crown living—and then you are—shelved—Dean Swift's day—nothing further. If Miss Lattimer *must* debut in 'Love in a cottage,' why who is to prevent her—but you know what Johnny Keats* says,

"Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust."

You hardly take so jocose a view of life I hope, as to suppose that Lattimer and Douse will make over their money to a country parson." Arthur of course avowed that both he and Eva were quite prepared to live together without the least portion of income; holding that love was of itself a very respectable competency. It was speedily settled that father and son should start the next morning for London. The railway had then progressed as far as Somersetshire, and with its assistance the metropolis could be easily reached in one day, and the second evening would land them at Hastings.

Whilst a few packing arrangements were being made, after plans had been finally decided, a foreign letter arrived by the post for Arthur, which, as it relates to persons hereafter to be brought upon our scene, shall be transcribed. As explanatory of its contents it should be stated that the two friends who had accompanied Arthur to Geneva were Fred. Everett and Delafield, and that they had with them a tutor whose name was Goodall. This latter name must be borne in mind, as the writer of the letter seems to be fond of playing upon it. One thing further must be said before the document is produced; namely, that its external appearance had undergone severe scrutiny in the kitchen. For Martin conceiving it to be a letter from the "buy-a-broom" had told Mrs. Scrimshaw (who may be briefly described as a silent, red woman, who had never been seen out of a black silk bonnet) that if she wanted to see the handwriting of Mr. Arthur's sweetheart, now was the time. The direction was written in a small neat hand, that might very well have been a lady's hand, though it did not happen to be so. The wafer also underwent examination, as it was thought likely it would contain a sentiment. There were words on it, but alas no inspection could turn them into English. A cross was leaning against a Lamb, and over them simply a label, "Agnus Dei"—"I suppose it means her name is Agnes" cried Martin angrily, "in their humbugging way of talking. That cross aint no good" he continued "I've read in a book how the Romans make them up of flour, crucifig they are called, and eat them, same as pious folks might take the sacrament, only it is blasphemy with them, 'cause it's idols."

But the letter must be opened.

GENEVA, *July* 18——

MY DEAREST OLD PAL,—It is about thirty-six hours since you left us, and the Bard asked in some astonishment, when he saw me sitting down, what I was going to say to you. Now I think one has a great deal more to say after a single day than after a longer time, because, minutiæ, the pith and point of a letter are

* Lamia, Part 2.

hopeless in a week. The night you left us was very dull for me: the poet was muttery and moody, and was evidently in the pains of mental labor, and our "useful Cobbler's instrument" had picked up an old French book on the Differential Calculus and was wholly absorbed in it. However I finished that sketch of Heidelberg, which you rather liked I think. The next morning there was a very heavy thunderstorm, and we lost our walk. When I came down I found Delafield in his dressing gown at the window, waiting to be struck, not by lightning, but with the grandeur of the scene. I cannot persuade him that it shows no want of appreciative power, being in one's right mind, even amongst the most beautiful sights and in the most romantic situations. It was just the same, if you remember, when we went to Coppet; he was trying to conjure up poor old Madame De Staël in every hole and corner, like a most importunate Wizard of Endor. How he hammered away at sonnets all the way home!

> "Wisely Pythagoras believed of yore,
> Soul of the Greek Corinna"——

How we did laugh to be sure. But really if he would not try and be impressed but would write as the impulse came, he has many graceful thoughts. But his present habits are exactly what you said; not wooing the Muses on their own serene retreat, but absolutely making improper advances to them in the public way. Well, to proceed. After breakfast we got to classics, which delighted Delafield, though you know I am more in the pump and lever line. I have backed myself to take a higher "poll" degree than the Bard. He took the bet, but with so characteristic an observation; "not that I care," he said "how I succeed at a place which is rather a mausoleum for the dead bones of learning than a temple, as it should be, to beauty and truth. In fact" he added with vehemence, "to be a first rate University man, you must deliberately clear your mind of its own native ideas, to make room for those, many of them musty, dusty and fusty, of other dead and buried old people." Goodall contented himself like Mr. Burchell in the "Vicar of Wakefield" with a selah of "Fudge," and so the matter ended. In the afternoon I went with "excellent every thing" to call on Lady Pollen. He had been tutor to her son, now Sir Julian Pollen, who is travelling in Italy, having very fortunately (as he has no money) taken to sound instead of sin; for he fumbles day and night about in the organ lofts of old Cathedrals, being quite mad on music. Who should Lady Pollen turn out to be but that fat woman with a little cross on her forehead, and her daughter no less a person than that Chinese looking little girl, whom you and I saw one day at Baden, when we met the Philological Doctor: the others were not with us. The old lady is a prodigious rattle. "I am so glad you came just when you did, Mr. Goodall," she said, "for he drove away those odious creatures, the Whites, did he not, Norah," turning to the girl; "those wretches had been sticking there," she said to me, "I thought they were going to live with us. Did you know," addressing us all in a low voice, and leaning forward, "the chairs have been recently varnish-

ed, and upon my word I thought perhaps their dresses had become attached, and they *could'nt* move or else would have had to go out, snail-fashion, chair and all, ha! ha! ha!" In this way she gabbled on, the girl only joining in with a faint rattling in the throat by way of a laugh, like a person trying to die and not doing it well. Afterwards, by Lady Pollen's direction, la belle Chinoise gave us a song to the guitar. She has a good ear, and rather a sweet voice, but she sat so perfectly like a little wax statue, and her notes seemed to flow out in such a slender stream, without any exertion of the muscles, that it had quite a "Lotus-land" effect. I thought that unawares I must have partaken of the flowers and fruit of that "enchanted stem" of which whoso did receive and taste—

> "To him the gushing of the wave
> Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
> On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,
> His voice was thin, as voices from the grave."*

When we got back from our call we found Delafield bustling out in an amazing hurry with a piece of paper in his hand: he had just seen a beautiful arm at a window, and making sure that the face attached to it must be also beautiful, he had come home and written a stanza which he intended to throw up, unperceived, into the room. Goodall, who so thoroughly enjoys his heavy joke, asked if the stanza began like the Æneid with "Arma." Of course he was perfectly speechless after this effort for a considerable time; his own merriment, as you remember, having epileptic effects on him. Delafield came in again at tea-time having been quite unsuccessful with the piece of paper, which refusing to ascend unperceived into the room, had been blown into a carriage that was passing by.

And now my dear old man, how tides it with you? How are you succeeding in your difficulties? I think very much of you, and can only hope the course of true love will for once make an exception in your favor—and run smooth. Pray call on my people at Norbourn, if you do not like to go and stay with them, which I wish you would. I hear from George that he knows Lord Redgate well and likes him much. But George's judgment on any body's character is quite valueless: he is far too good-natured to discriminate. I direct this to Lindenstowe, as it is of no importance when it reaches you, and might miss you at Hastings. Kind regards to the good father and believe me,

Yours as ever,

FRED. EVERETT.

Eve of St. Magdalen.

P. S.—Our "useful Cobbler's instrument" sendeth his remembrance, and our Laureat his love. Neither can divine the meaning of your sudden departure.

In the fresh, still morning, the coach wheels were heard far off. Any communication with this vehicle threw poor Martin into a state of nervousness. There was an off-handedness about the coachman and guard which rendered him particularly uncomfortable, and he, a man of many words by

* Tennyson.

the kitchen fire, became speechless and confused in their presence. A boy had been sent about fifty yards down the road to make the first signal, and at the gate itself, Martin established himself, with his hat on the top of an umbrella. At this object, as the coach drove up, the leaders were disposed to shy. "Now then, young fellow," roars out the coachman, "who gave you a license to set up scare-crows on the Queen's highway, frightening four hard-working horses into the ditch. Oh," he continued, as he pulled up the team, looking steadily down on poor Martin, "if your aunt could but see you now." "She's got too much to do," answered the guard, as he dashed up the luggage, "fortune telling and robbing o' henroosts, to trouble herself about this sky-larking varmint."

At this juncture, the coach door being opened for Mr. Chester, who was going to travel inside, little Marquis immediately jumped in, and took up a determined post in a corner behind a fat old lady's feet. This lady having a basket of refreshments under the seat, was naturally alarmed for its safety, and began to scream and scuffle; whilst a pale gentleman opposite, with a blue bag between his knees, thrust his head out of the window and shouted to the coachman, "I warn you, I warn you; I prosecute always for two things, children with the measles, and—dogs. Take care, sir." Uproar prevailed: at length the intruder was expelled; coach-door slammed to; coach moved on; guard swung up behind, and poor Marquis howling, and poor Martin utterly crushed, returned to recover themselves at the cottage.

The travellers reached town late that evening, and the next day by three in the afternoon were seated in an Hotel at Hastings, now fairly in the scene of action.

THE IDLE SEARCH.

FROM THE HINDOOSTANEE.

I.

Hast seen my child? a father cried,
And searched the city in despair;
The missing infant, in his arms
Forgotten, slept serenely there.

II.

And some there are who range the waste,
And spurn the home, and spurn the mart,
To seek amidst the voids that God,
Who makes his dwelling place—the heart.

M.

REVIEW OF DR. SPRENGER'S LIFE OF MOHAMMED.

On the origin of Mohammedanism, the first part of a very valuable book has lately made its appearance—*The Life of Mohammed, from original sources, by Dr. Sprenger*. The book promises to be valuable, not from any probability there is that it will be artistically written, for the portion that has already seen the light is entirely spoiled, apparently from an utter ignorance of the commonest principles of book-making; nor from a well-grounded confidence that the author, having grasped the philosophy of the times of which he treats, will be able distinctly to delineate, so to speak, the creations of that philosophy. Dr. Sprenger, in the present portion of the work, has given indisputable proof of a want of those general attainments without which an acquaintance with the philosophy of any period of time is impossible. The entire absence of any attempt to pourtray the condition of the surrounding countries at the time of Mohammed; the ignorance of the existence and extensive circulation, if not of a veritable Hebrew Gospel, yet of a Gospel in the Syro-Chaldaic tongue, but written in Hebrew characters, which Jerome, about the year 390, translated both into Greek and Latin; the extraordinary use of the term Olympus for Olympia; and, above all, the confusion, or rather antagonism, of ideas that appear in some of the Doctor's sentences, sufficiently justify the above observations. Let us take the following sentence, the only one we shall trouble our readers by quoting entire:—"The former," the cause of the rise of Mohammedanism in Arabia, "we find in the awaking of healthy minds from the dreams of the ancient world to the knowledge of one immaterial God. This sublime truth, when it was pronounced in the Qoran"—the Romanizing is Dr. Sprenger's—"in the most forcible language, filled the ever-young Arabs with irresistible enthusiasm; and it would either have led them to the Christian religion, and united them with their more advanced neighbours, or it would have ended in barren deism, and thus become altogether abortive, had it not been checked in its development, by the superstitions of its undaunted advocate and the municipal interests of the Makkians." Now we do not quarrel with the words of the above sentence; doubtless they are very pretty words when taken separately and singly, but what could the author possibly mean by checking the development of a religion which would, of itself, have become altogether abortive? Besides, as we have already hinted, no man can write a philosophical account of the rise, any more than of the progress, of Mohammedanism without an intimate acquaintance with the religious state of Syria, Egypt, Nubia, Northern Arabia, and Mesopotamia, and the general diffusion, not of Christianity, but of the various corruptions of Christianity that prevailed at the time. Again, it is an entire mistake to say that the sublime truth of the unity of God filled the minds of

the Arabs with enthusiasm. There can be little doubt that this enthusiasm would soon have effervesced, or, in the language of Dr. Sprenger, would have become altogether abortive had not Mohammed administered more powerful stimulants. But as we intend to speak of this immediately in connection with the whole subject of Mohammed's early career, we refrain for the present.

We have said that Dr. Sprenger's book will, in all probability, be a very valuable one, and after the above objections it may be necessary to explain our meaning. It will be valuable from the scraps of genuine historical information therein contained, for the sources of history indicated, and for the canons of criticism laid down. No man can open the book without at once perceiving that it has been written—shreds and patches though it be—by a first rate scholar as far as the Arabic language is concerned. The third chapter of the first book is invaluable inasmuch as it points out—what has never been done before—the sources whence, by the aid of sound criticism, tolerably correct information regarding the life and actions of Mohammed may be drawn. Too little is known of traditional teaching and traditional history. So far from a history of Mohammed being composed in his own lifetime, the Koran itself was not brought into its present shape till several years after the Prophet's death; and, in all probability, many of its most admired precepts and its most eloquent sentences are not given in the exact words of Mohammed. Nay, some have gone so far as to assert that the Koran, in its present state, is far from being authentic. At all events, the scattered rhapsodies that were attributed to the Prophet were collected and arranged by Abu Bekr, and afterwards revised by Omar, and perhaps again by Othman. The earliest, and a very incorrect, life of Mohammed was written more than a century after his death. Other, and probably more correct accounts followed after considerable intervals, so that accurate history, as Europeans understand the term, is not to be expected. Still it is believed that of some of his sayings and doings memoranda were made in his life time, or shortly after his death, and that thereby a not very distant approximation to accuracy may be made. In conducting such an investigation, however, the utmost caution must prevail, and every tradition that cannot be traced up to its original source be scrupulously rejected. The failure of a single link in such a chain destroys the efficacy of the whole. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, however, there can be no doubt whatever as to the main features and the main causes of the astounding revolution that took place in Arabia in the seventh century of our Æra. We will endeavour to place these now before our readers.

The convenient site and extensive commerce of Alexandria, its proximity to Palestine, and the uninterrupted intercourse it maintained with the commercial towns of Syria, early introduced Christianity into Egypt. The first converts were the Therapeutæ or Essenians of the lake Mareotis—a Jewish sect, who had abandoned their native country, and many of the observances prescribed by Moses. For a long time the progress of the new religion was

slow. The inhabitants were not tolerant of religious or political change, and were distinguished by a sullen inflexibility of temper. No sooner, however, had Christianity become the established religion of the Roman Empire, than crowds acknowledged the divine impulse and flocked to baptism. The cities swarmed with bishops and the desert with hermits. And the Copts, the descendants of the early Christians, have to this day survived the ravages of time and the more merciless swords of the Moslem. Shortly after the conversion of Egypt, that of Nubia took place, the Christians of which country acknowledged the Jacobite patriarch of Alexandria as the head of their Church. In Nubia Christianity remained until the twelfth century, when the inhabitants, sunk in superstition and ignorance, apostatized to a religion which their forefathers had in some measure, perhaps, aided to originate. The conversion of Abyssinia immediately followed that of Nubia, and in the former country some faint traces of Christianity remain to the present day. From this latter country Christianity—or rather a gross corruption of it—was transported immediately beyond the Red Sea, and about the time of the birth of Mohammed a Christian army had penetrated to the very gates of the Kaaba. If we now look to the North of Arabia Proper, viz. Syria and the tract lying between Syria and Mesopotamia, we shall find the Christians of the former country continually multiplying, and more and more dispersing themselves from the very first origin of their religion; we shall find their Therapeutæ and hermits penetrating into the heart of Arabia, and by their extraordinary asceticism exciting the admiration of the natives of the desert; we shall find Syria, from the stores of Christian literature it then possessed, visited by many of the most eminent of the Saints from distant regions; we shall find in the schools of Antioch and Cæsarea, as well as in that of Alexandria, the literature of Greece cultivated with a taste and success that would not have disgraced Athens; we shall find Longinus, the celebrated critic and scholar, and the political minister of Zenobia, sitting at the feet of the Christian orator Origen, during the residence of the latter at Cæsarea. Directing now our attention along the tract extending from Syria to Mesopotamia, and of which the principal city was Palmyra, we shall find that along this tract—from the most ancient times the principal route of commercial intercourse between Persia and India and the cities of maritime Syria, Tyre, Sidon, &c.—Christianity early proceeded to Mesopotamia and Western Persia, and thence found its way along the Persian Gulf and the Western coast of India, even to Ceylon. It is a remarkable fact that there were two principal routes of ancient Oriental commerce, that by Palmyra and the Persian Gulf, and that by the Red Sea, or the adjacent coast of Arabia, and the Indian ocean; and it is no less remarkable that it was precisely along these two routes that the dissemination of Christianity created vast religious changes—so true is it that enlightenment follows the footsteps of commerce. In the time of the Nestorian Monk, Cosmas Indicopleustes, not

only were there unmistakable traces of the operations of Christianity along both coasts of the Red Sea, but also in the island of Socotra, and, as we have already said, as far as Ceylon. Nor can it be for a moment supposed that Christianity—or rather those corruptions of it that then usurped the name—was unknown within the walls of Mecca. Mohammed was a descendant, in the fifth degree, from a Syrian adventurer and trader, who had, partly by force and partly by stratagem, usurped the chief authority in Mecca. The descendants of this adventurer continued merchants and travellers till the time of the Prophet, and had relations with every surrounding Christian country. Nay, according to Burckhardt, pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary were delineated on the walls of the Kaaba, and had their worshippers among the visitors of the Temple. The descendants of Koçay however did not remain at peace amongst themselves. They split into two parties, the conservative and the movement party. The immediate ancestors of Mohammed were emphatically the leaders of the movement party, and they were as emphatically the mercantile party, borrowing new ideas from every community with which they came into contact—from Jews and Christians, and from those who rejected both Judaism and Christianity, and contented themselves with barren scepticism. The fulness of time for the downfal of idolatry at Mecca had arrived. In the town itself were Jews and Christians, both as slaves and freemen, and the most advanced of the native Mekkians professed philosophical scepticism.

We have now seen not only that the country of Mohammed was surrounded on every side by a religion entirely hostile to the continuance of idolatry, but that this religion had penetrated to the very threshold of the Kaaba. Let us moreover enquire a little into the metaphysical doctrines of the religion, and determine in what respects it was favourable, or otherwise, to the success of the two leading tenets of the Mohammedan creed—there is but one God and Mohammed is his Prophet. If any Christian in these days were for a moment to imagine that orthodoxy ever prevailed to any extent, or for any considerable duration, in the regions where christianity had its birth, a little acquaintance with ancient ecclesiastical history would soon undeceive him. Of all countries, Egypt and Syria were fertile in heresy and schism. Contending sects sprang up with extraordinary rapidity. The points of difference were chiefly about the divinity or some of the attributes of the Saviour. The Gnostics, the first heretics, denied that Christ was clothed with a *real* body, or that he suffered *really*. The new Platonists, with the celebrated Origen at their head, allegorized the whole Gospel history as well as that of the whole heathen Pantheon. They appear to have considered Christ with respect to men what some Arabic philosophers considered Gabriel with respect to the whole creation —the admirable *theurge*. And we may just remark, *en passant*, that with these Platonists appear to have arisen not only the employment, but the justification, of those pious frauds which have been defended by some unthinking Christians, and which Mohammed after-

wards employed to so much purpose. The Ebionites maintained that Christ, although his mission was divinely sanctioned, was a man descended from Joseph and Mary according to the ordinary course of nature. The Monarchians and Patropassians maintained that there was no distinction between the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that the Father had united himself to the human nature and thus suffered on the cross. The Millenniarians maintained that the end of the world was at hand, and that Christ would speedily re-appear and reign a thousand years. It was from these notions most unquestionably that Mohammed borrowed his opinion that the end would speedily come. The Manichæans founded by Manes (or Manichæus,) a converted Magian who preceded Mohammed in his claim to be the Paraclete (or, as Mohammed read it, Paraclyte,) predicted in the New Testament. There can be little doubt that Mohammed in that claim but imitated Manes, whose followers were by no means extinct in Northern Arabia at the time of the Prophet. It may be proper here to state that Christ in the creed of the Manichæans is the highest demiurge, the very station assigned to Gabriel in the Mohammedan system. Scarcely a portion of the latter is original, though inspired, wonderful to relate! The Manichæans were likewise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and from wedlock, and all amorous gratifications, differing *toto cælo*, from the Mohammedans in the last article. We must not omit to mention here that a school of Arabian Christian philosophers maintained in the third century a doctrine that has been revived in modern times, viz., that the soul cannot after death exist without the body, but that both must rise together at the consummation of all things; and, strange to say, we find the Mohammedans in great doubt as to the disposal of the soul during the time intervening between death and the resurrection.

The Mariamites, contended that there were three Gods, the Father, Christ, and the Virgin Mary. Mohammed was certainly well acquainted with this heresy, and levelled his denunciations at it in the Koran. "They are certainly infidels who say God is the third of three." "They are infidels who say God is Christ the son of Mary." "And when God shall say unto Jesus at the last day, O Jesus, son of Mary! hast thou said unto men, take me and my mother for two Gods, besides God?" These passages render the tradition mentioned by Burckhardt extremely probable, viz., that Christ and the Virgin Mary were delineated on the Kaaba; and indeed we positively know that this sect and their opponents threw the Christians of Syria and Northern Arabia into troubles and tumults in the fifth century. The Predestinarians contended "that God not only predestinated the wicked to eternal punishment, but also to the guilt and transgression for which they are punished; and that thus both the good and bad actions of all men were determined from eternity by a divine decree, and fixed by an inevitable necessity." Now this is exactly the doctrine of Mohammed:—whatever comes to pass in this world, whether good or bad, is of divine necessity, and has been recorded and fixed, from all eterni-

ty, in the table of God's decrees. Not only a man's good or bad fortune, but his fidelity or infidelity, is decreed, and by consequence his everlasting salvation or condemnation, which cannot be avoided by any prudence or foresight on his part:—what a remarkable coincidence! The enumeration of these sects, all of which, to a considerable extent, flourished in Syria and Arabia, is indispensable, inasmuch as it serves to shew the connection between these spurious systems of Christianity and the doctrines either taught or condemned by Mohammed. We shall trouble our readers only with two more, viz. the Arians and Nestorians. In an assembly of the Presbyters of Alexandria, the bishop of that See, Alexander by name, in asserting that the Son was consubstantial with the Father, was opposed by Arius, a man brought up in all the learning and philosophy of the Origenists, who maintained that the Son was totally and essentially distinct from the Father, but that he was the first and noblest of beings created by the Father out of nothing; and that by his agency all inferior creatures were produced, in fact occupying that position which in some of the systems of Arabic philosophy appears to be assigned to Gabriel. No sooner were these opinions divulged than they found in Egypt, Syria, and the neighbouring provinces, a host of abettors, not only amongst the vulgar and illiterate, but also amongst those distinguished for their learning and their genius. To arrest the progress of such pernicious influences, Alexander assembled successively two councils in the seat of his See, accused Arius of impiety, and caused him to be *expelled from the bosom of the Church. Arius bore up against* the ignominy of excommunication with apparent fortitude or at least callousness. He retired to the confines of Arabia, the natural retreat of the eastern heresiarchs, and carried on from his retreat a system of literary warfare against the adherents of orthodoxy. His success was astonishing, vast numbers were drawn over to his party, and among those many eminent for learning and station. To counteract this baneful error the Council of Nice was convened, where Arius was solemnly condemned and his adherents devoted to persecution. The orthodox however had overshot their mark; in a brief period of time a reaction in favour of Arianism took place, and in the reign of Constantius, bishops of the western as well as of the eastern Church were compelled by the hand of power to deny the divinity of the Saviour. Shortly afterwards, however, the orthodox regained the ascendant, and as a creed of toleration was unknown in these days, the eastern Arians were again compelled to abandon their belief or take refuge in the desert. During the fifth century they rather multiplied than declined in spite of the most rigorous persecution. Towards the beginning of the sixth century they were triumphant in many parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia. But their triumphs were but transitory. By the Œcumenical Council held at Constantinople in 553, the tenets of the Arians, as well as of almost every other sect of eastern origin, were condemned as heretical and pernicious. Justinian, famous as a legislator, infamous as a persecutor of Pa-

gans, Samaritans, Jews, and Christians, did not long allow this condemnation to slumber as a useless anathema. One of the most destructive calamities, that ever visited mankind, fell on Syria and Palestine from the soldiers of this fiendish persecutor. He failed however of his purpose, and only succeeded in driving heresy beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire. A Nestorian traveller reports that in that century Nestorian churches prevailed from Jerusalem to the Caspian Sea, from Socotra to Ceylon. The Nestorians owed their origin to a Syrian bishop of Constantinople, named Nestorius. Although previous Councils had determined that Christ was, at the same time, true God and true man, yet nothing had as yet been determined concerning the manner and effect of this mysterious union. The Virgin Mary was sometimes called the mother of God, because of the union of the two natures. Now this Nestorius condemned, maintaining that she ought rather to be called the mother of Christ, as it was impossible God could be born of a woman, an argument with which Mohammed appears to have been well acquainted. Many of the Egyptian and Syrian clergy, especially the monks, embraced the doctrine of Nestorius. Cyril the Alexandrian prelate censured the conduct of his own monks as well as that of Nestorius. The latter was determined not to be outdone in spiritual thunder; he and Cyril hurled reciprocal anathemas at the heads of each other. At last the matter becoming serious in the estimation of the Christian world, a council was, summoned at Ephesus; Nestorius was condemned unheard, and compelled to go into exile at Petra in Arabia, the country of the ancestors of Mohammed, and with which the Haramites (or inhabitants of Mekka) were at this very time carrying on a flourishing commerce. The propagation of no religious tenets, if we except the propagation of the pure Gospel in the time of the Apostles, took place with such extraordinary rapidity as that of Nestorianism at the first. It was adopted almost instantaneously by the churches of Mesopotamia and Persia. The doctors of the famous school of Edessa translated books inculcating Nestorian tenets into the Syrian and Persian languages; one of them instituted a famous school at Nisibis, whence issued those Nestorian doctors, who in this and the succeeding century spread their tenets throughout Egypt, Syria, Arabia, India, Tartary, and China. In Syria and Arabia Nestorian monks literally swarmed. Arabia indeed was the only country in which, during the wars between Chosroes and Justinian, by whom they were equally persecuted, they could find secure refuge.

We have thus taken a brief survey of the external and internal conditions of those Christian countries immediately surrounding Arabia; now to apply it.

It must, we think, be evident that by a commercial people, such as the Mekkians, continually coming into contact with Christians—leaving entirely out of consideration the proximity of the Jews—a considerable knowledge of the tenets of the various Christian sects must have been gained. The Jews were not a proselytizing people; but to suppose that

Christianity, that power which had been found effectual for the overthrow of idolatry in countries far and wide, and amongst all ranks the learned and the unlearned, would produce no effect on districts almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the place where it arose, is highly absurd. This might have been the case had Christianity been but of yesterday, but when Mohammed began to preach, it was nearly 600 years old. When two antagonistic powers are brought into collision, the weaker must be vanquished. We hold it then as an axiom that idolatry could no longer have existed in Arabia; and, if there be a natural necessity, as history would seem to say, though philosophy might deny it, that the masses of every country must submit to some religious creed, and be cheered and checked by religious hopes and fears, a new religion must have been established. To some it has been a source of wonder that the Mohammedans did not embrace Christianity. To ourselves, reasoning from metaphysical as from natural causes, such a course was impossible. Christianity, in its then condition, was strong to pull down paganism, not adequate to build up its own edifice on the ruins, beyond the limits of the Roman world. We will place our views before the reader.

That there was an invincible necessity—it is almost impossible to avoid tautology and double comparatives where the meaning of words is not laid down with mathematical precision—to set up a new religion in Arabia, is beyond dispute. The operation of metaphysical causes had rendered this unavoidable. It is as impossible to arrest the operation of the laws by which society is guided, as it is to arrest the earth in her orbit. Putting out of the question the direct interference of Providence, religions are always imposed on the masses by the thinking portion of the community. Mohammed was pre-eminently a man of thought. Mohammed was pre-eminently a man of genius. If a man's abilities are to be estimated by the height at which he stands elevated above his countrymen at the same epoch, then few indeed will bear a comparison with the Arabian Prophet. That Mohammed had read a great deal, heard a great deal, and thought a great deal, is manifest from the Koran. A very considerable acquaintance with the scriptures of the Old and New Testament is manifested in that composition, besides a very considerable acquaintance with the tenets of some of the Christian sects and their controversies. Yet we question if Mohammed was possessed of much *original* genius. There are few things in his writings that cannot be traced to an older source. Even the Houries of Paradise and the idea of the Borac are borrowed. Such a man, then, foreseeing from the signs of the times that idolatry must give way to monotheism—monotheism which was the doctrine of the Jews, and of every Christian sect in existence, whether orthodox, trinitarians, or other sectaries, with the exception of the one that worshipped Mary as a deity,—would irresistibly be led to embrace the one grand point on which the whole world seemed to agree—monotheism. In his farther progress what course was he to adopt? Was he to be ex-

pected to embrace christianity? Where was he to find it pure; or what sect was he to select? Pure christianity, before it was corrupted by the inventions of man, could point out many philosophers among its converts, but in later times to how many men of independent thought could she point except to those whose conversion could be clearly traced to self-interest? Mohammed saw a great diversity of Christian sects, by most of whom, in some shape or other, the divinity of Jesus Christ was denied, and most of whom scrupled not mercilessly to persecute one another. Except we, determining at the expence of our understandings to erect Mohammed into a really inspired person, a true Prophet of God,—believe that the merchants of the Koreish wilfully blinded their eyes, closed their ears, and hardened their hearts, it was impossible that they should not become acquainted with events passing before them. Mohammed then not having it in his power to embrace pure Christianity, for it was nowhere to be found, must either, in this perplexity, have embraced some Christian sect of those that then flourished in Arabia, or he must have become a Jew, or struck out some new religion of his own. The power of entirely original invention has been accorded to very few mortals; Mohammed was too wise to attempt what is perhaps beyond the power of man, but in the course actually adopted, he manifested the highest wisdom. He selected two grand points common to the Christians, the Jews, and the Arabs, and laid those down as the basis of his religious system. The Christians and Jews alike believed in one Supreme God, the Ruler of the universe. The Christians and Jews alike believed in a succession of Prophets who were sent by Heaven to enlighten and admonish mankind in the ante-Christian world. The Arabs believed that there was one Supreme God, and that the inferior deities they ordinarily worshipped, were but auxiliaries to carry men's devotions into his presence—at least this was the faith of those among them who thought. The Arabs likewise had certain traditions, however faint, of the divine mission of the prophet Abraham. Seizing then upon these two leading points, Mohammed laid down as the basis of his religion "there is no God but the God and Mohammed is his Prophet." If we were requested to point out an instance of the remarkable judgment of Mohammed we should select this. No man ever started from such vantage ground. To the Christians he could object their numerous divisions, that some of their sects worshipped a woman as God, and in his ignorance of the mysterious subject of the Trinity, that they all, while professing to worship only one God, worshipped three; to the Jews he could object that they had been abandoned by God, and for their sins and rebellions, given up to the wrath of the Romans; to the Arabs that they worshipped stocks and stones, which were in reality no Gods. But to all he could say that I now offer you the pure unadulterated faith, the universal religion which is common to all your system. If catholicity, as Dr. Sprenger seems to think, be the infallible test of the pure religion, then Mohammedanism possesses it in a most eminent degree, and all Chris-

tian churches, Protestant, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic must yield the palm.

Mohammed, moreover, in proclaiming himself a Prophet, only faithfully copied the example of many predecessors more modern than the Saviour. Cositheus, a Samaritan, had proclaimed himself the Prophet of Christ almost immediately on the death of the Saviour. Menander, likewise a Samaritan,—long before the time of Mohammed—broached the very doctrine that the Arabian Prophet brought forward respecting the overthrow of the Jinn. Cositheus pretended to be one of the Œons despatched from the Pleroma, or celestial regions, to succour the distressed souls that lay groaning under corporeal oppression and servitude, and to support them against the violence and machinations of the Jinn or Dæmons that held the reins of spiritual dominion in this sublunary world. The fact is that the Magian notion of the continual conflict of two spiritual powers was prevalent throughout the entire east. Barchochebas a Jewish impostor, gave himself out as the Messiah, excited afresh the aspirations of his countrymen, incited them to rise in insurrection against the Romans, and was the cause of a more complete destruction of the city of Jerusalem, and of the erection on its ruins of the city of Ælia Capitolina into which no Jew was permitted to enter. Long after Montanus,—as did also Manichæus and Mohammed,—proclaimed himself the prophet foretold in the New Testament under the appellation of Paraclete; nor is it surprising to any one moderately acquainted with the spirit of the times that almost every attribute assumed by Mohammed is common to several predecessors. Among the doctrines taught by Montanus were some which strongly resembled those of Mohammed. He inculcated the necessity of fasts, and looked upon all human learning as useless, if not positively pernicious. But not to multiply examples which might be done to an indefinite extent, we will only add that throughout the east prophets abounded in the early ages of christianity, and that they were treated as the leaders of rebellions have been treated in all ages, and more especially in modern times; success established, beyond contradiction, the justness of their pretensions, failure stamped them as impostors. Had Mohammed fallen in the battle of Beder, who would have disputed his falsehood and deceit, for what Christian writer would ever have contended that at that time he was sincere? He would have been regarded as an unscrupulous politician, who, endeavouring to aggrandize himself at the expense of his country, had met with too glorious a death on the field of battle.

We come now to the important question of Mohammed's sincerity in the early part of his career.

With regard to this question we wish to lay down an important distinction at the outset. As respects the meaning of the word sincerity one would think there ought to be little doubt. But, unfortunately, the perverse and impious policy of many, so called, religious men, has rendered the signification of the term about as doubtful as any within the compass of the English language. The doctrine of the end justifying the means arose in the first ages of the church, was extensively act-

ed upon, though but little professed in the middle ages, attained its palmy condition in the times of Ignatius Loyola, is not yet exploded, and we are sorry to perceive that the author of the Life of Mohammed is lending the weight of his very respectable talents to bolster up the doctrines of the Jesuits—doctrines now only whispered in the ears of silly women or of more effeminate men brought up in an intellectual atmosphere, where the judgment dotes, long ere the body has attained to maturity. Some of Mohammed's impostures, forsooth, were only pious frauds not more culpable than those used by many good men for the best of purposes! We leave pious frauds to those who choose to defend them. If any man chooses to lie for our good, we should be sorry to be the persons compelled to inflict castigation for the falsehood. We have to do with nothing at present but a simple definition. We define sincerity, then, to be "not only a perfect conviction of the desirableness of the end aimed at, but, also, a thorough faith in the verity of all the assertions and the justifiableness of all the means, in themselves and independently of all extraneous considerations, employed to attain that end." If any man asserts that Mohammed was only a great Arabian, or rather Mekkian, patriot, whose aim was to elevate his own family and his countrymen in the scale of humanity, and that, for that purpose, he employed a few extraordinary pious frauds—we never intend to do battle with such an advocate. But if any man will maintain that Mohammed, otherwise in his sober senses, believed in the reality of the apparition of Gabriel, and of the revelation from heaven, we will dispute his position, and we trust shew its groundlessness.

To us it would appear that he who maintains that Mohammed believed in the reality of the vision and revelation, must himself believe in the actuality of the revelation, and that, by consequence, Mohammed was the Prophet of God, or that man is not a responsible creature. There is no method of escape from the horns of this dilemma. What constitutes the difference between an optical delusion and an actual vision is this; to the person labouring under the former no language, either trifling and incoherent, or serious, consistent, and sublime, is ever addressed: what constitutes the difference between a dream and a reality is, that whenever the sleeper awakes he becomes instantly sensible of the hallucination. The organs of hearing may become so excited as to convert a trifling into a terrible sound; the organs of sight may become so disordered as to convert an ant into an elephant, but these false impressions are transitory. Of course we speak not of those who are continually labouring under false impressions, that is, the insane. The insane person, however, is an impostor if he does not, on the recovery of his reason, disclaim the delusions of his disordered judgment. Now if we believe that Mohammed in his cataleptic state had a vision of Gabriel descending from heaven and remaining at two bows' distance from him, heard him utter sublime and eloquent sentences of revelation which were perfectly remembered and repeated when the fit had passed away; that

Mohammed himself, when he returned to his senses, believed in the actuality of the vision and revelation, then we have an occurrence *sui generis*, the only one of its kind, and perfectly miraculous, and we must ourselves conclude that there was an actual revelation, and that Mohammed was the Prophet of God; or if we reject the miracle and maintain that, after all, it was only hallucination, then man is no longer a responsible being. For then, mind and matter is so connected that there are certain states of the body in which by means, to the man himself, apparently supernatural, he may be led into the worst delusions and to the commission of the greatest errors. If Mohammed—could we open the grave and resuscitate the dead—were arraigned before a Jury of twelve Englishmen, he would infallibly be convicted of imposture. To acquit him would be to sap the foundations of all revelation. If Mohammed were sincere, who can tell what hallucinations Moses, Samuel, and the Prophets laboured under? nay, even the very apostles of our Lord? We regard this as altogether conclusive, but we will illustrate the course pursued by the Arabian false prophet, by a few extracts from the spirit of the age.

Immediately upon the dissemination of the Christian religion, Eastern Europe, Western Asia, and Northern Africa became so impregnated with the theological philosophy of the Jews that nothing would content them but spurious prodigies rivalling the real wonders of revelation. They continued for many centuries to travesty—so to speak—the miracles of the old and new Testament, ignorant that they were thereby sapping the foundations of their own faith; for miracles and visions common to all nations, and continued through a long series of ages, cease to be miracles and visions at all. The angel Gabriel was borrowed from the Jews, and the selection was made by Mohammed with his usual judgment. Gabriel, according to the Rabbins, was the only angel that understood Chaldee, Syriac and the cognate languages. He might therefore be supposed with plausibility to be an adept in Arabic, and quite equal to the composition of the sublime Koran. Gabriel had announced to Zacharias the birth of John the Baptist; Gabriel had announced to the Virgin Mary the birth of the Saviour and the introduction of the Christian religion. What then more probable than that the angel, who was supposed immediately to preside over the descendants of Abraham, and who was the usual announcer of extraordinary changes, should have condescended to communicate with a man professing himself to be the Prophet of a new religion? This was, in fact, the most prudent course for the furtherance of his views that Mohammed could possibly adopt. And extraordinary occurrences, visions, and portents were always alleged by Arab, Jew, and Gentile as the indicators of coming changes. No nation was brought to a knowledge even of the Gospel without some such extraordinary occurrences being handed down. In the third century visions abounded. Tertullian, Origen, and Cyprian are full of them. The latter himself, being accused of pusillanimity in flying from the

storm of persecution, relates that he had been admonished so to do by a revelation received in an ecstasy. Now we know from another part of his own works that this was a fiction—a pious fraud—and are we to accord to Mohammed a credit we refuse to the African Archbishop, a man whose character was superior in every respect to that of the former? As time rolled on, visions multiplied, or at least more distinct accounts of them are handed down to us. The visions of Gabriel by Mohammed are not perhaps more wonderful than those seen by Constantine when the latter was about to set up a national faith. A writer, the contemporary of the great Emperor, affirms with the most perfect confidence that, in the night which preceded the victory of the Milvian bridge, Christ appeared to Constantine in a vision, commanded him to prepare the sacred standard called the Labarum, and to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the celestial sign of God, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ. One of the panegyrists of Constantine, a short time after this great victory, describes an army of heavenly warriors who descended from the celestial regions. He dwells upon their extraordinary beauty, marks their gigantic forms, instructs posterity with their declarations that they came as the auxiliaries of Constantine, and appeals to a whole people for the truth of his assertions. Constantine in one of his marches, is reported to have seen the sign of the cross elevated above the meridian sun and emblazoned with a glorious inscription—*By this conquer*. Constantine and his whole army are said to have been witnesses of this astounding spectacle; but the Christian historian Eusebius alleges only the testimony of Constantine himself *confirmed by a solemn oath*, and, though professing his entire belief in the vision, yet candidly acknowledges that to any less weighty authority than that of the solemn oath of Constantine himself he would not have yielded credit. Now Constantine was in every way as respectable character as Mohammed, and yet his solemn oath has been disregarded, and his visions pronounced pure fiction by the ablest defenders of Christianity, by Le Clerc and Lardner, not Dionysius but the dissenting minister Nathaniel, perhaps the ablest of all the defenders of Christianity. Again we ask, shall we accord a credit to Mohammed that we refuse to the Christian Constantine? Belonging to the same age we have the vision of Licinius. The legions of Maximin, the tyrant of the East, were overthrown by the soldiers of Licinius, who had been prepared for victory in the following manner. An angel descended from heaven and communicated a form of prayer, which was repeated by the whole army before they engaged in the shock of battle. Unfortunately however Licinius afterwards trod in the footsteps of Maximin, so that the vision was misplaced. Again, while the armies of Constantius and Mazentius were in deadly conflict in the plains of Mursa, and the fate of the rival Emperors depended upon the chance of war, Constantius remained, in anxious prayer, in the Church of the Martyrs beneath the walls of the city. His spiritual comforter, Valens, the Arian bishop, employed, unknown

to Constantius, a secret chain of speedy messengers to bring him tidings of the alternations of the conflict. While Constantius stood in anxious suspense in the midst of his trembling courtiers, Valens assured him that the legions of his enemy were giving way, and that an angel from heaven had conveyed to him the joyful intelligence. Constantius of course felt duly grateful to the heretic bishop who thus held communication with the celestial powers. The heretics were taken into favour— a circumstance which determined some of the weak minds amongst the orthodox not to be outdone in pious frauds. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem and a zealous trinitarian, in order to counteract the influence of Valens the Arian, immediately composed the description of a celestial cross encircled by a glorious rainbow that had been seen on the day of battle by the devout pilgrims,—for pilgrimages had begun in those days,—and the inhabitants of the Holy City. The vision gradually increased in magnitude until it became conspicuous to the two armies contending in the plains of Pannonia. No writer at the present day but accuses Cyril of fabrication, but such a charge must not be brought against the Arabian prophet. The death of Julian the apostate was known to the Christians of Syria and Egypt through the ministry of an angel at the very instant he expired beyond the Tigris. But it is useless to multiply examples, every one moderately acquainted with the history of the times, is well aware that the accounts of prodigies are innumerable, and that in nine cases out of ten, with the information actually before us, they can all satisfactorily be resolved into pious frauds, or, in some few cases, into the effects of natural causes. Let us not for a moment be supposed to contend that there can be no such things as miracles. The evidence in favour of the existence of such supernatural occurrences is as strong as that which demonstrates that those appearances we have been enumerating were pure fictions. Horace's rule for the guidance of dramatic writers is perfectly applicable in the case of extraordinary phænomena,—

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

The most learned (again we must shelter ourselves under the shield of Dr. Lardner) of all the defenders of Christianity gives up even the miraculous occurrences that are said to have taken place at the attempt of Julian to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem. All the other miracles and visions that occurred subsequent to the first, and the early portion of the second, century are surrendered at once. And shall we condemn Cyril and St. Jerome, Cyprian and Augustin, men who, with all their errors, contributed greatly to the advancement and amelioration of their species, while we believe in the sincerity of another who became one of the greatest instruments of evil that the world ever saw?

In our next issue we will continue our remarks upon the history of Mohammed.



AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BLACK CROSS FRIARS OF MUSSOUREE.

In a few days I shall have left India for ever; long, long before this paper reaches you, I shall be at sea, and safe from the machinations of the pseudo-friars, and I may therefore without fear ease my mind of a secret, which has now for some time weighed heavy on it, and give the public, through the medium of your *Magazine*, a short account of one of the most extraordinary adventures that it has ever been my lot to meet with.

At the commencement of the last hot season, my health, which has for many years been more or less deranged, failed completely, and I was obliged to make a rapid retreat from the sultry plains of Bengal to the more temperate climate of the Hills. Chance decreed that I should take refuge at the delightful station of Mussouree, a place, which previous experience enables me to say combines all the advantages of a numerous society which Simlah possesses, with the free and easy style of living which constitutes the chief charm of the unpretending Nynee Tal.

Notwithstanding the delays which I, as usual, met with on the road, I reached Mussouree about the 1st of June, and in less than a fortnight gained sufficient strength to be able to indulge, morning and evening, in a short walk. Of the station itself, of its beautiful scenery, of its fashionable and fascinating visitors, I need say nothing; are they not known to almost all your readers? Have they not been chronicled a thousand times by every newspaper scribbler who has visited the Hills?

But there is one point which, although it has been repeatedly touched on by the public journals, must yet, as it is necessary to explain what follows, be once more alluded to by me. I mean the extraordinary and (at that time to me) inexplicable Black Crosses of all sizes with which, on my first walk, I found that the walls and rocks were covered. Naturally of an inquisitive disposition, I immediately set to work to ascertain what these strange placards might mean, but although I made enquiries from almost every person I met, European and Native, I failed that night altogether in obtaining any clue to what every one confessed seemed to be rather a mystery. Next morning, at sunrise, I was out taking my customary walk round the Camel's Back, when I suddenly heard a long, loud, sharp whistle, and turning a corner close by, saw four very tall figures, clad in a white dress, neither English nor Indian, hurrying along the path about a hundred yards in front of me. I shouted to them to stop, but was only answered by some jungle cock, which, probably frightened by their approach, crowed vociferously. Luckily a little way behind me was my hill-tattoo, on which I instantly mounted, and putting it to full gallop, started in pursuit. Of course I gained rapidly on the fugitives, who, when I was distant about forty yards from them, turned round and faced me. Again the cock crew, and to my astonish-

ment and horror, the four figures sank slowly among the rocks and disappeared. To dismount and examine the cluster of stones amidst which they had last been seen, was in my excited state only the work of an instant. In vain I searched, in vain I probed every nook and cranny with my riding cane. I could find no single trace of the phantoms who had thus fooled me. I lit a cheroot, and sat down determined to watch the place : all was silence, if I except the distant jingle of the cattle bells, the hum of the myriad insects which swarmed in every little green hollow, and the occasional chirp of a few solitary birds who were playing at hide-and-seek among the branches. Cheroot after cheroot did I light and consume ; the sun began to grow powerful, and very reluctantly I left the spot, determined to keep what I had seen to myself till I should learn something more about the matter.

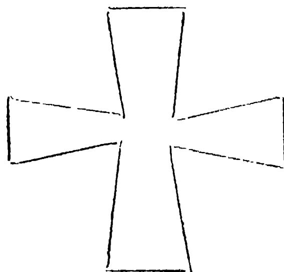
That evening, on the Mall, I received the information that the Black Crosses which had so puzzled me were only marks put up for the purpose of dividing the beats of the Abkaree chuprassees, or watchmen, to prevent the illicit sale and manufacture of spirits. This struck me at the time as rather singular, on account of the great proximity of these marks, they in many cases not being more than five yards apart ; however, as my informant solemnly declared that the Joint Magistrate (Mr. Keene) had told him so, I held my peace, and meditated silently on the probable expense of a force sufficiently numerous to furnish one man only to each beat. A friend lately arrived from England, to whom I retailed my intelligence a few days later, scouted the idea, "for," said he, "I ride about morning, noon, and night, and I have never yet seen one of these watchmen." This, so far from shaking *my* belief, only tended, I must confess, to strengthen it, I well knowing from experience that *watchmen in India* (whether attached to the Police or Revenue Department) *never are on their beats* either morning, noon, or night, unless they learn from the Magistrate's chuprassees, or other servants, that the Sahib is coming round to see if they are at their posts. Then indeed their watchfulness is a thing delightful to behold, and they stand fully armed at the doors of their chowkees, like the Dragoons who mount guard in front of the Horse Guards.

But to return. A few days later, it became generally known that the crosses had really nothing whatsoever to do with the sale, &c., of spirits and opium, and a new explanation of their having been put up by the Surveying Department under Colonel Waugh's orders, was most confidently offered. This however I altogether doubted, even at that time entertaining the suspicion that they were in some way connected with the four mysterious figures, whose almost miraculous disappearance I have recounted above.

That this conjecture of mine was right, I think I shall subsequently be able to convince you. Meanwhile I shall content myself with telling you that my doubts were confirmed personally by Colonel Waugh, with whom I have for many years been intimately acquainted.

A return of fever confined me to my room for several weeks, and

prevented my carrying out the determination which I had made of sifting the matter to the bottom. I however employed my servants in pulling down the Black Crosses, giving them one anna for each one they brought in, and during my illness I obtained in this way no less than 348 Crosses, chiefly about four inches square, but some as much as three feet to three feet and a half square—all were of precisely the same form and shape, of which I give an outline :—



The first evening that I was really free from fever, I sat out in my verandah, enjoying my hookah and some cooling sherbet; the sweet soft breezes from the Dhoon, (it was a fine evening, one of the few we had during the rains) sighed mournfully through the trees, keeping up a sort of plaintive accompaniment to the hoarse murmurings of the torrents in the valleys below. The moon was just peeping over the black crest of one of the distant hills, and cast the shadow of one of the loftiest peaks exactly in the centre of my verandah; I turned for an instant to raise my coffee cup, and turning back saw, (must I confess it) not without a strange feeling of dread, a gigantically tall figure, dressed in a long white flowing monk's dress, standing exactly on the point of the shadow; its face was apparently hid by a cowl, and its waist girt by a black rope ; it walked slowly up to me, and slapped both its hands on the wall behind me, about four feet above my head, and then again about three feet lower, and then lifted its cowl, disclosing a perfectly white face, with a black cross painted across it, and giving a frightful yell, vanished.

I almost believe that a spell was over me; much as I wished it, I could *not* put forth my hand to seize the spectre, even when it bent over me, and its white robes flapping in the wind, envelopped me like a shroud. I seemed under the influence of some horrid nightmare, and even when the cause of my 'overpowering surprize was removed, I could not 'persuade myself that the whole had not been the "empty phantasy of a fevered brain," attributable to my having thought too much about the ridiculous Black Crosses at a time when my brain was already weakened by long-continued fever. After some reflection I comforted myself with this belief, and rose to go to bed, when at a single glance at what was on the wall before me, all my pleasant delusions vanished. It was no dream, no waking phantasy, it was reality, and *I*, I who, through many a campaign had sustained the honor of my name and family; I, whose bravery had been publicly praised by the Commander-in-Chief before my whole regiment, *I* must be for ever considered a *coward* by the authors of the trick. Yes, I *had* been, and almost for the first time in my life, *frightened*, not by a spectre, not by a nightmare, but by some harum scarum,

tricksy young scamp. How I swore, how I gnashed my teeth with impatient rage, I will not, for it is useless, inform you; suffice it to say, that against the wall, exactly where the figure had slapped its hands, was placarded a huge Black Cross, with a motto in red letters round it "Nemo me impune lacessit."

You may well fancy that my system of investigation was not relaxed; you may conceive the savage joy with which I gloated over every one of the tattered crosses which my servants brought me, and also, I dare say, imagine the cool contempt in which I always talked of the "low impertinence of the snobs" who put them up—whenever the subject, as it sometimes was, was alluded to in society.

Time passed away, and August, the bright month of harvest, opened her apron full of fruits to the greedy world—almost every day my faithful dependants brought me fresh trophies of the foes who had insulted me, but for all that I was not one jot wiser than on the first day when I beheld the Black Crosses.

It was, I think, on the 12th of August, and as near as I can remember, about noon, that an idea struck me that there might possibly be something written underneath the black ink; in which the crosses were drawn. I sent to the Doctor at Landour, (Dr. Stewart) for a little oxalic acid, by means of a weak solution of which I had heard that it was possible to remove ink. The moment the little phial arrived I set to work, and conceive my delight, when there gradually appeared, as the black was removed, the following cypher *printed* in red ink:—

12 A 𝔤 C 𝔤 G g 10 F E 𝔞 𝔡 𝔤 a a A 𝔡 𝔡 A 𝔡 𝔡 F 𝔣 b G b e g

Though a good hand generally at discovering cyphers, this puzzled even me for a long time. I thought it was English, and I suspected, though why I cannot tell, that it had some connection with the Ball which, I should mention, was to take place that evening, and yet notwithstanding these two helps it was half-past one A. M., before I had unravelled the mystery. I have not now space to explain the peculiar train of analysis by which I ultimately succeeded, it will be enough to state that when my labours were completed the meaning of the cypher as I read it was—

12 August,—10 P. M.—Club Ball—All present.

Something there *was* to be done at the Ball that very night, *had* perhaps *been done*, some crime possibly was to be perpetrated. I might be in time—if I was too late—never mind—I could but do my best. I hurried on my evening dress and galloped away to the Club, the guests were all at supper, and every body was speaking very loud at the same time. From a distance I heard a burr which I can only compare (si licet majora, &c.) to that made by a nest of wasps, when some hornet has destroyed them. Even before I entered the room I heard but too plainly that Black Crosses were the subject of conversation; it was then too late, what was to be done had been done, and what this was I learnt in a few minutes from one of my neighbours. I need not dwell up-

on the disgraceful scene which had occurred; you must have seen by the papers that a spectre or rather an *ass clad in a spectre's skin*, had marched into the Ball room, and with a frightful yell, such as terrified not only the ladies but also the gentlemen present, had thrown down a number of little notes, containing absurd metrical compliments to most of the ladies present. These facts with a few little additions suggested by fancy, as I afterwards learned, though at the time I fully believed all that was told me, had just been communicated to me, and I was about to relate in my turn my discovery of the cypher, when a young man, whose acquaintance I had not the honour to possess, walked up to me, and with a very meaning look enquired whether I was present when the ghost had made its appearance. Of course I answered no, when he immediately enquired further, as to whether I was in any way concerned in the affair. I again answered in the negative, and was about to give the whole history of my campaign against the Black Crosses, when I observed people looking so very suspiciously at me, and laughing so strangely, that being naturally very susceptible of ridicule, I got up and walked out of the room—the very worst thing, as it turned out, that I could possibly have done, for I became generally suspected of having a hand in the matter.

On my way home I could not however help congratulating myself on not having let out the secret of my being possessed of the key of the cypher. Now, thought I,—I shall know beforehand of the next prank they intend to play, and if I do not give them a reception they little expect, it shall not be my fault. I soon reached home, and preparing to go to bed took off my tail coat, when oh! horror of horrors! in the very centre of the back was pasted a small square of white paper with a Black Cross drawn on it. Now I comprehended the significant glances, the strange laughter; it was as clear as day, with all my fancied sagacity I had been made a fool of. I am very susceptible of ridicule, and not wishing to expose myself to it, I never again appeared in Mussouree Society, determining to watch and wait till I should be able to take full vengeance on those who had presumed to play practical jokes on me. To further this plan I gave out that I was ill, and hired men to act as scouts day and night, and more especially to watch (though from a distance) the spot on the Camel's Back, where the four figures had eluded me.

One evening, it was about 8 o'clock, (the night on which a Fancy Ball was given,) one of my spies arrived post-haste with the information that several gentlemen had come to, and disappeared at the very place just mentioned; I set off at once, and crossing over the top of the Camel's Back came down noiselessly from above towards the exact spot at which my informant fancied that the persons he had seen had entered the side of the hill. An old sportsman, I had taken the precaution of dressing in dark brown and hiding every particle of white about me; slowly and silently I crept down almost to the road, when I saw suddenly a man jump up from the road on to a huge rock below me, and then, after looking cautiously round for a few moments jump down be-

hind it. I lay perfectly still for a while, and when I thought I safely could, I crawled down to the rock, and slipping softly down it, found myself at the entrance of a long narrow passage like a cave, at the further extremity of which I could just see what appeared like a spark of light. This cave I had never found before, owing to its mouth, which was very small, being between two huge rocks, and completely covered by brushwood and creepers.

The passage that I have mentioned has a natural fissure in the rock of no great width, probably not more than six feet anywhere, and much less at the mouth, and where I may mention that its height did not exceed five feet, although within, as I subsequently ascertained, it increased rapidly. The floor of this cave, consisting of loose stones, descended about one foot in three, so that I easily made my way down, lying on my face, and crawling slowly and cautiously. After I had proceeded 20 feet downwards, I saw that this passage opened into a large cave brilliantly lighted, but which a vast block that hung from the roof had till that moment hidden from me; on I went till I could distinctly see into the hall which I have mentioned, and even hear a few words here and there of the conversation of those who for the time tenanted it. I had better, in order to give you a clear idea of what passed, first describe what I saw, and then tell you what I heard, what *I* did, and what was done to me.

The cavern was a huge oblong about 40 feet long, and half as wide, whether natural or artificial I could not discover, as the walls and roof were hung with white cloth divided into pannels by black lines, a large black cross occupying the centre of each pannel; from the middle of the roof hung a silver chandelier with two rows of ground glass shades, two black crosses being painted on each shade; under this extended a long table covered with a white cloth, on which was worked a huge cross extending from end to end, and from side to side; on this was placed a number of lamps with shades similar to those mentioned above, and many books bound in white leather and stamped with a black cross on each side; at the table nineteen figures (not including the one who sat at the head on a raised seat), were ranged, they were dressed in white robes bordered with black, and with a black cross on the breast of each; their girdles were of black ropes, and their faces, which their cowls half thrown back disclosed, were covered with white linen masks, on which was painted from forehead to chin, and from ear to ear, a black cross; a long white beard, (of course false) adorned the chin of each, and they seemed to me to be without exception the most "regular Guys," I have ever had the luck to meet with.

The whole party was engaged in conversation, which was so general, and conducted in so low a tone, that I could only hear at first snatches of what was said. The first thing I observed, was that they addressed each other as "brother" this, and "*brother*" that; their names too I soon perceived were fictitious, one being generally hailed as "Skunk," another rejoicing in the more savoury cognomen of "Honey,"

others again seemed to have taken a more aristocratical flight, and were styled "Vernon," "Shane," "Cholmondely," while lastly some (who possessed probably some lurking ideas of the innate fitness of things and names) had borrowed the titles of their masters below, and called themselves, "Satan," "Mephistophiles," "Mammon," &c.

Though I cannot now remember a single word of what was said, I can never forget the cool calm contempt which every sentence evinced for rank, wealth and station; the only single thing which they seemed to respect, or even to think worthy of notice, being the power of what they called "writing," (less partial judges would probably have denominated it scribbling.) The only men whose names I heard mentioned without a sneer, were those of notorious newspaper scribblers, or in some instances of newspaper Editors, while those really great men, who at the head of the different services preside over the destinies of India, were mentioned in much the same terms as I should apply to a creaking door, or an offensive dunghill.

Presently the chairman, whom I had several times heard styled as "Prior," and who alone wore a heavy rosary of black beads, rapped on the table with a small black mace, of which the top was cut into the shape of a cross, saying at the same time "Business, brethren, business." Perfect silence ensued, and one of the figures rose, and began to read rapidly and in a very low tone a written paper: of this only a few words reached me, and only in two or three instances could I connect these in any way; I may be wrong, but these seemed to be, "Thanks from Athenæum for notes—for article on little Benjamin." "Articles—Economist and Daily News, on the Kalka job road, stopped at Agra." Jotee Pershad, Times, despatched," and some allusion to a dispute between Mr. Thomason and the Governor General, whom apparently "for short" they somewhat profanely styled "the Lord."

This concluded, several of the white books were opened, and a murmur of the names of all those *high in* authority succeeded. "Tucker," "Gomma" "Currie," "Peel," "Elliot," "Parsons," "Thackwell, "Thomason," &c. &c. were mentioned by different parties, each one asserting that it was the turn of the distinguished man whose name he mentioned.

At last the general cry became "refer, refer," and the Prior having opened a huge ledger beside him, said after a moment, "Brethren, I am happy to inform you that it is our friend Thomason's turn."

Immediately the individual who I before mentioned as having read a paper, and who had a pen and ink-bottle worked on his left sleeve, produced paper and writing materials, and turning to the figure on his left hand, requested him to furnish an item against "Thomason,"—"Jotee Pershad" was the answer, and this being committed to paper, another person exclaimed "Secretariat job for Thomason junior, entailing extra hundred rupees per mensem on Government," this was followed up by, "Moradabad Road Fund how employed, Magistrate ditto," "Sudder Omlah how out of prison," &c. &c. Till disgusted with the shocking levity of the

manner in which one whom (though a Civilian), I respect and admire was spoken of, I stopped my ears with my fingers, and waited to see what would happen next.

"A change came over the spirit of my dream." Suddenly they all rose, the books were put away behind the hangings, while tumblers, cheroots, and an immense bowl of what I afterwards ascertained to be Bishop, were placed on the table ; "Brethren" said the Prior in a clear, sweet voice, "it is meet that a monastic carol be sung," and immediately he struck up a very *un*-monastic chaunt, to the tune as well as I remember of Buffalo Girls, in which he was joined by every single person present, except myself. I can never forget the words, they were as follows :—

A jovial crew are the black-cross friars,
Black-cross friars,
Black-cross friars.
Who laugh at woe, who scorn love's fires,
And cast care to the dogs.
Then fill your glasses, laugh and sing,
Drink and sing,
Laugh and sing,
Then fill your glasses, drink and sing,
Time's ever on the wing.

The fool may mourn love unreturned,
Unreturned,
Unreturned,
In *vain our* bosoms never burned,
For woemen love the friars.
Then fill, &c.

The dolt may sigh thro' tedious hours,
Tedious hours,
Tedious hours,
But mirth and wit are ever ours,
And thus the time flies past.
Then fill, &c.

Tho' *some* may like the monks of old,
The monks of old,
The monks of old,
Do penance barefoot in the cold,
Or kiss the Pope's great toe,
We fill, &c.

We only bow at woman's shrine,
Woman's shrine,
Woman's shrine,
Our only pastor ruby wine,
Our candles flashing wit.
Then fill your, &c.

The singing part of the business being concluded, they seemed determined to set to work about the drinking, and each tumbler being filled to the brim, the person whom I suppose I must call the Secretary proposed the toast of "Justice to all men whether friend

or foe"—which was instantly drunk. "Justice, said I to myself, you shall have it," and I was making my way out in order to collect some friends and surprize the whole party, when a stone gave way under me, and I rolled into the middle of the hall. To tie me hand and foot, to gag and pinion me, was with these wretches the work of an instant. After a short consultation, they told me that if I would be jolly and make no noise they would release me. To this I assented by a sign, and being untied I was placed on a low stool beside the Prior and given a glass of punch. Thirsty from the exertion of crawling so far along the ground, I drank it off at a draught: what followed I know not: my head seemed to turn round, and almost immediately I lost all consciousness.

When I recovered my senses, it was broad daylight. I was lying undressed in my own bed in my own room. From my servants I learnt that I had been brought home about 2 A. M. by three or four gentlemen, who said that they came from the Club. Just as I was proceeding to enquire further, an old friend, Major Smith, came in—"Screw'd last night a little, old boy, eh?" was his first greeting. "Screw'd!" said I indignantly, "*drugg'd* you mean," and I at once recounted to him my last night's adventures: he listened to me very patiently and with a very meaning smile till I had finished, and then said, "Well, if that aint a good one; why you got so drunk and so noisy at the Club last night, that a lot of fellows were obliged to take you home." The idea at once struck me that I had been personated at the Ball to prevent any one's believing my story. Never mind, thought I, I can prove my words by showing them the cave. Up I jumped, dressed, breakfasted, and requested Smith to walk with me round the Camel's Back, though without telling him my reasons. He did so, and when we reached the spot I jumped upon the rock, and calling to him to follow (which he did) clambered down to the hidden mouth of the cave, which we immediately entered, but what was my confusion to find the passage, just where the hall ought to have begun, terminated by a smooth face of solid rock. Smith, to whom I communicated the cause of my surprize, and who now began to believe something of my story, suggested that as it was very nearly pitch dark inside, that we should get torches. I immediately sent for some, as well as crowbars and powder, intending to blast the rock if all other expedients failed. When these arrived we examined the end of the cave with the greatest care and sounded it with the crows, but to no purpose: as far as we could tell it was one unbroken surface of solid rock: to blast this was useless, and with a heavy heart I returned to my own house, parting with Smith, who was just as much convinced as when we started that I had been very drunk the night before, and having heard of the Black Friars and also of the cave that I had mixed the two up in my dreams, and thus concocted the story that I had told him. A dozen friends called in the course of the day, hoping I had no head ache, and recommending Hock and soda-water: this to one who never in his life has been intoxicated, and who has invariably reprobated its occurrence in the case of

others, was more than mortal could bear, and I left Mussouree that night firmly resolved never to set foot in it again. Should any thing which I have disclosed enable you to detect and punish as they deserve, the pedantic miscreants, who drove me from the place of all others which I prefer, I shall consider myself amply rewarded for the trouble which I have taken in detailing all the facts to you; and in the meantime I hope that the *account* of them may *amuse* your readers, as much as their *occurrence annoyed* me.

SONG.

Air :—O Fortuna—Robert Le Diable.

WHAT, when mortal friends uncaring
Fly before grim sorrow's shape,
What shall soothe the heart despairing,
What shall cheer us ? but the grape !

Chorus.—Fill the goblet, sorrow-quelling
With the rich blood of the vine,
Raise the Pæan, wildly swelling,
'Tis our friend ! Immortal Wine!

What, when Love's first flowers are blighted,
What shall nerve the heart to scape
All the pangs of passion slighted,
What shall woo it ? but the grape !

Chorus.—Fill the goblet, &c.

What, when Fame and Fortune prizing
Time destroys each gorgeous shape,
What shall teach us, such despising,
Truer pleasures ? but the grape.

Chorus.—Fill the goblet, &c.

Joy may wither, death come glow'ring
Bid the grave before us gape,
Vain his terrors o'er us low'ring
Still we'll brave him—with the grape.

Chorus.—Fill the goblet, &c.

Forward then, o'er land and sea,
O'er Life's whirlpool's wreck-crown'd cape,
Fate may smile or frown for me,
What reck I? I've still the grape !

Chorus.—Fill the goblet, sorrow quelling
With the rich blood of the vine,
Raise the Pæan wildly swelling,
To our friend ! Immortal Wine.

AUGUSTUS HOWARD.

NOTE ON THE SETTLEMENT OF THE N. W. PROVINCES.

In reply to an Article in the Calcutta Review, Dec. 1849.

By H. S. Boulderson, Esq., C. S.

The Reviewer says:—

"The evils arising from the haste and ignorance of our early settlement proceedings were further aggravated by the measures pursued for the realization of the revenue. No record having been made of any sharers besides the Lumburdars or actual engagers with Government, much less of the quota of revenue which each sharer was bound to pay, no attempt could be made where arrears occurred to discover the real defaulter. The main expedient on which the Collectors relied, was to prevent default by keeping watchmen over the crops till the revenue was secured. When this failed, the Lumburdars were imprisoned and their personal property distrained. The next step was to put up the whole estate* to sale to the highest bidder....... .... The rights of hundreds were thus often annihilated for the default of a few, when the smallest enquiry or a consideration could have prevented the catastrophe."—Page 427.

The inference which will unundoubtedly be drawn, and which was intended to be drawn by the writer, from the above, and from other similar contrasts, is that such evils *are* now avoided. The reviewer is quite right in representing that the detailed settlement was intended and calculated to avoid those evils. One of the primary if not the first object of the enactment of Regn. VII. of 1822 was to ascertain and record the extent of the land held and the quota of revenue to be paid by each sharer in an estate; *so that* on the occurrence of default, the balance should be demanded from the actual defaulter, and enforced from him. Till this was accomplished, a Collector could not *legally* say who was a defaulter, and to what extent he was a defaulter, among the members of that Joint Stockery, which the reviewer calls facetiously, but misleadingly, a *Brotherhood.* If, however, any one of that brotherhood tendered the balance, the Collector would have received it from him, and would have put him in possession of the Malgoozaree. This is partially acknowledged by the reviewer in the note to the above quotation. The reviewer might have added that what was so manifestly just had been practised to a great extent, and was as legal as good custom can be without direct law. But if none of the sharers came forward to pay the arrear, the Collector was obliged to have recourse to farming the estate, or to holding it under Kham management, or to selling it by auction to the highest bidder. For he could not by law† sell or mortgage or farm

* This is not correct as a statement of the general practice, *previous* to the dynasty of Messrs. Fane and Bird—but let it pass.

† I am stating the *triumphant law* under Messrs. Bird and Fane; and do not pause to state the view of law acted on by their predecessors.

an undefined portion of a joint stock estate, the amount of which as well as of the balance due from its owner, he could not state.

These were indeed serious evils, and the reviewer has by no means exaggerated the great acts of injustice which were necessitated by the then state of the law, and the want of precise and legal information.

The settlement has remedied the latter; and the laws subsequently enacted have remedied the former. Every sharer's land and quota of revenue he is to pay is known; and in the event of a balance, it can be distinctly known who is, or are, in default, and the Collector can proceed against him or them. He can imprison them and distrain their personal property. He can, by *law*, farm, sell, transfer on mortgage, or hold under Kham management, his or their shares of the estate. But if the *other* sharers, those who have paid their quotas of the Government revenue, will not or cannot pay the balance due from the defaulters, and take their shares in mortgage, or sale, the Collector must farm or sell the *whole* estate.

For though the *law*, as I have just said, allows the sale, or farming or mortgage of the share of the defaulting parties to *any one*, and though the evils of joint stockery had been so felt and lamented—and though so much survey and most expensive operation has been gone through in order (at least this was one of the greatest objects) to obviate those evils—yet the Honorable the Lt.-Governor for the time being has so strong a partiality for what he and the reviewer term *brotherhoods*, that he will not allow the law to be executed; so, if none of the brotherhood can or will buy or take on mortgage the shares of those in default, the *whole* estate is to be sold, or farmed, or taken into Government management.

The difference *in practice* then, between the state of things held up to contumely by the reviewer and that actually enforced is found evanescent. In justice and morality the difference is this—that whereas we formerly did evil from ignorance and bad law, we now do evil in knowledge and under good law. For no special pleading in favor of *brotherhoods* (i. e. in plain language *forced communism* by which the honest and thrifty are compelled to pay for the dishonest and careless; or if they can't or won't pay for them, to suffer the same penalty) can discard the fact that the *practice* is the same now as that which existed before the present settlement. If it were evil then, it is so now.

The reviewer quotes, as if the maxim had been observed, "Fais ce que tu dois, arrive qui pourra." Now the practice which is thus kept up is justified or excused on the grounds that the engagements are joint, and that to admit a stranger to purchase or farm a share of a joint estate, would break up the *community*, or *brotherhood*, and endanger the security of the government revenue. Yet those shares are by the settlement so distinct that sharer A cannot interfere in the cultivation or management or payments of sharer B. If B withholds the kist of Government, and does not or will not pay; then A is called upon in virtue of his *brotherhood* to pay for him. This is the *sole* connection. In fact what *were* joint engagements at the time

when the reviewer blames the management for the evils noted, *are* really so no longer.

The reviewer alludes to the facility with which a sharer in an estate can get his share partitioned off from the joint stock and made into a separate estate. I would first observe that whatever facility there be, existed before the present settlement: and next that the *facility* is a fallacy: a fallacy in itself (it may perhaps be remembered that a Collector in Bengal some two years ago represented the difficulties of carrying out this law, Regulation XIX of 1814, as exceeding great, and got snubbed by the Board for it,) and doubly so when the strong partiality of the head of the Government in favor of communism is brought to bear on the Collectors. But the reviewer also intimates the opinion, declared by that of the Lieutenant Governor, that the people themselves *prefer* these joint stockeries; and that it is on account of this preference that so few applications are made under the above law for separation of interests. It is very difficult to believe this in the abstract—and in the concrete very difficult to reconcile it with the laments and remonstrances made by the honest and industrious against paying the debts of the idle and extravagant. But if it be meant that the latter have a very fixed partiality for communism, I am quite ready to agree to the fact. Perhaps however it may restore the liberty of private judgment when I affirm in opposition to the reviewer's opinion that the bondage of communism is forced, and not free.

The reviewer remarks on the enhanced sale prices of land since the settlement. It was to be expected that the demand of Government having been fixed for 30 years should have had this effect. This increased value of land you will observe is not shewn upon sales of *whole* estates for balance of revenue due to Government, which sales, as affording the most unembarrassed title, would naturally fetch the highest proportionate prices; but on sales of *portions* (chiefly) of estates; by private sales and those on account of decrees of Court. Every one knows that the small amounts of capital seeking investment, though small individually, in the aggregate very far exceed the large amounts: that a small property will fetch therefore a higher proportionate price than a large one. This being acknowledged, the question presents itself—what is the difference in value of the same share of an estate, considered as absolute property, and considered as a share in a joint stockery? How much then do we keep down the value of land by insisting on keeping up these joint stockeries?

Further, I would beg attention to the fact that the increased value of land noticed by the reviewer has been shewn in the private sales and those for decrees of Court; under which no respect is had to whether the purchaser be or be not a *stranger* to the brotherhood—where then would be the difficulty or the danger of allowing the *stranger* to enter among the brotherhood on account of balance of revenue? Is not the *freest* trade in land the best?

The prohibition however against *selling* a defined share to a stranger is not absolute. If a stranger bid up to the amount of the ba-

lance, the share might be knocked down to him. Buf if less be bid, the Collector is not to sell—but to put up the *whole* estate for sale. Now the law of sale "says that when a lot is put up, it shall be sold to the highest bidder." The rejection of the bid of a stranger then, because it does not equal the balance due, is not according to law. With regard to justice, and even on the allowance that the *brotherhood* are responsible for the particular's default, is it right to prevent that default being in part paid by the stranger's bid?

The fear of descending into a state equivalent to what is called a "Ryotwarree" settlement, will be deemed a wholesome fear, or a bugbear, according to the impartiality of the observer's faculties. But one great error at all events is *not* to consider the size of properties (or Mehals) with reference to the value of money and the proportions into which it is distributed among that population in regard to whom the question is to be adjudged, whether it be good or evil. I have my own strong conviction that the apprehension of infinitesmal division will be found a bugbear: and that the Mehals, or independent properties, are generally speaking far too large for the capitals of the people. (Hence, one cause of savings being made up into useless ornaments.) Again I observe that there is no trouble whatever in *uniting* independent portions of estates—when they fall into the hands of a single proprietor: but that it is a *very expensive and most troublesome* process to separate. But whether this division be politic or not, its repression is very far from the principle.— "Fais ce que tu dois," &c.

SONNETS.

"My Sister !—my Sweet Sister !"

BYRON.

A SHAPE of beauty! with unstudied grace
In every movement,—fawnlike—bounding—shy—
And then her smile, sunny as if the sky,—
The summer sky—were mirror'd in her face;
Fashion's deforming touch had left no trace
Of handiwork on her:—How gleesomely—
Blithe as the lark's to Heav'n uprising high,—
The stream of song, from that abiding place
Of purity and peace—her joyous heart—
Came gushing forth. But most her guileless mind,
Rich with aspirings,—stranger to all art—
Glowed with bright fancies, and with feelings kind.
Such wast thou, ELLEN! lovely, joyous, mild,—
Too pure for Earth—kind Heav'n took back its child.

No. II.

Beneath the leafy arch of yon tall trees
Methinks I see thee still, so gay,—so fair,—
Come bounding to me with thy long dark hair
All loosely flying in the summer breeze;
Again, beside the thymy bank, where bees
Make drowsy music in the perfum'd air,
Or on the fern-clad hill, where in his lair
The antler'd chieftain couches at his ease,
I see thee, on thy cheek health's rosy hue,
Alas! so soon to fade;—Methinks I hear
Thy fond and gentle greeting: Oh! how true
Is the heart's memory of whate'er was dear.
And thou art gone! and I all lonely! left
To languish here, of thy sweet presence reft.

No. III.

I watch'd her fade; so slowly pass'd away
Her ling'ring strength, and from her paling cheek,
(Ere sickness mark'd it with a crimson streak,)
Fled the rich tint of health, that day by day
I scarce could note the progress of decay;
And then so uncomplaining, patient, meek,
So grateful for all kindness! Could'st thou seek
No other victim, than such tender prey,
Thou fell disease? But ever, thy rude hand
Strips off the brightest blossom from the bough,
And we to God's inscrutable command,
That grants thee thy fierce will, should meekly bow.
Here, my lov'd Sister! had'st thou tarried long,
Perchance thou would'st have suffer'd grief and wrong.

R. F. F.

Selections and Translations.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Translated from M. Mignet's Histoire de Marie Stuart.)

About two o'clock the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury demanded permission to speak to her. On receiving this message, she desired their Lordships to be informed that she felt extremely indisposed, but that she would rise nevertheless, if the matter they had to communicate was of a very urgent nature. To this they replied that it would admit of no delay, whereupon she immediately dressed and seated herself at a small work table that stood at the foot of her bed. Here she awaited their announcement with perfect self-possession, while her women and most of her dependents stood around her. The Grand Marshal of England, accompanied by the Earl of Kent and followed by Beale, Paulet, and Drury, now advanced towards her with his head uncovered, and making a low and respectful bow, informed her that the sentence, which Lord Buckhurst had made known to her two months and a half before, was now about to be carried into execution—as the Queen his Mistress had been compelled by the importunities of her subjects to yield her concent. Mary heard him throughout without manifesting any emotion, and with the same tranquillity listened to the warrant containing the order for her death, which was read aloud by Beale.

As soon as he had terminated, she made the sign of the cross and exclaimed; "Praised be God for the news you have brought me. I could not receive better, since it announces the term of my sorrows, and the grace accorded to me by God of dying to his honor and glory, and that of his Chatholic and Apostolical Church of Rome. I little expected so happy an end to the treatment I have suffered and the dangers to which I have been exposed during my nineteen years of captivity in this country. I, who was born a Queen, the daughter of a King, grand-daughter of Henry VII., the near kinswoman of the Queen of England, Queen Dowager of France, and who, a free and independent princess, have been detained in prison without any legitimate cause, although I am subject to no one, and do not recognize any superior in this world—but God alone." Looking upon herself as a victim for her religious faith, she felt the pure joy of a martyr, and with a sweet serenity exhibited an unshaken courage to the last. She again repudiated the idea of having wished Elizabeth's death, and placing her hand upon the Gospels that happened to be lying on her little table, she solemnly declared: "I have never designed against, or sought, the death of the Queen of England, nor have I ever consented to it."

On this the Earl of Kent told her with fanatical rudeness, that the

book on which she had sworn was that of the Papists,' and that her oath was worth no more than her book. "It is the one in which I believe," replied Mary; "do you suppose that my oath would have been more sincere, had I made it on yours, in which I do not believe?" The Earl of Kent then urged her to abjure, what he termed, her superstitions, and proposed to call in the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, who would teach her the true faith and prepare her for death. Mary rejected this offer with energy, and requested that they would allow her to see her almoner, of whose company she had been deprived for some days. The two Earls were hard-hearted and pitiless enough to deny the consolation of religion to a Queen, who was on the point of being conducted to the scaffold. They even refused to grant her the brief respite she solicited in order carefully to write her last will with her own hands, and to arrange her affairs for the last time. In reply to her enquiry as to what moment she was to expect death, the Earl of Shrewsbury answered—"To-morrow, Madam, about eight in the morning."

When the two noblemen had taken their leave, Mary Stuart endeavoured to console her attendants, who were drowned in tears. She then ordered supper to be served at an earlier hour than usual, that she might devote the whole night to writing and prayer. At supper she eat little, as was her habit, and was waited upon by her physician Bourgoin,—her Steward of the Household Andrew Melvil having been removed from her presence at the same time with her almoner. She alluded to the Earl of Kent's proposition to convert her and said, with a smile, that it would need a very different Doctor to persuade her. At the conclusion of her repast she called her servants, and having poured some wine into a cup, she drank to their future prosperity, at the same time affectionately pressing them to accept her challenge. Falling on their knees they replied to her toast with sobs, entreating her to forgive them whatever they had done amiss. She assured them that she forgave them from her heart, and besought them also to pardon her if she had ever caused them pain or sorrow. She then exhorted them to remain firmly attached to the Catholic religion, and to live in peace and fellowship with one another. Nau was the only one of whom she spoke with bitterness,—accusing him of having on more than one occasion created discord among them, and of being the cause of her death. She afterwards withdrew, and employed several hours in writing letters and making her will, of which she appointed the Duke de Guise principal executor. As the greater part of the legacies she bequeathed could only be paid from her dower, which would revert to the King of France at her death, she particularly commended her last wishes to King Henry III. "You have ever declared your affection for me," said she to him, "now prove it, for charity's sake, by affording me a consolation that I can only obtain through you—which is, to recompense my sorrowing and faithful servants by paying them their wages, and to appoint masses for the soul of a Queen who has been styled Most Christian, and dies a Catholic, destitute of every thing."

When she had finished writing—and it was then nearly two in the morning—she placed her will and her letters, unsealed, in a coffer, at the same time declaring that she would concern herself no more with the affairs of this world, but would endeavour to prepare herself for appearing before God. She had previously addressed a note to her almoner, who was still in the castle, to pass the night with her in prayer and to send her his absolution, since she was not allowed to confess herself and receive the last sacrament at his hands. After her feet had been washed, she searched in the Lives of the Saints, which her women were accustomed to read to her every evening, for some great offender to whom

God had accorded his forgiveness. The affecting history of the penitent thief* rivetted her attention and seemed to her the most comforting example of human faith and divine mercy. When Jane Kennedy had finished reading it aloud, she remarked : "He was a great sinner, but not so great as myself. I humbly beseech Our Lord, in memory of his passion, to have the same pity and mercy on me that he showed to him at the hour of his death.'

By this time feeling somewhat fatigued, and being anxious to husband her strength for the last moment, she laid herself down on the bed, while her women continued in prayer. During this last repose of her corporeal frame, although her eyes were closed, the gentle movement of her lips and a certain air of ecstacy that illumined her countenance shewed that she was addressing herself to Him in whom alone her hopes all centered. At the break of day she rose, and observed that she had only two hours to live. She then selected one of her handkerchiefs with a border of gold, with which to bind her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a severe magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she commanded Bourgoin to read aloud to them her last will, which she then signed, and gave over to them her letters and papers, and the presents that they were to convey in her name to the princes of her family and to her friends on the continent. She had already on the previous evening divided among them her rings and jewels, her furniture and raiment. She now gave them the purses she had worked for them, in which she had enclosed, in various small sums, the 5,000 crowns that remained in her possession. With winning gracefulness and affecting kindliness she bestowed consolation together with her presents, and strengthened her followers against the depression that was certain to overwhelm them at her death. "You could see no change in her", says an eye witness, "neither in her face, her words, or her manner; she merely seemed to be arranging her affairs as if she were about to remove from one house to another."

After bestowing the farewell thoughts on earthly associations she repaired to her oratory, where an altar had been prepared, at which her almoner, before he was separated from her, used secretly to celebrate Mass. Before this altar she now knelt down, and with fervent devotion read the prayers for the dying. Before she had concluded them, a violent knocking was heard at the door; having replied that she would soon be ready, she continued her prayers. Shortly afterwards,—it having struck eight o'clock,—they again knocked at the door, which this time was opened to them. The Sheriff entered with his white wand in his hand, and walked close up to Mary, who had not even turned round her head, and uttered these words : "Madam, their lordships await you, and have sent me to conduct you." "Yes," she replied, rising from her knees—"let us go."

At the moment she was setting out, Bourgoin held up to her the ivory crucifix that stood upon the altar. She kissed it and caused it to be carried before her. As she was unable to stand without assistance on account of the weakness of her legs, she walked to the farther end of her own apartments, leaning on two of her servants. Here they stopped from a singular feeling of delicacy, of which however she approved, that they might not appear to be conducting her, of themselves, to execution. Two servants of Paulet therefore took their place, while they followed behind with streaming eyes. When they had reached the staircase where the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent awaited Mary Stuart, and by which she was to descend to the lower hall, at

In the original, "la touchante histoire du bon larron"

the extreme end of which the scaffold had been erected, they were refused the consolation of accompanying her any further. In spite of their sobs and supplications they were separated from their mistress, though not without some difficulty, for they threw themselves at her feet, kissed her hands, and could hardly be forced to let go their hold of her robe.

As soon as they had been removed, she again set out with a noble and gentle air, the crucifix in one hand and in the other the book of The Hours, clad in her widow's weeds, which she was always in the habit of wearing on solemn occasions, consisting of a robe of dark crimson velvet with a black satin body, whence hung rosaries and scapularies, and over which was thrown a mantle of figured satin of the same colour, with a long train, trimmed with sable, the collar raised, and hanging sleeves. A white veil that descended to her feet completely concealed her person, and she displayed the dignity of a Queen with the calm self-possession of a Christian.

At the foot of the stairs she found the Steward of her Household, Andrew Melvil, who had obtained permission to take a final leave of his royal mistress. On beholding her thus walking to the scaffold, that faithful follower fell on his knees, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, gave expression to the most poignant sorrow. Mary, embracing him, thanked him for his unwavering fidelity, and desired him to relate exactly to her son all that he knew, all that he had witnessed. "This" exclaimed Melvil, "will be the most grievous message with which I have ever been charged, to announce that the Queen, my beloved sovereign and gracious mistress, is no more." "You ought rather to rejoice, my good Melvil," she replied, for the first time addressing him with familiarity—"that Mary Stuart has reached the term of her misfortunes. You well know that this world is nothing but vanity, and that it is full of trouble and misery. Bear these tidings that I die constant to my religion, a true Catholic, true to Scotland, true to France. May God pardon those who have sought my death. The Judge of the thoughts and secret actions of men knows that I have always desired the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of the realm, or his regal position, or in any way derogate from our sovereign prerogative."

She then implored the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent to obtain the pardon of her secretary Curll; and to permit her attendants and waiting women to be present at her death. The Earl of Kent objected that it was not customary to allow females to witness such spectacles, and besides that he feared that they might cause some trouble by their cries, and perhaps even scandal in attempting to steep their handkerchiefs in her blood. "My lord," answered Mary, "I pledge you my word that they shall do nothing of the kind. Alas! poor souls, they will be quite content to wish me adieu; and I am certain that your mistress, who is a maiden queen, would not refuse another queen the company of her women at the moment of death. It is impossible that she can have given you such rigorous orders as these. She would grant me greater indulgence even were I a person of lower rank; besides, my lords, you are aware that I am your queen's cousin. Surely you will not refuse me this last request. My poor damsels ask no more than to see me die." The two noblemen, after conferring together an instant, yielded to her entreaties, and Mary was allowed to name four of her attendants, and two of her women. Her choice fell upon Bourgoin, her physician; Gorion, her apothecary; Gervais, her surgeon; Didier, her butler; and Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, two young women who were her especial favorites. When they had come down the stairs, the Queen, followed

by Andrew Melvil who bore her train, ascended the scaffold with as much ease and dignity as if it had been a throne.

This scaffold had been erected in the lower hall of Fotheringay Castle. It was two feet and a half in height, and measured twelve feet in every direction. It was covered with black English frieze, as well as the chair on which Mary was to sit, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to receive the fatal stroke. She seated herself on this gloomy chair without changing countenance or losing any thing of her usual grace and majesty. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated on her right, on her left stood the sheriff, and in front of her the two executioners, clad in black velvet; at a little distance her servants were ranged along the wall; and at the other end of the hall, kept back by a barrier guarded by Paulet and his soldiers, were about two hundred gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had been admitted into the castle, the gates of which were then closed.

The sentence was read aloud by Robert Beale, while Mary listened in silence and with an air of such profound abstraction, that she seemed almost a stranger to what was passing around her. When Beale had finished, she made the sign of the cross, and with a firm voice spoke as follows:—

"My Lords, I am by birth a Queen, a Sovereign Princess, subject to no laws, near relative of the Queen of England and her lawful heir. After having been long and justly detained in this country, in which I have endured much hardship and sorrow, although no one had any right over me—now, by force and the violence of men at the point of death, I thank my God that He has permitted me to die for my religion, and in the presence of a company who will bear witness, though after I am dead, that I protested as I always have done, both in public and in private, that I have never formed any designs against the life of the Queen, nor given my consent to the machinations of others." She then proceeded to repudiate the idea of having borne her any feeling of hatred, and recalled to their recollection that, in order to obtain her liberty, she had offered conditions calculated to satisfy her mind and to guard against future commotions in England.

After saying thus much in her own justification, she applied herself to prayer. Upon this Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, whom the two Earls had brought with them, approached her with the intention of exhorting her in the hour of death. "Madam," he began, "my excellent Sovereign, the Queen, has sent me to you ——." At these words Mary interrupted him by saying:— "Mr. Dean, I am constant to the ancient Roman Catholic Religion, for which I purpose to shed my blood." But when the Dean persisted with an indiscreet fanaticism, and urged her to renounce her belief, to turn to repentance, and to place her trust in Christ alone, because he alone had power to save her, she repelled him with a resolute tone, declaring her intention not to listen to him, and commanding him to hold his peace. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury then said to her: "We desire to pray for your Grace, that God may enlighten your heart at your last hour, and that so you may die in the true knowledge of God." "My lords," answered Mary, "if you are desirous to pray for me I thank you; but I cannot join in your prayers, because we are not of the same religion." The contest between the two forms of worship, which had lasted all her life, was thus continued on her very scaffold.

Dr. Fletcher now began to read the prayers for the dead according to the ritual of the Anglican church, while Mary recited in Latin the Psalms of penitence and contrition, and fervently kissed her crucifix. "Madam, the Earl of Kent rudely remarked, it avails you little to hold in your hand that image of Christ,

if it is not graven inwardly in your heart."—"It is difficult, she replied, to have it in the hand without the heart being affected, and nothing more becomes the dying Christian than the image of his Redeemer."

When she had finished on her knees the three Psalms *Miserere mei, Deus, etc.; In te, Domine, speravi, etc.; Qui habitat in adjutorio,* she prayed to the Deity in English, and besought Him to give peace to the world, true religion to England, constancy to all who are persecuted, and to vouchsafe to herself in particular the assistance of His grace and the light of His Holy Spirit at this her last hour. She prayed for the Pope and for the Church, for all Catholic monarchs and princes, for the King her son, for the Queen of England, and for all her enemies. Then commending herself to the Saviour of the world, she concluded with these words: "As thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were extended on the cross, receive me in like manner in the extended arms of thy mercy!" Her piety was so quickening, the outpouring of her heart so affecting, her courage so admirable, that she extorted tears from all who were present.

She then arose from her knees; the terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner drew nigh to aid her in taking off a part of her garments, but she gently repulsed him, saying with a smile, that she never had been used to such "valets de chambre." Calling Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all this time kneeling at the foot of the scaffold, she began with their assistance to undress herself, adding that she had not been accustomed to do so before such a numerous assemblage. The two unhappy damsels discharged their last sad office, bitterly weeping. To check this outward exhibition of sorrow, she placed her finger on their lips and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they should display more strength of mind. "Far from weeping, you ought to rejoice," said she to them; "for my part, I am very happy to leave this world and in such a good cause." She then laid aside her mantle and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red silk velvet. After this she sat down and gave her blessing to her weeping attendants. The executioner fell on his knees, and implored her forgiveness. She replied that she forgave every one. Having embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, she blessed them and made the sign of the cross upon them. When Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she ordered them to retire, which they did with sobs and tears.

At the same time she kneeled down with wonderful firmness, and grasping the crucifix between her hands, she stretched out her neck for the executioner, exclaiming aloud with an accent of ardent faith: "My God, my hope is in thee; into thy hands do I commend my soul." She imagined that they would smite her as in France in an upright attitude, and with the sword. Being informed of her error, she laid her head upon the block, but without ceasing to pray. The commiseration was universal on beholding such lamentable misfortune, such heroic courage, such admirable gentleness. The executioner himself was so much affected that his hand shook, and the axe, instead of descending on the neck, alighted on the back of her head and inflicted a wound, but without drawing from her a single movement, a single cry. It was only at the second stroke that he severed the head from the body, and holding it up, he cried aloud: "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "So perish all her enemies!" added Dr. Fletcher. To which only one voice was heard to respond, *Amen!* it was that of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The two Earls would not permit the executioner to retain, as was customary, the gold cross suspended from her neck, the rosaries that hung at her waist, or the garments she wore at the moment of her death, from an apprehension lest these beloved and venerated spoils,

being redeemed by her servants, might be converted into relics. They were therefore burnt, and the greatest care was taken to prevent anything being preserved that had been stained with her blood, every trace of which was scrupulously effaced. As they were raising the body, to transport it to the grand hall of the castle, with a view to embalm it, they perceived Mary's favorite little dog, who had worked himself in beneath the cloak, between the head and the neck, of his dead mistress. He refused to quit the blood-stained spot, and was obliged to be removed by force. The body of the Queen of Scots, after the intestines had been taken out and secretly interred, was embalmed with as little respect as possible, enveloped in a shroud of wax-cloth, placed in a leaden coffin, and then set aside, until Elizabeth had chosen the spot where it was to be finally deposited.

For several hours the gates of the castle remained closed, and no one was allowed to go out until after the departure of Henry Talbot, son of the Grand Marshal Shrewsbury, who conveyed to Elizabeth an account of the affair drawn up by Beale, and signed by the two Earls as well as by the principal witnesses. He set out in the course of the 8th, and on the following morning arrived at Greenwich, where the Queen was then residing. In the afternoon of the same day, the news was spread abroad in London, and on learning the death of the Queen of Scots the same fanatical transports were displayed as happened some months previously at the time of her condemnation. All the bells of the city rang merry peals, and fire-works were let off in every street.

GLEANINGS

FROM

The Twenty-first Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Ipswich, July, 1851.

(Gathered from the Athenæum, July 12th, 1851.)

'Remarks on Lord Brougham's Experiments on Light, &c. in the Phil. Trans., 1850, Part I.,' By the Reverend Prof. Powell.—The experiments of Lord Brougham on the properties of light are regarded by their author as offering new facts at variance with the principle of interference, hitherto so successfully applied to all phenomena of this class. They seem, therefore, to call for some remarks as to their actual bearing on the question. The experiments all refer to the well-known phenomena of diffraction-fringes formed by the edge of an opaque screen, which the author views in connexion with a peculiar theory of *inflecting* and *deflecting* forces; the nature of the effect being chiefly investigated by placing a *second edge at some distance from the first along the ray*, and occasionally a third, which produces changes in the breadth and position of the fringes. In the author's attack on the interference theory (especially in Prop. xi.) a considerable misconception of that theory appears to be involved. Though the undulatory theory has been successfully applied to the general subject of these fringes yet it is well known that the application of the formulæ to any but the simplest cases of edges and apertures is defective, owing to the great complexity of the resulting expressions, and the impossibility of interpreting them, except under very restricted conditions. Thus, the integration has not been extended to the case of a *square* aperture (consi-

dered in one of these experiments), nor again to the action of a second or third edge *at different distances*,—this last case being obviously the same as that of an aperture or screen whose plane is *inclined* to the path of the rays. Fresnel, in his justly celebrated Memoir, ('Sur la Diffraction de la Lumière,' *Mém. de l'Institut.* tom. v. for 1821, published in 1826, note, p. 452,) considers briefly this very case. He points out the conditions necessary for determining the position of a given fringe, and shows generally that the fringes will not be symmetrical, having a greater extension towards one side; but he does not give any analytical investigation, which would manifestly be one of considerable complexity. I some time since requested a friend eminently versed in the mathematical part of the subject to deduce these expressions at length, and ascertain what results would probably be attainable. That request has been so far complied with, that I am able to state that the integrals are extremely complicated, though it seems difficult to say whether they may not yield to proper treatment: the main question is, whether the expenditure of time and trouble would not be greater than any results likely to be obtained would repay.

Sir D. Brewster remarked that the principal fact which Lord Brougham considered of great importance seemed to have been overlooked by Prof. Powell,—that after a beam of light had suffered one diffraction, by being made to pass one diffracting edge, a second edge placed on the same side of the beam seemed to have no further power of either increasing or modifying the diffraction; but a diffracting edge placed on the opposite side of the beam seemed to produce its full diffractive effect, just as if no diffraction had already taken place. This the noble author of the experiments considered to be evidence that the beam which had already suffered diffraction had acquired a species of polarity, or diversity of polarity on its opposite sides. Lord Brougham did not wish to establish or overthrow any particular hypothesis by these experiments; and he (Sir D. Brewster) agreed with Prof. Powell that they did not affect the undulatory theory.—Prof. Stokes, Prof. Stevelly, and Mr. Rankine pointed out reasons why the second diffracting edge placed on the same side of the beam should not produce any further diffraction, but should produce that effect on the opposite side, where it would stop the course of the other portion of the diverging beam.

'On M. Guyot's Experiments,' By Prof. Powell.—The recent experiment of M. Foucault, giving direct proof of the earth's rotation, having excited so much attention,—it seems remarkable that an equally striking one devised and tried by M. J. Guyot, in 1836, should have been passed over or forgotton. That gentleman observed, that as a falling body deviates to the east, a long plumb line ought to do the same. This experiment he performed in the dome of the Pantheon at Paris, with a plumb line about 172 feet long, and determined the deviation to be 1¼ millim. in 57 mètres. His mode of experimenting was by small balls, one at the point of suspension, the other at the weight, whose images strongly illuminated and reflected in a basin of mercury placed below, were viewed from above, and found to coincide when the eye was laterally distant 4¼ millim. from the upper ball. The experiment might probably be simplified without the trouble of illumination, by making the suspension from a line passed across a small circular aperture in a flat roof, the light coming through which would probably give a sufficiently bright image in the mercury below. The effect is also stated to be sufficiently *perceptible* with much less length than that above stated. The author was merely desirous of calling attention to this experiment, in the hope that it will be repeated with due care in this country.

Mr. F. C. Bakewell read a paper 'On the Copying Electric Telegraph,' and illustrated its action by

experiments with the instruments.—In the method adopted for transmitting copies of writing, the letters to be transmitted are written on tinfoil with varnish, so as to present a conducting and a non-conducting surface. The foil is placed on the cylinder of the transmitting instrument, and a metal style in connexion with a voltaic battery presses on the surface of the cylinder as it revolves. By this means the electric current is continually broken when the style is resting on the varnish, and as the style is made to traverse by an endless screw from one end of the cylinder to the other, it passes necessarily over all the lines of the writing, and about eight times over each line. The receiving instrument is similar to the transmitting one, and on the cylinder of that instrument paper moistened with a solution of prussiate of potass in diluted muriatic acid is placed; the metal style on that instrument being a piece of steel wire. When the electric current from the positive pole of the voltaic battery passes through the steel point to the paper, a blue mark is made by the production of Prussian blue,—and when the cylinder is in motion, the effect is to draw a series of spiral lines on the paper; but as the lines are broken whenever the varnish writing on the transmitting cylinder interposes, the forms of the letters are transferred from one instrument to the other,—the writing appearing of a pale colour on a ground of blue lines drawn closely together. To produce this effect, it is requisite that both instruments should rotate exactly together, and this synchronous movement is attained by means of an electro-magnet,—one instrument being made to regulate the other by retarding its motion at regular intervals. The regulation of the instrument is also facilitated by a guide-line, consisting of a strip of paper placed at right angles to the writing, by which means the person in charge of the receiving instrument can ascertain exactly how much the speeds of the two instruments differ, and by the addition or abstraction of weight can bring the gaps formed by the strip of paper to fall exactly under each other,—which indicates that the two cylinders are revolving at the same rate. It was stated, in answer to questions by members present, that two hundred letters per minute might be copied by the instruments exhibited, and that five hundred in a minute are attainable. To illustrate the facility which this means of telegraphic communication affords for transmitting secret messages, an apparently blank piece of paper was produced, on which a message had been impressed invisibly before the meeting of the Section, and by brushing it over with a silution of prussiate of potass the writing became instantly legible.

Prof. Faraday exhibited a specimen of Dark Glass which had been sent to him by Mr. William Roxburgh, which had been acted on in a curious manner by the solar beams concentrated at the eye-piece of a telescope which magnified 100 times. It was the fourth or fifth dark glass eye protector which had been used with similar results. A small portion of the surface of the glass, and to a slight depth below it of a conical shape, had been so altered by some peculiar action, as to be quite destructive to the correct transmission of the rays of light. A dark red glass in the same place had not been affected, but the heat passed through in such quantity as to be almost painful to the eye.

'On Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystallic Action,' by Dr. J. Tyndall.—One of the most important inquiries which at the present day occupy the attention of the student of physical science, is the relation which subsists between magnetism and diamagnetism. Are the laws which govern both forces identical? Will the mathematical expression of the attraction in the one case be converted into that of the repulsion in the other case by a change of sign from positive to negative? To this question Plücker replies "No." His

experiments have led him to the conclusion, that when the power of a magnet which operates upon a body composed of magnetic and diamagnetic constituents is increased, the diamagnetism of the compound mass increases in a much quicker ratio than the magnetism; that in consequence of this an indifferent body is a physical impossibility; for a body in which the respective forces might be exactly equal and apposite when excited by a magnet of a certain strength would, upon lowering the power of the magnet below this standard, be attracted,—and by increasing the power of the magnet beyond this standard, be repelled. During a previous investigation, the author of the present memoir had repeated opportunities of observing phenomena exactly similar to some of those which form the premises of Plücker's conclusion; and a close study of the subject convinced him that to account for these phenomena, the hypothesis of two conflicting forces in the same compound mass, the one or the other of which predominates according as the power of the magnet is increased or diminished, was by no means necessary. To fit himself for the investigation of this question, he commenced an inquiry last November into electro-magnetic attractions; one of the results of this inquiry was, that a sphere of soft iron separated from the end of a straight electro-magnet by a small fixed distance, was attracted by the latter with a force exactly proportional to the square of the exciting current. Now, this attraction is in each case the product of two factors, one of which expresses the magnetism of the magnet, and the other the magnetism of the ball; and it is easy to see, that while the attraction increases as the square of the current, the magnetism of the ball increases in the simple ratio of the current itself. Our way to a comparison of magnetic attraction and diamagnetic repulsion is now clear. We know the law according to which the magnetism of the iron ball increases, and we have only to inquire whether the diamagnetism of the bismuth ball follows the same law. The apparatus used in the former case proved, however, to be totally unfit for the measurement of diamagnetic force,—the feebleness of the latter rendered a much more delicate mode of measurement necessary. The torsion balance was the instrument finally resorted to by the author. A loop of paper was attached to one end of a fine silver wire, and in the loop rested a little beam of light wood. At the ends of the beam, which was six inches long, two spoon-shaped hollows were worked out, in each of which a ball of the substance to be experimented with might be placed. Two cones of soft iron, surrounded by helices of copper wire, were placed at right angles to the beam when horizontally suspended, the one cone facing the ball at one end, and the other facing the ball at the other end. The silver wire was carried upward through a tube three feet in length, and was connected at the top with a torsion head. When the cones were excited, by sending an electric current through the surrounding helices the balls were repelled. The index of the torsion head was then gently turned against the repulsion until the balls were brought within 1-12th of an inch of the ends of the respective cones. The torsion necessary to effect this is evidently the expression of the repulsive force exerted at this particular distance. The strength of the exciting current was measured by a galvanometer of tangents, and it was regulated by means of a rheostat. The cones were excited by currents which varied from 10° to 57°, and the corresponding repulsions were determined. Spheres of the following diamagnetic substances were used:—1. Bismuth of commerce; 2. Chemically pure bismuth obtained by dissolving the material of commerce in nitric acid, precipitating it with distilled water, washing the precipitate for six days successively, and reducing it by means of black flux; 3. Sulphur of commerce; 4. Spheres from a crystal of native sulphur obtained in Sicily; 5 Calcareous spar

from Clitheroe; 6. Calcareous spar from Andreasberg, in the Hartz mountains, Germany. In all these cases the diamagnetism of the spheres followed precisely the same law as the magnetism of the sphere of soft iron:—it was exactly proportional to the exciting current. These results cannot be reconciled with the statement that diamagnetism increases with the increasing power of the magnet in a much quicker ratio than magnetism. The experiments of Plücker might be accounted for in many ways, but such explanations, being necessarily conjectural, may be omitted here. It is known that crystalline bodies suspended between the poles of a magnet exhibit phenomena which are absent in the case of amorphous bodies. A certain line through the crystal will take up a certain determinate position; and if this line be forcibly moved away from this position, when the force is removed it will return to it. Thus, a crystal of pure carbonate of lime suspended by a silk fibre between the poles with its optic axis horizontal, will always turn until the optic axis is perpendicular to the line joining the poles, in which position it will come to rest. This fact was discovered by Plücker, who referred it to the operation of a new force which was entirely independent of the magnetism or diamagnetism of the mass of the crystal. In an investigation conducted by the author in companionship with Prof. Knoblench, of Marburg, this hypothesis of a new force is rejected; and it is there shown that the position of the optic axis, so far from being independent of the magnetism and diamagnetism of the mass, is entirely changed if a magnetic constituent be substituted for a diamagnetic. Thus, for instance, carbonate of iron differs from carbonate of lime only in the fact that in the former case an atom of iron is substituted for an atom of calcium. The crystalline form in both cases is identical, the optic axis of carbonate of iron sets nevertheless from pole to pole with an energy far surpassing that with which the optic axis of carbonate of lime sets perpendicular to the line joining the poles. But why is it that one direction in the crystal takes up a particular position? The torsion balance gives a prompt answer to this question. A sphere of calcareous spar was placed upon each of the spoon-shaped hollows of the beam, the direction of the optic axis through each sphere being carefully marked. The spheres were first placed so that the optic axes were parallel to the axes of the soft-iron cones,—and secondly, perpendicular to the same. The repulsion in the former case was to the repulsion in the latter in the ratio of 53 to 48. If a bismuth crystal be suspended between two poles, the plane of most eminent cleavage will always set perpendicular to the line joining the poles, that is, equatorial. A cube formed from this crystal was placed on each end of the little beam; first, so that the planes of principal cleavage were parallel to the axes of the cones; and secondly, perpendicular to them. The repulsion in the former case was to the repulsion in the latter in the ratio of 53 to 38. The diamagnetic mass in both these cases is repelled with a greater force in one direction than in any other direction. When the crystal is suspended between two poles, the line which marks the direction of maximum repulsion recedes as far as possible from the poles, and hence sets equatorial. A result the exact antithesis of the above was observed with magnetic crystals. A cube of sulphate of iron was attracted in one direction by a force of 43, and in another direction by a force of 36·3. A sphere of carbonate of iron was attracted in the direction of the optic axis by a force of 43, and in a direction perpendicular thereto by a force of 30·5. When these crystals are suspended between two poles, these lines of chief attraction approach the poles, and finally set axial. Thus we see that the peculiar phenomena exhibited by crystals in the magnetic field are to be referred to a modification of magnetism or diamagnetism brought about

by the peculiar structure of the crystal. Let us endeavour to penetrate this mystery of structure. Our next inquiry is—What direction is that which is chosen by the respective forces for the manifestation of their greatest energy? To this question the author imagines that a full and intelligible reply is returned by experiment. If the arrangement of the component particles of any body be such as to present different degrees of proximity in different directions, then the line of closest proximity (other circumstances being equal) will be that of strongest attraction in magnetic bodies, and of strongest repulsion in diamagnetic bodies. The torsion balance furnishes us with the means of submitting this conclusion to a direct test. A quantity of bismuth was ground to dust in an agate mortar, gum-water was added, and the mass was kneaded into a stiff paste. This was placed between two glasses and pressed together. From the mass when dried two cubes were taken, the line of compression being perpendicular to two of the faces of each cube and parallel to the other four. Suspended by a silk fibre in the magnetic field, upon closing the circuit the line of compression turned strongly into the equatorial position, exactly as the plane of most eminent cleavage in the case of the crystal. The cubes were placed one upon each end of the torsion balance, first with the line of compression parallel to the axis of the cones, and secondly perpendicular thereto; the repulsion in the former case was to the repulsion in the latter in the ratio of 53 : 30. A greater differential action was thus exhibited in the case of the model than in the case of the crystal. A pair of cubes constructed in the same manner from powdered carbonate of iron exhibited an analogous predominance of attraction in the line of compression. Against this mode of experiment an objection was urged during the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh last year by Prof. Wm. Thomson, of Glasgow. "You have," he said, "reduced the mass to powder, but you have not thereby destroyed the crystalline form; your powder is a collection of smaller crystals,—and the pressing of the mass together gives rise to a predominance of axes in a certain direction, so that the repulsion and attaction of the line of compression which you refer to closeness of aggregation is after all a product of crystalline action. Besides, we know that compressed isinglass exhibits the same optical phenomena as crystals, and you are unable to prove that the action is not due to a *quasi* crystalline structure induced in the gum by compression." The following experiment will set this point at rest. It will not only show the influence of compression apart from the mere arrangement of the axes or from the influence of the gum, for none will be used; but it will also demonstrate the total nullity of this presumed axial force where opposed to the influence of compression. To this experiment I was conducted by the following accident. The investigation was conducted in Berlin, and the great electro-magnet of the University was beside me at the time. Some notion of the power of this magnet may be gathered from the fact, that the copper helices alone which surrounded the iron pillars which composed the magnet weighed 243 pounds. On the top of the pillars two moveable masses of soft iron were placed, each weighing about 25 pounds, and between these the substance to be examined was suspended. Before I had thoroughly made the acquaintance of the instrument I hung a fine cube of bismuth crystal between these moveable poles; on closing the circuit the planes of most eminent cleavage receded to the equator. Scarcely, however, was this attained when I observed the poles moving towards each other, and before I could break the circuit they had rushed together and clenched their iron jaws upon the crystal. The latter was reduced by the pressure to about three-fourths of its primitive thickness, and it immediately occurred to me that if

the theory of proximity were true it ought to tell here. The pressure brought the particles of the crystal in the line of compression more closely together, and hence a modification, if not an entire reversion, of the former action might be anticipated. Having liberated the crystal, I boiled it in hydrochloric acid, so as to remove any impurity it might have contracted by contact with the iron. It was again suspended between the poles, and completely verified the fore-going anticipation. The line of compression, that is, the magnecrystallic axis of the crystal, which formerly set from pole to pole, set now equatorial. The experiment was then repeated with a common vice; various pieces of bismuth protected by plates of copper were placed within its jaws, and there pressed to the thickness of a shilling. The plates thus obtained when suspended from their edges in the magnetic field exhibited one unvarying result:—the line of compression stood always equatorial, and it was a matter of perfect indifference whether this line was the magnecrystallic axis or not. In these cases no gum was used, and not only was a predominance of axes present, but they all worked together; they were further assisted by the great mechanical advantage offered by such plates to diamagnetic repulsion; the line of compression nevertheless triumphed over all and determined the position of the crystal. The author concludes his paper as follows:—"Whoever denies the influence of proximity will have to answer the following questions:—How is it possible that a greater differential action can be exhibited by a cube of bismuth dough than by the crystal itself? What is it which causes the magnecrystallic axis to forsake its usual position and to set equatorial when the crystal is compressed in the direction of that axis? He must further assume a crystalline structure on the part of wax, flour, shale, and the pith of fresh rolls; for in all these substances the line of compression determines the position of the mass in the magnetic field."

'ON OUR IGNORANCE OF THE GENERAL COURSE OF THE TIDES,' BY DR. WHEWELL.—In 1833 Dr. Whewell published in the *Philosophical Transactions* an essay towards a first approximation to a map of co-tidal lines, in which he attempted, from the data then accessible, to draw lines expressing the course of the tide wave all over the ocean. So far as the coasts are concerned, this mode of expressing the course of tides is still held to be the best; but our materials, which were scanty at the former period, are very incomplete even yet, with the exception of the coasts of Europe and the east coast of North America, the east coast of Australia, and the east coast of New Zealand. In order to trace the course of the tides on any coast, we ought to know the points of divergence and of convergence of the tidal wave. We do not know these points on the west coast of Africa, or on the east coast of South America; and consequently we do not know the course of the tides of the Atlantic,—nor do we know the relation of the tides of the Atlantic islands (the Ferroes, Azores, Bermudas, Cape Verde Islands, &c.) to the tides of the coasts. It was urged that the course of the tides in this and other oceans could not come to be known except by an expedition, consisting of one or two small vessels, which should have for its primary and governing object the obtaining a connected knowledge of the tides of the coasts of the Atlantic, in the first place, and of those of other oceans afterwards.

The ASTRONOMER ROYAL said that the inquiries to which Dr. Whewell had now directed their attention had an object definite, intelligible, and most important, whether we considered it practically in its bearing on commerce and our navy, or as an object of pure science, in furnishing the data requisite for advancing our knowledge on this interesting yet intricate branch. In such a case he found it to be always a most important matter to make a beginning,

however humble, and from his own experience he could assure Dr. Whewell that he felt convinced if a proper application were made to the Government to observe the tides carefully in the manner pointed out by Dr. Whewell in some limited locality,—say in the Atlantic Ocean,—such an application would meet with the attention which it so well deserved, and which he at all times found the Government cheerfully to bestow on such matters. He had not the least objection, should such an application be deemed proper by the Committee of Recommendations, to join Dr. Whewell or any Committee which should be named in pressing such an object on the attention of Her Majesty's Government.—Capt. Fitz Roy, R. N. said that as Dr. Whewell had done him the honour of alluding to his exertions and opinions on this interesting, and to every sailor important, branch of science, he would beg leave to make a few remarks. In the first place, he must bear his testimony to the accuracy of the statement of the learned gentleman who had brought the subject before them as to the extreme intricacy and puzzling character of the general phenomena, and our deplorable ignorance of extensive fields of research in it. It was known to most of those whom he addressed that Sir John Herschel in his very delightful work estimated the average height of the rise of the tide over the whole surface of the earth to be five feet; and from all the attention he could bestow on the subject and the best estimate he could form, guided by long continued and very widely extended actual observations of the tides, he believed this to be a very correct opinion. And yet most who heard him were aware how widely in several localities this average was departed from. Several localities could be pointed out where the total rise of the tide was to be spoken of as inches; while in other, and frequently not very distant, places, the rise was six, seven, eight, or more fathoms. Capt. Fitz Roy then stated, that along the entire western coast of South America the tides could scarcely be said to be earlier or later at one place than at another,—as for hundreds of miles, indeed nearly as far as Panama, they might be said to occur at the same time, though they only rose four or five feet. At the Straits of Magellan they were very remarkable; on the west side they rose but a few feet, say four or five, but on the eastern side they rose to the enormous height of seven or eight fathoms, and this within a few miles the one place of the other. He considered this to be accounted for thus.—On the western side they partook of the general character of the tides of the Pacific along the coast,—but on the east, the great tide from the Atlantic setting in through the Straits and meeting the tide coming from the west, the waters became heaped up to the extraordinary height he had stated. He then proceeded to mention several other peculiarities and anomalies of the tides in the Great Pacific Ocean: and said that a general review of them had led him to throw out the conjecture alluded to by Dr. Whewell, that in this great basin the tides seemed to be at one time urged forward by the luminary as it passed along over them towards the west, and then afterwards seemed to surge back again towards the east; and in this motion to and fro, the waters of this great basin might be conceived as a whole to partake; while yet the motion of no one part need move more than a very few feet from its place.

'Observations on Atomic Volumes and Atomic Weights, with considerations on the probability that certain bodies now considered as elementary may be decomposed,' by Prof. Dumas.—Prof. Dumas alluded to the solubility of some substances, and the insolubility of others, giving many instances of the difference of this quality in regard to solution in water, sulphuric and strong acids, and referred to Berthollet's views and experiments on this subject. The measure or volume of bodies he thought might

be represented with as much facility as the weight: thus, for example, magnesia and sulphuric acid may have their volumes numerically expressed before and after combination, and also graphically by lines. Magnesia with sulphuric acid showed a certain degree of condensation, lime a greater condensation, and barytes the greatest condensation; and these he could represent and reason on as well by lines of different lengths as by figures or by words. The degree of condensation (however expressed) had also relation to the quality or degree of solubility. Thus, sulphate of magnesia was very soluble, sulphate of lime but little soluble, and the greatly condensed sulphate of baryta was insoluble. He then pursued the analogy with the chlorides, comparing the chloride of sodium with the extreme case of the chloride of silver. After graphically expressing the solubility of bases with sulphuric acid by lines, he proceeded to show that the relative volumes of the elements chlorine, bromine, and iodine could be perfectly represented by lines equal in length. Prof. Dumas said that when a number of metals are represented by lines, at first they seem in confusion, and it would appear like an impossibility to arrange them in a system of lines to permit their relations to appear; but when considered in relation to the substitution of one property for another, or of the substitution of one substance for another in groups, then their arrangement became easy. And here we may remark, that Prof. Dumas had not previously prepared diagrams or tables; but covered a large black board with lines, figures, and formulæ, to follow his train of reasoning,—and symbols, volumes, and names were rapidly produced and as rapidly effaced to illustrate the Professor's views of the laws of the substitution of one body for another in a compound. Prof. Dumas gave many examples of groups of bodies, such as the alkalies, earths, &c., arranged in the order of their affinities. He called attention in the Triad groups, to the intermediate body having most of its qualities intermediate with the properties of the extremes, and also that the atomic or combining number was also of the middle term, exactly half of the extremes added together; thus sulphur 16, selenium 40, and tellurium 64. Half of the extremes give 40, the number for the middle term. Chlorine 35, bromine 80, and iodine 125. Or the alkalies, lithia, soda, and potassa, or earths, lime, strontia, and baryta, afford, with many others, examples of this coincidence; hence the suggestion, that in a series of bodies, if the extremes were known by some law, intermediate bodies might be discovered; and in the spirit of these remarks, if bodies are to be transformed or decomposed into others the suggestion of suspicion is thrown upon the possibility of the intermediate body being composed of the extremes of the series, and transmutable changes thus hoped for. Prof. Dumas then showed that in the metals similar properties are found to those of non-metallic bodies; alluding to the possibility that metals that were similar in their relations, and which may be substituted one for the other in certain compounds, might also be found *transmutable* the one into the other. He then took up the inorganic bodies where substitutions took place which he stated much resembled the metals. After discussing groups in triads, Prof. Dumas alluded to the ideas of the ancients of the transmutation of metals and their desire to change lead into silver and mercury into gold; but these metals do not appear to have the requisite similar relations to render these changes possible. He then passed to the changes of other bodies,—such as the transmutation of diamonds into black lead under the voltaic. After elaborate reasoning and offering many analogies from the stores of chemical analysis, Prof. Dumas expressed the idea that the law of the substitution of one body for another in groups of compounds might lead to the transformation of one group into another at will; and we should endeavour to

devise means to divide the molecules of one body of one of these groups into two parts, and also of a third body, and then unite them, and probably the intermediate body might be the result. In this way, if bodies of similar properties and often associated together were transmutable one into the other, then by changes portions of one might often, if not always, be associated with the other. Thus, in nature when chlorine occurred, iodine and bromine might also be found, and always would be if they were transmutable the one into the other. Cobalt is thus mysteriously associated with nickel, iron with manganese, sulphur with selenium, &c. In the arts during operations when certain radicles were produced, analogous ones were found constantly to be associated. In the distillation of brandy, oil of wine is always an associated result.

Dr. Faraday expressed his hope that Prof. Dumas was setting chemists in the right path; and although conversationally acquainted with the subject, yet he had been by no means prepared for the multitude of analogies pointed out.—Mr. Grove spoke of the importance of the view; as, by knowing the extreme compounds, it might serve as a guide in experiments and as a check to the results. He adverted to the allotropic condition of substances when their principal characters were changed but their chemical qualities were unaltered; thus, carbon in the state of diamond had a change of property so complete that it had one of the properties of metals given or transferred to it by its conducting power for electricity under these conditions, and its other forms were states resistant to electric passage. He thought this fact of certain bodies having two sets of physical properties with greatly differing character might, with this law of the substitution of one set of chemical qualities for another in a compound group, give the hope of the great realization of some of the ideas embodied in the views of the possible transformation of one body at will so as to possess the properties of others. —Prof. Williamson, Dr. Anderson, and Dr. Gladstone remarked on these analogies,—and referred to the groups of bodies of similar character, but whose history was difficult or inexplicable. Thus, the metals of the platina group of bodies, the red states of phosphorus and of sulphur, the carrying of certain of these properties into the sulphurets of phosphorous, and the unsatisfactory history of bodies like the phosphates, might be rendered clear in future researches by the ideas resulting from numerous examples of the triad groups alluded to by Prof. Dumas.

'On Klinology in reference to the Bavarian Alps,' by Dr. Schafhaeutl.—The Alps surpass all other European mountains both in grandeur and in complexity of geological structure. Their central ranges consist chiefly of crystalline and metamorphic rocks,—their borders of sedimentary strata; some of the newest of these strata have the greatest breadth, elevation, and mass, attaining a height of 10,000 feet above the sea. Fossils are often very scarce; and when they do occur, those of several formations have become mixed together, on account of the frequent repetition of the formations by mechanical displacement. Dr. Schafhaeutl recommends the study of the intimate structure of the beds,—a mode of investigation which he terms "Klinology." It has long been admitted that the newer rocks have generally a lower specific gravity, and are less compact or crystalline than the older strata; and the remarks of Ehrenberg have shown that the microscope may be employed to detect minute structural as well as organic peculiarities. Even by placing rock specimens in distilled water, outlines and designs may be brought out which were before invisible; and still more may be learned by the application of hydrochloric acid, or by studying weathered surfaces. As examples of the importance of attending to minute characters, the author mentioned that the red sandstone of Berchtesgäden had been considered the equivalent of the old red schists

of Salzburg; but he had detected the existence of green particles in this sandstone, and had traced them to a distance increasing in numbers until the red sandstone became green, and was clearly recognizable as a lower member of the Cretaceous group. In a similar manner he had ascertained that the black, lias-like schist of M. Beseler, in the western Bavarian Alps, was also "green-sand." Microscopic fragments of characteristic shells, like the Caprotina, had been found by him where entire specimens were wanting; and in some of the lofty Alpine limestones, which are destitute of fossils, he had detected microscopic remains which showed their origin, like that of the chalk formation, to have been intimately connected with "the wide-spread and powerful-working spirit of life developing itself in forms invisible to the unassisted eye."

'On the Drift and Surfaces of Rocks on the Coast of Scotland,' by Sir R. I. Murchison.—The rocks on the coast of Loch Fyne, near Inverary, were described as being worn and striated on their N. E. face and rugged on the opposite side; the striæ were in a direction parallel with the Loch, and sometimes ten or fifteen feet long. They were particularly observed near the fishing village of Kenmore, where the rocks of chlorite schist were smoothed and striated on the surfaces away from the sea. Similar observations were made on the coast between Ben Cruachan and Oban. Connecting these with the phenomena formerly observed on the east coast of Scotland, Sir R. Murchison was of opinion that Scotland during the glacial period had formed a narrow rocky tract penetrated by deep fiords; that there might have been glaciers on some points, but that the worn and polished rocks were chiefly to be attributed to the descent of masses of gravel and blocks moving down along with great debacles of ice and snow on the successive upheavals of the region in an icy sea.

Mr. Hopkins exhibited a map of the lochs and mountains around Ben Cruachan, with the distribution of the trains of granite blocks which he had described last year at the Edinburgh meeting. He had formerly been unable to explain by what means the granite blocks supposed to have been derived from Ben Cruachan had crossed the mountain group between Loch Fyne and Loch Lomond, so as to gain access to the latter, and form a stream extending to the Clyde and Glasgow. Since then, he had discovered in this very mountain group a granitic tract not marked on the geological maps, in the immediate vicinity of Loch Sloy, at a height of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, and agreeing in mineral character with these travelled blocks, which may therefore have descended Loch Long and Loch Lomond with the same facility that the granite blocks of Ben Cruachan have entered Loch Awe, and those of Loch Etive have reached Oban and Kerrara. Mr. Hopkins then referred to the possible causes of the dispersion of the granite blocks;—if by currents from the sea, then the country must have been depressed nearly 2,000 feet, as Wales is believed to have been about the same period;—if transported by floating ice, independently of glaciers, then also the country must have had a lower level;—terrestial glaciers might also have been the agents, if their existence was allowed. The position of the blocks in horizontal streams along the sides of the lochs, at an elevation of four or five hundred feet, and their character—being at first large and angular, but becoming smaller and more rounded, until they were mere water-worn pebbles,—were circumstances opposed to the supposition that floating ice or terrestrial glaciers were the principal agents in their removal. If floating ice had been the cause, then the sphere of dispersion would have been much greater. In Glen Ray he had observed indications of what he considered true moraines. He was still inclined to believe that more than one of these methods had

been in operation, and that the whole mass of the Highlands had been the centre of divergence from which the blocks had been dispersed.

The Duke of Argyle referred to Mr. James Smith's observations on the shores of the Gare Loch, in confirmation of the statement that the course of the blocks and striated surfaces was only locally uniform, and that it followed the valleys and arms of the sea whatever might be their direction.

'On the probable dimensions of the great Shark (Carcharias megalodon) of the Red Crag,' by Mr. Bowerbank.—The teeth of this fish are common in the coprolite beds of Suffolk; but although exceedingly hard, they are usually much water-worn, and have nearly always lost the serrated edges which are so well preserved in specimens of the same species from Malta. The teeth of the upper jaw may be known from the lower teeth by their comparative narrowness and thickness; those from the sides of the jaws are progressively smaller and shorter. The largest specimens measure from 4½ to 5 inches in length. In order to give some idea of the magnitude of the creature to which they belonged, Mr. Bowerbank exhibited the jaws of the largest known specimen of the *Carcharias glauca* of Australia; it was killed by a whaling crew, when after having gorged itself on their captain, it seized the boat sent in its pursuit. It measured 37 feet in length; its vertical gape is 25½ inches, its horizontal 20½ inches; the length of its largest teeth 2⅝ inches. From the measurements it is inferred that the fossil shark must have had a gape of at least 5 feet by 6, and an entire length of not less than 65 feet. This estimate is not at all improbable, as there exists a (comparatively harmless) species—the basking shark—in the British seas, of which one individual, killed off Brighton, measured 36 feet, and one which was stranded in the Orkneys, and described as a "sea-serpent," exceeded 50 feet in length. Looking at the mineral character of these fossils, and their association with the teeth of a second Maltese shark (*Oxyrhina hastalis*), not found either in the London clay or coralline crag, Mr. Bowerbank was inclined to regard them as having been derived from the destruction of some older clay deposit, perhaps an extension of the great miocene formation of southern Europe.

'On the Theory of the Formation of Wood and the descent of the Sap in Plants,' by Dr. Lankester.—The author drew attention to the theory of the formation of wood in plants, and objected to the view that the leaves form the wood, on the ground that the ligneous like all other tissues were the result of the growth of cells which were not formed in the leaves, but in all parts of the plant. Wood was formed in all parts of the plant where elongated cells were generated, quite independently of leaves, or the formation of leaves:—as in the lower part of the cut wounds of the stems of plants, in the portions of trunks left when trees were cut down, in the abortive branches formed in the bark of such trees as the elm and the cedar, and in other parts of the vegetable structure. He also objected to the theory of the formation of the ligneous or any other secretion, which might be subsequently appropriated by the cells, in the leaves alone. He maintained that all the facts brought forward to support the theory of the descent of the sap might be explained on the known fact of the ready permeability of the tissues of the plant. He related the details of experiments performed on the species of spurge; in which the fluid was found to exude from the stem and branches in these plants just in proportion to the quantity of fluid contained in the plant above or below the section made. The cells of plants were nourished in two ways:—first, by the sap containing carbonic acid, ammonia, and other substances,—and secondly, by materials, as sugar, gum, &c., formed in the cells. These latter were not formed solely in the leaves, but in all cells. He regarded the

leaves as organs by which the water of the sap was got rid of, and by this means a further supply of sap from the earth and atmosphere was insured. This function was performed in subservience to changes which were attributed to a specific vitality.

Prof. Henslow said that he agreed with the views of Dr. Lankester with regard to the theory of the formation of wood proprosed by Du Petit Thouars. He thought it was evident that whatever was the function of the leaf, it did not send down the woody fibres which formed the trunk and branches of exogenous trees. The tracing the woody fibres up to the leaf did not prove their origin there. With regard to the descent of the sap, he did not agree with the author of the paper,—who, he thought, took too physical a view of the function of the plant. The leaves were not mere organs of evaporation. They performed the function of exhalation, which was independent of heat, and depended on the vitality of the plant. He believed that the leaves did effect a certain change in the juices brought to them, which changed matter was again taken back into the system of the plant, and there being taken up by the cells produced the results which were found in the deposit of lignine and the other secreted matters of plants.—Mr. Huxley quoted the instance of the rapid growth and great quantity of wood formed by the various kinds of Liana of tropical forests as instances in favor of the formation of wood independently of the leaves. These plants had all of them a remarkably small number of leaves.—Prof. Asa Gray believed that the theory of the formation of wood, as held by Du Hamel, Du Petit Thouars, and others, was no longer tenable. The formation of vessels from cells could be easily observed, and in exogenous plants there was no vacuity between the wood and the bark for the woody fibres to be sent down through. Even in the spring of the year, when the sap was passing most rapidly between the wood and the bark, the organic connexion was complete. Whether matter was elaborated in the leaves and sent down into the plant he was not prepared to say, but further experiments were desirable.—Dr. Fowler quoted some experiments which he thought proved that the materials of the growth of the plant were not prepared in the leaves.—Dr. Lankester replied and stated that at present it apperared to him that the statement of the preparation of gum or any other secretion in the plant which was found subsequently in any other part of the plant, was an assumption that required proof,—and that all the phenomena of vegetation were susceptible of a simple explanation.

'On Sea-sickness, and a new Remedy for its Prevention,' by J. Atkinson.—The writer alluded to the method of curing sea-sickness proposed by M. F. Curie, in the 'Comptes Rendus' of the French Academy of Sciences, September 30, 1850: which consists of drawing in the breath as the vessel descends and exhaling as it ascends on the billows,—being based on the supposition that the complaint arises from the upward and downward movements of the diaphragm acting on the phrenetic nerves in an unusual manner. After remarking on various motions—as those produced by swinging and by riding in a carriage—by which nausea is often induced, and showing that voluntary operations performed by mechanics and labourers involving the same kind of movements of the diaphragm, &c. do not cause similar unpleasant results, he proceeded to detail the method which he had found successful in preventing sea-sickness, as follows.—Let a person on ship board, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass

were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him *allow* his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements —as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quoit, &c. —which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistibly to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce in inexperienced voyagers. If the person is suffering from sickness at the commencement of his experiment, as soon as he grasps the glass of liquid in his hand, and suffers his arm to take its course and go through the movements alluded to, he feels as if he were performing them of his own free-will,—and the nausea abates immediately, and very soon ceases entirely, and does not return so long as he suffers his arm and body to assume the postures into which they *seem* to be drawn. Should he, however, resist the free course of his hand, he instantly feels a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind shoot through his head, and experiences a sense of dizziness and returning nausea. From this last circumstance the author of the paper infers it as probable, that the stomach is primarily affected through the cerebral mass, rather than through a disturbance of the thoracic and abdominal viscera; and he is of opinion that the method of preventing sea-sickness just described (which he has found by experience to be effectual) depends on the curious fact that the involuntary motion communicated to the body by the rolling and tossing of the vessel are by the means he adopts apparently converted into voluntary motion.

'ON ETHNOGRAPHICAL CLASSIFICATION, CONSIDERED WITH PECULIAR REFERENCE TO THE TWO UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN INDO-GERMANIC PHILOLOGY,' BY THE REV. J. W. DONALDSON. —The two unsolved problems in Indo-Germanic philology are,—first, the amount and nature of the affinity which connects the Indo-Germanic and Semitic branches of the human family,—secondly, the origin and interpretation of the ancient Etruscan language. These two questions depend on a satisfactory definition of the Asiatic starting-point and European limits of the Sclavonian emigration; and in order to arrive at this definition it is necessary to review the general principles of classification. The comparative anatomy, &c. of the different races of men is not at all calculated to explain the facts of our science or to assist us in classifying the different families. With this view, it is obvious that there can be but four elements in the inquiry: first, philology,—secondly, old ethnical and local names,—thirdly, history and tradition,—fourthly, physical or descriptive geography. Taking all these sources of information, we find that the Sclavonians may be traced back to the most westerly position in Iran, —*i. e.* to a close contact with the Semitic or Syro-Arabian race; and the ethnographical or *primâ facie* conclusions are fully confirmed by linguistic and palæographic arguments. Some particularly interesting inferences may be drawn from the degree in which the Medo-Sclavonian and Semitic tribes respectively have adopted or introduced alphabetic writing. In the other, or European, extremity, we find that the Sclavonians at their western boundary line are either intermixed with or opposed to the Scandinavian or Low-German branch. History informs us that the Etruscans were of Rhœtian origin, and it can be shown that the Rhœtians must have been Low-Germans. Now, by the accident of the migration to Iceland it happens that the old Scandinavian language has been preserved in a very pure form. As, therefore, the Icelandic language alone furnished either lexical or grammatical explanations of those of the Etruscan inscriptions which are least connected with the other Italian languages, it follows that the non-Pelasgian elements of the old Etruscan language must be Scandinavian or Gothic.

His Excellency Chevalier Bunsen confirmed the statements made in this document, to which he attributed much importance.

The following extract of a letter from M. Khanikoff to Mr. Stevens, on his ascent of Mount Ararat, was read by Mr. Cullen,—who translated it as he read from the French language in which it was written. It was dated Tiflis, Oct. 22, 1850, and was (in English) as follows.—"We were with Col. Khodzko and four other travelling companions upon the snow-crowned head of this graul, 17,000 English feet high, during the 6th of August. The ascent does not present upon the side which we attempted—that is to say, the Natchwaco side—any great difficulties;—above all, with the ample means which we had at our disposal—consisting of cossacks, soldiers, peasants, beasts of burden, tents, provisions and such like. For myself, I remained twenty-four hours on the top; having maintained an uninterrupted series of horary observations of the barometer, the thermometer, and the psychrometer, to determine the diurnal change in the pressure of the air, the temperature and the humidity at so considerable a height. I descended with Dr. Maretz; but Col. Khodzko remained from the 7th to the 12th, having to make a series of observations on terrestrial refraction,—while the unstable condition of the limpidity of the air during the unfavourable summer of the last year did not permit him to work without great interruptions. What shall I say of the effect of this vast height on men's constitutions? It does not make itself felt except on the organs of respiration—which are considerably oppressed by the rarity of the air; of which the mean pressure on the sea-coast corresponds with a height of mercury in the barometer of 760 millemètres, while on the summit of the Great Ararat it was only 410 millemètres. This causes a certain inconvenience to be felt all over the body, and makes one feel that the circulation of the blood is not carried on as usual. As to the other symptoms indicated by several travellers—such as tightness of the skin, loss of blood by the lips, the gums, the ears, and even the eyes, consequent on a nervous excitement resembling delirium,—nothing of the kind was experienced by any of us. In fact, the inconvenience of our position, which certainly was not very comfortable, arose not from the height at which we were but from the cold which prevails at that height—to be experienced everywhere around in winter—and from the snow on which we lay and in which our little tent was overwhelmed. During the greater part of the time the thermometer was between 9° and 27° Fah.:—which, with the violent wind that prevails constantly in these regions forms a temperature not very agreeable."

M. Guerry exhibited eighteen coloured maps illustrating some important conclusions respecting the criminal statistics of England for sixteen years ending 1850. He had brought over from France a similar series of maps to illustrate the same points in the criminal statistics of France; but as they had been placed in the Great Exhibition, he had been unable to get them out for the purpose of producing them to the Section. The leading point which he had established for France was, that the common opinion respecting the intimate connexion between mere instruction and the absence of crime in particular districts when compared was mistaken. The facts on which the calculations in the English maps were founded, were taken from the tables drawn up by Mr. Redgrave of the Home Office for all the time that had been collected. Each map was constructed to show the prevalence in each county in England of a particular crime, or class of crime, such as murder, manslaughter, arson, larceny by servants, offences against the game laws, bigamy, &c. As to bigamy, there was a most remarkable difference between England and France,—that crime appearing to be much more prevalent in England.

He accounted for this circumstance by the difference in the forms of marriage required by law, which afforded much greater facilities for tracing personal identity in France than in England. The English maps were constructed to the degrees of criminality as measured by the average number of the accused for the whole period of sixteen years as compared with the average population as ascertained by the three censuses of 1812, 1831 and 1841. Besides the maps, he showed a series of tables exhibiting, by curved lines, for each county, the degrees of positive and negative criminality corresponding with the coloured maps. As to the French maps, there were one or two points which he was anxious to notice. The geographical distribution of instruction among all the young men of twenty years of age in France was easily observed in consequence of the mode used for selecting the soldiers for the French armies. He had analyzed the returns made of these young men by the prefects of France to the Minister of War for twenty-two years ending 1849,—and the result as to parallelism of distribution of mere instruction and absence of crime which he had stated seventeen years ago in his work on the 'Moral Statistics of France' was fully borne out. This second analysis had established another interesting result,—that the progress in the amount of instruction in each department of France, instead of being in the districts where most wanted, had on the contrary been, with singular regularity, in the districts where the greatest instruction had previously prevailed.

'On the Progress of the Wave System of Naval Construction,' by Mr. J. Scott Russell.—"At the last meeting I laid before this Section an account of the successful introduction of the wave system into practice on several steam-vessels and sailing vessels at Rio Janeiro, by Mr. Dodgson, who had found the system in all respects successful, and that the vessels he had built on it had beaten their competitors on the old system. Since that time a treatise on Naval Architecture, published in America, has been transmitted to this country. It contains drawings of many of the most recent and celebrated vessels constructed in that country. The author of that treatise does not hesitate to avow frankly the general adoption of the principles of the wave system by the builders of the best and fastest vessels in America. He gives accurate drawings which are evidently made in accordance with it. He quotes experiments as high as twenty-four miles an hour, which speed has been attained by its use. He unhesitatingly declares his own implicit belief in the system and entire adoption of it. In our own country the most eminent builders of fast steam-vessels continue to adopt the most prominent characteristics of the wave system, viz. hollow water-lines for the bow—much fuller water-lines abaft than forward—the greatest breadth nearer the stern than the bow. I am not sure, however, how far the builders of these vessels would wish it to be understood that they do adopt the wave system; and I shall therefore confine my further observations to vessels which have been built under my own immediate care. During the last year an opportunity has presented itself of obtaining one of the most decided practical experiments on a larger scale, regarding the excellence of the new form for steam-vessels. A pair of marine engines of 220 horse-power had been working on board a wooden steam-vessel of 450 tons, being a proportion of one horse-power to two tons nearly. The beam of the vessel was twenty-four feet and her draft of water nine feet. This vessel was built on the old system, according to his own plan, by one of the most eminent builders of steam-vessels, and was placed on the line between London and Antwerp where it realized a maximum speed of ten miles an hour. These engines, with the same paddle-wheels, were then taken out of the vessel, and were placed in a

new iron vessel built on the wave system by Messrs. Robinson and myself. This vessel was of larger beam and greater length of body than the former, being 570 tons, with 25 feet beam and 9 feet draft. The experiment has now been tried with the same old engines, but repaired and furnished with new boilers, capable of supplying the full amount of steam to the engines. The result has been conclusive. The vessel has not been made unusually sharp or fine, but on the contrary is a capacious sea-going vessel, with capacity for 150 tons of cargo more than the former vessel. The new form of vessel with the old engines has attained a maximum speed of 15 miles an hour, being a clear gain of speed of 5 miles an hour. It is important to observe that where speed is obtained by improved shape of vessel, it is obtained at the least possible first cost and greatest economy in daily use. I have next to report during the past year the first application of the wave system to the construction of war steamers. It had long been supposed that, owing to the fineness of water-lines of the bows of vessels built on the wave system, it would not be possible for them to carry the same amount of heavy ordnance calculated to fire in a line, with the keel as in vessels of the ordinary construction. Even in these it is difficult to carry so large an armament in proportion to tonnage as is desirable. During last year, however, two war steamers have been constructed for a foreign government, of 500 tons and 160 horse-power, upon the wave system, by Messrs. Robinson and Russell. They have been fully armed, stored with provisions and fuel, and tried by a naval commission at sea, and have been accepted as having fulfilled the following conditions of their construction, namely, that they were to carry double the armament of any war steamer of the same tonnage and power, and go two knots an hour faster than any vessel in Her Majesty's navy. Vessels, 165 feet long, 26 feet wide, 500 tons; engines, 48 inches diameter, 4 feet 6 inches stroke, 160 horse-power; armament, four 8-inch guns, 9 feet 6 inches long; ammunition, 100 rounds; fuel, 2,000 miles steaming speed; 15 miles an hour light, 13 miles an hour loaded. I have last to report the trials, during the past winter, of a yacht, the Titania, built for Mr. R. Stephenson, the eminent engineer; who had confidence enough in the wave system to give it a fair trial on a sailing schooner, which he sent round during last winter by the Bay of Biscay to Alexandria, and in which he encountered severe hurricanes in the Mediterranean. The result of the experiments are, that the wave vessel has been found to be in every respect a good sea boat; and, contrary to the expectations of many who fancied that the fine bows of wave vessels were only good for fair weather sailing, it has turned out that while in light airs and smooth water vessels of a lighter build and larger sails may pass the Titania, yet that in any weather stronger than a light breeze she has beat every vessel she has encountered, including yachts of high reputation and larger tonnage. It thus appears that during 1850-51 very considerable progress has been made in the introduction of the wave principle into practical use."

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

(From a French Version of Anderssen's Swedish Tales.)

A MOTHER was seated in sadness beside her child, for she feared each moment would be its last. Gradually the eyes of the little one began to close—a pallid hue crept over its face—its respiration became faint and irregular—it sighed rather than breathed. The mother gazed upon the poor thing with more anxiety than ever. All at once some one knocked at the door and a man walked in, enveloped in a long mantle. 'It was well he had one, for it was the depth of winter. Those who went abroad were quickly covered with snow or hoar frost, and the wind blew so keenly that it seemed to cut you in twain. While the old man shivered and the child seemed inclined to sleep, the mother poured a little beer into a saucepan and began to warm it on the fire. The old man rocked the cradle, and the mother, seated by his side, fixed her eyes in sorrow on her sick child, for now its breathing had almost ceased. She took its little hand in her own. "Can I not save it?"—she asked of the old man "Heaven will spare me this?"—The old man—it was Death himself—shook his head in so strange a manner, that you could not tell whether he meant Yes or No. The poor mother could not endure his look, and tears rolled down her cheeks. But little by little sleep stole upon her, and her head sank upon her breast. For three nights she had not once closed her eyes. For an instant—two or three minutes at the most—she forgot all around her. Suddenly she roused herself in teror, and trembling with cold.—"How is this?" she exclaimed, glancing around the room. The old man had disappeared—the child too was gone. In a corner of the hovel the pendulum of the old clock still swung to and fro with its dull monotonous tic-tac, tic-tac. The weight reached the bottom—boûm!—and all was silent.

The poor mother rushed out of the cottage, with loud out-cries calling upon her child. A female clad in a long black robe was seated in the midst of the snow, and said to her, "Death has been at thy house, I saw him leave with thy child. He is fleeter than the wind, and what he has once seized he never restores." "Oh! show me the path he has taken;" cried the mother, "show me the path. I shall surely overtake them." "Yes, I know the path he has taken," answered the female in the long black robe,—"but before I tell you, you must sing me all the songs you sang to your babe. I am so fond of them, for you know I have heard them so often. I am Night, and many a time have I seen you weep while you were singing"—"I will sing them to you, every one of them,"—said the mother—"but stop me not now. I may perhaps yet overtake them, I may yet recover my child." But Night remained without motion or speech. Then the poor mother began to sing, and she wrung her hands in despair. Many a song did she sing, but more were the tears that fell. At length Night said to her.—"Enter that gloomy forest of pines. That way went Death with thy child." The poor mother was already gone. In the depth of the forest she came to where cross ways met. She stopped, for she knew not which to choose. And she saw a little thorn bush without leaves or flowers, for it was in the middle of winter, and flakes of snow hung on its boughs. "Tell me," asked the mother, "hast thou seen Death pass by here with my babe?" "I saw him," replied the shrub, "but I will not show you the way he went unless you first warm me against your bosom; for this frost will kill me—already I am half dead with cold"—She pressed the shrub to her heart with such strength

that her warmth pervaded it. The thorns ran deep into her flesh, her blood flowed in large drops, and beneath each drop leaves, fresh and green, opened out. In the cold winter's night the thorn bush put forth flowers, for such was the warmth of a mother's heart. Then the little shrub pointed out the road she was to go, and presently she came to a dark, wide lake, and there was no boat or ship to be seen. The ice on its surface was too thin to bear her, and the water was too deep to wade through it. So it stopped the poor mother and divided her from her child. And she knelt down, as if she could drink up its waters—what does a mother think impossible? "Oh! what would I not give to rejoin my child!" she cried in tears, and rushed into the waves. But they bare her up as if in a bark. Lightly passing over the masses of floating ice she reached the opposite shore, and there she saw a strange looking house, a mile or more in length. The poor creature could scarce distinguish whether it were a mountain with its grottoes and forests, or a building constructed with wood and stone. Her tears had well nigh blinded her. "Where shall I find Death, she exclaimed—Death, who has carried off my child!" "Death has not yet arrived—answered an old, old woman, the guardian of the tombs. But how camest thou to find the way hither? Who came to thy aid?" "Heaven! —replied the mother—Heaven is ever merciful! And you too, you will have pity on me? My babe! where is my babe?" "I know not, said the old woman, but thou canst not see it. Many a flower, many a tree has withered and faded this night. Death will be here soon to transplant them. Thou knowest without doubt that every human being has its own tree and flower, born, living, and dying with itself. They look indeed like any other tree or flower, but there is a heart beating within. Hasten then to the field of Death—It may be that thou shalt recognise thy child. But what wilt thou give me if I tell thee what to do?" "I have nothing to offer thee said the mother,—but I will go for thee to the ends of the world."—"And what thinkest thou I shall gain by that?—here broke in the old woman? No, thou shalt give me thy long glossy locks, they are so beautiful. I must have them, and thou shalt take in exchange these gray hairs of mine."—"Is that all you ask?—cried the mother—Oh! I will give them with joy." And she exchanged her dark flowing tresses for the grizzly hair of the old hag. Then they went together to the field of Death, where the trees and the flowers were crowded together in a wonderful manner. The mother, holding her breath to suffocation, bent over the tiny flowers, listening to the beatings of their human heart. "There! there it is!" she cried out aloud, stretching her trembling hands towards a delicate little blue flower that hung down its sickly head. She had recognized her infant's flower amid a million of others. "Touch not that flower,—said the old woman—remain here, and when Death comes—and he will make no long tarrying by the way,—forbid him to pluck it, for that thou wilt tear up the others. He will fear to injure it, for he is answerable before Heaven for these trees and flowers, and without permission from on high no one may do them harm."—She did not wait long before an icy wind sighed heavily through the long alleys of that huge garden, like the distant echo of sobs and piteous wailings. Death stood before the trembling woman. "How hast thou found the path that leads to this?—he sternly demanded—How is it that thou hast arrived before me?" "I am a mother"—was the simple reply. Death reached his hand towards the tiny blue flower, the mother in fearful agony caught his arm, clasping it with superhuman force. But Death breathed on her hands, and the poor creature fell powerless to the ground. The old man's breath was more piercing than the wind. "Thou

canst do naught against me;" said Death. "Heaven's might is greater than thine," murmured the woman, almost dead with anguish. "'Tis true—replied Death—I take these trees and these flowers, and I transplant them into the great garden of Paradise, the unknown land. But I cannot tell what passes there, nor do I know how they grow." "Oh! give me back, give me back my child"—was all she could say; and she prayed and wept; suddenly she seized two lovely flowers, fresh and erect, one in each hand, and she cried aloud to Death. "I will tear up these flowers, for thou hast brought me to despair!"—"Touch them not—answered Death—thou sayest thou art so miserable, and yet wouldst render another mother as wretched as thyself!"—"Another mother!—stammered the poor woman, and her hands opened of themselves and relaxed their grasp. "Look beside thee," resumed Death, "look into that abyss. I will tell thee the names of the two flowers that thou wouldst tear up. Thou shalt behold their whole future life, their whole future existence. See what thou wouldst have destroyed" Then she gazed into the abyss, and a charming spectacle opened before her eyes. One of these flowers diffused joy and happiness wherever she flourished—she was beloved by all—the blessings of all alighted upon her. Then the career of the other flower was unrolled before her. Her life, crossed by unnumbered woes, was full of suffering and sorrow. "It happens to both according to the will of heaven," said Death. "Which is the flower of the unfortunate, which that of the happy?" she asked with eagerness. "I may not tell thee," answered Death, "thou may'st only know that one of their existences is that of thine own child." "Oh! tell me, tell me, which of these two destinies is that of my child! Save an innocent creature, save my child from all these woes! Take it from this earth. Bear it to the unknown land. Forget my tears, forget my entreaties, forget all that I have done." "I do not understand thee,—said Death—Dost thou wish me to restore thy child, or must I bear it to the unknown land, where all is a mystery to thee?" The unhappy mother wrung her hands in the anguish of her heart, then falling on her knees she exclaimed: "Oh God! Thou knowest what is best. Hear not my prayer if it be contrary to thy will! Oh, hear me not! Listen not to me!" Her head drooped upon her breast. When again she raised it, death had disappeared and her little babe was gone to the unknown land.

A "FRIEND INDEED" TO THE FARMER AND MILLER.

We grind corn now-a-days very much in the same way that they ground it in the days of Noah. In the patriarchal ages, they did not know how to separate the husk of wheat from its meally kernel, and forty centuries of trial have not taught us moderns the secret. In those early days, they had hit on the plan of placing wheat in the hollow of one stone, and grinding husk and kernel together into meal by the attrition of another stone turning rapidly in the hollow of the first; and we have done nothing to improve the process beyond giving the stones a better shape, and attaching a more elaborate and effective apparatus for giving them motion. In later historical times, the Lombards were famed for engineering and mechanical skill; after them Holland became notable for her corn-mills moved by the wind: and at this day France is pre-eminent for the goodness and cheapness of her corn-manufacture. The superiority of the French, however, has been due less to themselves than to their country. We will show how this has been so hitherto, and

why it may cease to be so in future.

Two of the primary requisites for making good flour are good corn and good stones to grind it. France is favoured in both respects. Her climate is genial, even where her soil is ungenerous: if her corn is not of the bulk or heart that it might be, still it is ripened so perfectly that the husk scales off, and the kernel falls into powder, with a readiness not known in humid England. Her mill-stones, too, unite beyond all (save those of Belgium) the adamantine hardness with toughness which the miller requires. Once properly chiselled to a rough cutting face, they are longer than any others in being worn smooth by the corn. The Frenchman's corn is better; his grinding-stones are better; and his climate so dries and cools his meal that he can sift it through a finer sieve. In respect of stones, we need not be at much disadvantage; for we can get *his* stones, or the superior stones of Belgium, by sea-carriage for little greater prices than he himself can get them by land-carriage. In respect of corn, too, we can approach a par; for we can buy his corn, and improve our own by the mixture. Still, it costs less to import corn as flour, than as corn; and so the French miller saves the freight of the refuse which the English miller imports with the raw unmanufactured article. But the French miller's advantage of climate in drying the meal, is one that hitherto seemed so peculiar to his country that he must always retain it, and be the better for it in the competition with our millers. By favour of that dryness of climate, the meal more readily escapes from the stones, so that the stones yield meal at a faster rate and of a better quality; and then the meal can be "dressed" or sifted by the gentle force of gravity through the delicate silken gauze,—producing a much whiter and finer quality of flour; while in this moist climate, the clammy meal cannot be turned out of the stones so fast or so finely powdered, and it is totally impossible to sift it except by buffeting and powerfully brushing it through a gauze of strong metal wire.

Our problem has been, therefore, to imitate the drying action of the French climate. An English engineer, Mr. Bovill, of the firm of Swayne and Bovill, in Abchurch Lane, accomplished this task; and we think his invention of such national importance that we give our readers a full explanation of it.

Almost every one knows, that in a corn-mill the corn is ground by two circular stones of some four feet diameter: the lower stone is fixed, and the upper stone revolves horizontally close above it, at a high velocity, on a vertical axis. The surface of both stones is chiselled across into sharp-edged grooves. The corn finds its entrance between the stones through a hole in the centre of the upper stone, called the eye. As the upper stone flies round, the grain is abraded and crushed, and the resulting meal is carried outwards by the centrifugal force. The path taken by each grain of corn is experimentally discovered by passing through the stones a small lump of French chalk. The chalk describes a volute on the lower stone, of more than one complete revolution, before it falls over the outer edge; and while it makes this journey, the upper stone has travelled nearly a mile and a quarter over its head. The grain is crushed by the first few revolutions of the stone, and a large portion of flour is produced, which has to travel the path described from the centre to the periphery. If the stones were unclogged with flour already made, they would grind much faster and better. But the lagging meal impedes the action of the stones, and muffles and deadens the cutting edges. Thus, meal is seriously injured by the repeated grinding which it suffers after it has been pulverized sufficiently. The immense friction which it undergoes at the last stages of its journey—when the surface of the upper stone is chafing over it at from fifteen to eighteen miles an hour—generates

so much heat that it rises twenty-five degrees above the temperature of the original grain. As the millers say, the meal is "killed"; the "heart is taken out of it"; and it must be stored in sacks for a fortnight, or three weeks, or a month, before it can be dressed into flour and bran. In hot moist weather fermentation is inevitable, and a deteriorated flour is the result.

Mr. Bovill remedies these evils by creating a powerful current of air through the mill-stones: a fan blowing-machine drives the air into the eye of the upper stone, which is so arranged that the powerful current passes from the centre outwards between the grinding surfaces, carrying with it every particle of flour as fast as it is produced from the grain, before it has time to be subjected to the injurious friction and heat of the stones. The idea of driving a stream of air through the stones had been tried already, but had always failed till Mr. Bovill contrived his patent apparatus, which at once drives the air into the eye of the upper stone, and sucks it away from the outer edges of both stones. The conjoined effect of the blast and the draught is most striking. As the meal flies out, its place is occupied instantaneously with unground corn, and the grinding accelerated. The stones are worked in closer contact; and being freed from the soft medium of flour, the bran is more perfectly cleaned, the unground corn is more rapidly and keenly cut by the clean grooves, the meal is generated more rapidly, and it flows into the bin at a temperature averaging only about ten degrees above that of the original corn. Instead of needing to be stored a fortnight or a month, it is dressed instantaneously. An endless strap, mounted with metal buckets—like a Persian water-wheel—carries up into the silken dressing-machine the meal as it falls perpendicularly from the stones; and that lighter portion which is known by the millers as "stive," and is lost in ordinary mills, is wafted away by the draught, and carried into a chamber whose walls are made of a porous fabric which arrests every particle of flour as the air strains through it.

From the operation of the blast of air just described, wheat, however damp and badly harvested, can be ground with as great facility as that in good condition; the effect being, that the current of air passing between every minute particle of meal in the operation of grinding, carries off all the surplus moisture. To farmers and millers in damp seasons this will be acknowledged as of no trifling importance; and the millers of Ireland, who have always to kiln-dry their home-grown corn at great expense and loss, have here a means of relief, now that Lord Naas has not succeeded in obtaining "protection" for them.

At Deptford there is a Government mill, where four groups of stones, six pairs of stones in each group, are turned by steam power, about four horse-power to each pair of stones. The machinery is the best sort of machinery of the description now in general use. Messrs. Swayne and Bovill had liberty from the Lords of the Admiralty to fit up one of these groups of six pairs of stones with their apparatus: the following are the comparative results of a trial lately made between the group thus fitted up and one of the other groups working as usual. The task was the grinding of twenty-five quarters of mixed red and white wheat; the wheat ground on the patent plan costing 4*s*. per quarter less than the other.

The time consumed was, in the old mode, 9 hours 50 minutes; in the new mode, 6 hours 30 minutes—as nearly as possible one-third less time, and with only three pairs of stones. The produce was, by the old system, 11,818 pounds of meal; by the new mode 11,893 pounds of meal—75 pounds more produce. The meal, when dressed, gave by the old mode, 9889 pounds of flour of the first quality—by the new mode, six pounds less; by the old mode, no flour of the second quality—by the new mode, 243 pounds; by the old mode, 424 pounds of flour of the "middlings" quality—

by the new mode, 706 pounds; by the old mode, 1505 pounds of refuse, in the shape of pollard and bran—by the new mode, only 1058 pounds of such refuse. The worth of the produce was, by the old mode 58*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*—by the new mode, 59*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* It resulted, therefore, in this trial, that the new machinery ground and dressed at the same time above 50 per cent more of corn with three pairs of stones, and gives the produce 2¼ per cent more valuable. In this trial about one-sixth more coal was consumed by the engine in driving the new machinery than in driving the old, in consequence of only three pairs of stones being worked on the new plan: the cost of this extra quantity of coal, in the port of London, would be from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; so the necessary correction will be fully made if we reduce the increased *value* of the produce from the above estimate of 2·5 per cent to 2·25 per cent, leaving untouched the gain from difference in cost of wheat. On the other hand, we believe this experiment gave a result of increased produce below the practical average of the new mode.

For a more extensive practical experiment, upon 500 quarters with six pairs of stones, employed on both the old and new systems, has been completed this week, in manufacturing biscuit-meal for the Navy: the results of which are as follow.

500 qrs. wheat weighed, at 60 lbs. per bushel, 240,000 lbs.

6 pairs of stones with Bovill's patent.
500 qrs. ground and dressed in 9 days.
Coals consumed, 20 tons 2 cwt.
Men employed, 2 men and 1 boy.

Produce—	
Biscuit-meal, 742 sacks 56 lb or lb	207,816
Offal, pollard, and bran	25,872
Loss in grinding and dressing.. ...	6,312
	240,000

6 pairs of stones with Government millers on old system.

500 qrs. ground and dressed in 17 days.

Coal consumed, 25 tons 16 cwt.
Men employed, 8 men,

Produce—	
Biscuit-meal, 721 sacks 233 lb or lb	202,113
Offal, pollard, and bran..............	29,344
Loss in grinding and dressing	8,543
	240,000

Here is a less loss by 2231 pounds of flour in the process of manufacture, and 21 sacks more flour produced, with nearly six tons less coals consumed; and two men and a boy performed all this in nine days, which required eight men seventeen days to do on the old system,—a saving of at least four-fifths of the cost of labour. But as no portion of the dust or "stive" is lost under the patent system, the apparent waste of 6312 pounds is entirely the result of evaporation produced by the drying effect of cold air upon the meal in the process of manufacture. The highly intelligent and responsible manager of the Government mill rates the grinding power by the new mode at 100 per cent, instead of at 50 per cent, beyond that of the old mode. Each of the stones on the new plan, it will be seen, grinds above 8 bushels per hour instead of 4 bushels, the rate of grinding upon the system hitherto adopted.

We think that these figures show that the minute explanations we have given of this invention are not disproportioned to its importance. Mr. Dives, the extensive miller at Battersea, has for some time past been working entirely on Mr. Bovill's principle with great success, and his flour is preferred by the best London bakers to the finest French marks. Messrs. White, Ponsford, and Co., who have spent about 80,000*l.* in erecting the largest mill in this country on the river-side some two hundred yards below Blackfriars Bridge, will commence operations shortly; the whole of the machinery being constructed by Mr. Bovill on his patent system. The scale of its operations and the worth of Mr. Bovill's invention may be surmised from our statement that the firm will grind from 7000 to 8000 sacks of flour per week entirely upon his patent.

In addition to these large firms, we believe there are numerous intelligent millers in various parts of the country who are availing themselves of the invention.—*Spectator*, *July* 19.

NICOTINE.

(Translated from the French.)

THE trial that has lately terminated at Mons in the capital conviction of the Count de Bocarmé and the unaccountable acquittal of his wife, has naturally drawn public attention to a poison hitherto but little known, the terrible effects of which, united to the inability of the profession either to counteract it or to discover its traces, have created a very general and a very uneasy sensation. This poison is called Nicotine. The present is the first instance of its being employed for guilty purposes. The extensive notoriety given to it by the recent trial rendered it incumbent on men of science to restore tranquillity to the minds of the uninitiated, and with this view a chemist of Bruxelles, named Stas, undertook a series of experiments on the subject, the result of which he publicly mentioned in Court.

Nicotine was for the first time extracted by Posselt and Reimann from various species of *nicotiana*, and from the *macrophylta rustica* and *glutinosa*," in which it appears to exist in the form of an acetate. It is an alkaline substance, liquid, transparent, nearly colourless, of an odour resembling that of tobacco, of a harsh taste that burns the tongue and is difficult to remove. It makes turnsol paper turn blue—distils at 140°,—and decomposes at 246°, diffusing a white smoke that gives a brownish hue to curcuma paper. It mixes readily with water—is easily dissolved in ether—and with acids forms a salt, more or less crystalline, of a hot and sharp tobacco flavour, devoid of colour, and soluble in either alcohol, or water, but not in ether. The action of Nicotine on the animal economy of course greatly depends on the quantity of water it contains; in the inverse ratio to the quantity of water is the action of the poison. When tolerably pure, one or two drops suffice to produce complete intoxication, and would cause death to the inferior animals, such as dogs, &c. &c. A single drop applied to the eye of a middling sized dog will cause him to run rapidly round and round for a few seconds, when he turns giddy, reels to and fro, and almost immediately falls over on his *right side*. Convulsive movements agitate his limbs, and the muscles of the upper part of the body becoming rigid, death ensues in two or three minutes. On opening the body the tissues that came in contact with the Nicotine will be found much inflamed and dried up as if by ammoniac.

This is all that was known of the properties of Nicotine until the recent experiments of M. Orfila have proved that it is quite possible to detect its traces in the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, the lungs, and even in the blood itself. There are two modes of detection.

First Method.—Macerate the suspected matter for several hours in five or six ounces of distilled water, infused with from three to six drops of concentrated sulphuric acid: there will be formed a soluble sulphate of nicotine. Pass this carefully through a filter, and then evaporate it in a *balneum Mariæ* until it is reduced to about one-third of its former volume. Let this again be filtered, in order to separate the *organic matter* which has been deposited in considerable quantity during the evaporation. This twice filtered liquid, which is an acid, will be rendered alkaline by mixing in it a small quantity of pure Soda and Antimonial caustic, in order to transform the sulphate of nicotine into the sulphate of soda and nicotine: the latter is then extracted by one of these two methods. Distil the liquid in a retort heated in an open fire, and the matter will condense in a globe plunged in cold water. The

liquid collected in the recipient will be found to be an alkaline composed of water and nicotine, with a small proportion of ammoniac proceeding from the decomposition of the organic matter contained in the liquid subjected to distillation. By again having recourse to the *balneum Mariæ* the ammonia and the water will volatilise, and the nicotine alone will remain. But a better method is to pour sulphuric ether on the liquid rendered alkaline by the soda, because the ether dissolves the nicotine without touching the sulphate of soda and without sensibly affecting the organic matter. Then pour off the etherized solution and let it evaporate in the open air: the nicotine alone will remain.

Second Method.—Macerate the suspected matter for several hours in sulphuric ether, which dissolves the nicotine—as well that which is free as that which may have been converted into soap by the fatty matter contained in the organs. This conversion into saponaceous matter is observable in all cases. Pour off and evaporate in the open air, and if a fatty product be obtained, mix it with antimonial caustic to decompose the soap and set free the nicotine. Then proceed as before, either by heating the mixture in a still on an open fire, or—which is better—by again acting upon it with ether.

M. Stas made use of oxalic acid instead of sulphuric acid, and employed alcohol to get rid of the organic matter; but M. Orfila gives the preference to sulphuric acid, of course very much diluted—otherwise, it would decompose the matter.

GREAT CIRCLE SAILING.

A voyage to Australia has been made in an unusually short space of time, by adopting the system of Great Circle Sailing, which was brought before the Admiralty about two years since by Mr. John Towson. This new feature in navigation is of such obvious truth and decided advantage, that is is only surprising that navigators have waited till this time of day to adopt so self-evident a fact. The principle is thus popularly explained.

The unprecedentedly short voyage made by the Constance has been acknowledged to have arisen from the application of a simple scientific principle to navigation, by which a month has been saved from the average time occupied by modern voyages. There is nothing visionary or abstract in the principle on which this improvement is founded; but it is one that has obtained the universal consent of civilized mankind—that this earth is a globe. But as a practical principle, this fact has been too much disregarded by the mariner. His chart is a plane, and by it he has been accustomed to navigate the ocean, and we can scarcely persuade him that the positions of distant lands are otherwise than they appear on the chart. This error was of little importance whilst the Mediterranean Sea was the principle seat of commerce, and the transit of the Atlantic Ocean was an event of rare occurrence. Then it was that Mercator's Chart was received from the hand of its inventor as a most acceptable boon to the navigator. But now a very different order of circumstances exists. The members of the same British family are antipodal to each other, and the chart of half the earth's circumference is more frequently employed than that of the Atlantic had been a few score years since.

Under these circumstances, the Mercator's Chart has become inadequate to meet all the requirements of the navigator. He is now called on by men of science to regard the earth's true form, and

undertakes voyages to distant lands, to take into consideration the circumstance that the chart is an artificial contrivance, which in many instances may lead him to false conclusions.

To avoid the erroneous conclusions drawn from Mercator's Chart, we would refer the mariner to a work published by the British Admiralty two years since, entitled, 'Tables to facilitate the practice of great Circle Sailing,' constructed by Mr. John Towson. We do this with greater confidence, since by its aid the Constance emigrant ship has shortened her voyage at least a month. But he will undervalue these tables if he imagines it will only enable him to follow Captain Godfrey in his track to Australia, which route his late voyage has demonstrated to be the best practicable track. It is serviceable in all cases of voyages to regions situated at a great distance east or west of each other, both in shaping his track and in choosing his track when unfavorable winds prevail; for we are convinced that errors in both these particulars are of daily occurrence, arising from his disregarding the globular formation of the earth.

The track pursued by the Constance is denominated by the author of the work alluded to, "Composite Great Circle Sailing," and is usefully employed when the Great Circle route would lead to impracticable latitudes. In the Southern oceans it is peculiarly applicable, since in Captain Godfrey's maximum latitude, 50°, favourable winds continually prevail for going out by the Cape and coming home by the Horn. To Australia 900 miles is saved, and in a voyage to New Zealand 100 miles more. Besides this advantage, the region of storms is avoided. Around the Cape of Good Hope is the only track in which storms prevail which an emigrant ship has to pass after she has crossed the tropic of Capricorn. In future voyages the mariner, by following Captain Godfrey's track, will, to use a sea term, "give the Cape a wide berth;" so that we may anticipate that voyages on Captain Godfrey's track will not only be completed in a shorter period than previously, but that this improvement in navigation will confer the additional advantage of greater degree of safety from wreck.

We are assured by scientific men who are peculiarly qualified to give an opinion on this question, that the system of Great Circle Sailing offers immense advantage:—and we find America and several Continental States are already adopting Mr. Towson's table.—*Year Book of Facts*, 1851.

from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle: hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive*; *but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to

DECEMBER, MDCCCLII.

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FOR

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

ERRATA.

Page 72, col. 2, line 4, from top dele "

Do. „ do. line 7, „ do. „

Page 73, col. 2, line 1, from bottom ; for "name" read "frame."

Page 74, col. 2, line 22, from top ; for "most" read "mort."

Page 75, col. 1, line 15, from top ; for "Pugdens" read "Sugdens."

Page 76, col. 2, line 16, from bottom ; for "squallid" read "squalid."

Page 78, col. 2, line 22, from bottom ; for "triends" read "fiends."

Page 80, col. 2, line 10, from bottom ; for "hush" read "knock."

Page 81, col. 1, line 11, from top ; for "colloqing" read "colloguing."

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RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

CHAPTER VII.

I had long been in the position of an only child. Immediately on the breaking out of the cholera, and before my father had been attacked, my little sisters had been sent off in terror to a maternal aunt, who was married to the British Consul at Copenhagen. They had thus escaped the frightful epidemic, but it had been only a nominal escape. The intense cold of the first winter had affected the strength of both of them (they were twins) and we had not been long at Stagnum, and had but just began to look forward to their complete restoration by the mild climate of that neighbourhood, when we received the melancholy information of their having died within six weeks of one another. It was then that my poor mother's anxiety about me became the one feeling of her life, one that was destined to outlast all others; and, when at length it yielded to disease, it but slumbered in abeyance and revived with full force on the mysterious frontier of another world.

One beautiful morning in May, my poor mother, whose infirmities now confined her almost entirely to her room, despatched me to the Rectory to ask Doctor Warren to come over and consult with her on a note, of which I was at once the bearer and, so she gave me to understand, the subject.

Although himself in the decline of life, the good parson could thank heaven for a comfort rarely enjoyed at his age, the society of a parent about twenty-five years older than her son. Mrs. War-

ren was now verging on the extreme limits allotted to human existence, yet such was her vigour of constitution, and such the unruffled serenity of her disposition, that to a chance visitor there appeared but little disparity in their years. It was not till familiar with the house, that one marked by the tender reverence of the boy-hearted old man, how fresh the feelings are, when founded on principle and undepraved by selfishness.

On entering the Rector's drawing-room—a picture of domestic comfort—I found the old lady on her wonted seat. A pair of tortoise-shell spectacles was on her nose, and she was working very hard, as she believed, upon a morning cap, the counterpart of one she wore. Her prayer book and bible were on a little table close to her sofa, together with a silk handkerchief and a gold snuff box, for both the old lady and her son indulged in the antiquated fashion, and partook in a moderate degree of black Rappee and Hardham's thirty-seven. Her two grand-daughters were with her. Miss Eleanor, the eldest, was on the old lady's knee, assisting her, while Martha sat at the table making up baby linen for the poor.

I have mentioned that these young ladies had been my earliest friends at Stagnum, and it will be readily believed that it was greatly to my advantage that I grew up in the society of two sweetly disposed and well-bred girls. Their mother had died during my acquaintance with the family, but not before they had received, at the period when it is most necessary, the tender cares which our English mothers can so well bestow: since the lamented event by which they had been deprived of her, her lessons had been well maintained in their minds by their grandmother, and by the gentle-hearted parent who was still left to them. The eldest grew up a very fine young woman, with bright eyes, red lips, and a great quantity of soft brown hair; while Martha, though less gifted with personal advantages, was even still more amiable than her sister. Debarred by too keen a sense of her ungainly aspect from enjoying the amusements into which Eleanor entered with the high spirits natural to her youth and constitution, the younger Miss Warren pursued in silent simplicity the "even tenour of her way." Nothing was ever so plain or more attractive; while Eleanor charmed you by her natural impulsive manners, and by her laugh, so ready but so musical; Martha had a tender light in her soft blue eye, and a modest goodness about her whole demeanour, that drew to her the love of all true hearts. I know now that I was not in love with either of them, but I certainly thought I was at the time; with both, I am afraid, or at any rate with the one I last talked to.

Old Mrs. Warren motioned to me to come and sit by her on the sofa and sent the note I bore, into her son's study. "So, you have left Mr. Cope's, Charles?" said Mrs. Warren. "I suppose we must call you Mr. now, and treat you like a man."

I looked very awkward, and didn't know what to say.

"Yes," cried Miss Warren, "and now that he has left off jackets, I suppose the next thing will be to fall in love; have you

never met Miss Eversfield, Mr. Freeman, since she came back from London?"

"No, Nelly," said I—for I was resolved not to be put down without a struggle—"and if I am expected to fall in love with her, I don't wish to; I saw her carriage at Mary Maunder's door though, as I came along, just now."

"Ah," said Martha, "that is just like her; always doing something for the poor; it is not right to be envious, but if we must not wish for her means, I own I should like to have her disposition."

"Oh, Martha," cried her sister.

"Martha is a very good girl," said their grandmother gravely, "and would do more if she had more means, I have no doubt. In my younger days there were no girls exactly in your position, my dears; the fine ladies spent all their money on dress and fooleries in some large town; and those who lived in the country wore pinafores, and attended to the kitchen and the dairy; but somehow I don't think the poor *were* so poor."

Martha blushed at finding herself the object of notice, and the old lady proceeded—

"It is the fashion to patronize the poor now; the fine ladies that come down to the Wells in September do a great deal of harm."

"Nay, Granny," said both the girls in a breath, "you must allow they are very, *very* kind. . ."

"Conceited noodles," said Mrs. Warren, complacently, and taking a little snuff.

"Truly religious," said Eleanor.

"And spend a great deal of money," suggested Martha, anxious to say something for people with whom she, in her quiet way, had no idea of ever competing.

"They mean to do good, I know, but like poor old Lady Georgina they would do more by leaving well alone. You do not know how distasteful it is to a cottager of any spirit, this interfering patronage on the part of people who either think charity consists in money alone, or that the gift of one hand justifies the meddling of the other. Truly with them the right hand knows what the left hand doeth."

Conceiving myself appealed to, and being fresh from my first perusal of Adam Smith, I answered somewhat abruptly. ...

"To consider wealth to be entirely representable by money, is the root of all errors in Political Economy" . . . . "Why, what have we here?" cried the Rector gaily, as he entered the apartment.

"One of Granny's tirades against Lady Georgina and the charities of the Hall," replied his eldest daughter, "followed somehow by a lecture from this mature philosopher."

"The boy is right," said the Doctor," it is written 'man shall not live by bread alone,' a truth the good people at the Hall sometimes ignore. But come, Charles, let us go to Mrs. Freeman; good bye, girls; Mother, do you want anything down the town? I shall be back soon!"

"No, nothing my boy," said the dame to her infant of sixty-five: "take care of yourself, and God bless you."

The good Doctor kissed his hand to them, and we sallied forth into the fields.

CHAPTER VIII.

If the morning had been beautiful when I entered the doors of the Rectory (and I well remember that it was so) how much more lovely was it as the Doctor and myself strolled out into the "liquid noon." Long wooed, the coy season was at length won; the trees were whispering, the shrubs sighing, the happy birds had forgotten all their troubles, and filled the place with their harmonious discord; and every created thing from man to the new born May-fly, testified, after its kind, to the bounty of young summer.

The old Clergyman's manly heart was full. He looked abroad upon field, wood, and hamlet; all of them he knew and loved, the hamlets especially, for *there* was a source of interest which material things alone could never give to him. He was no enthusiast of convention to fall at the feet of nature in affected slavish adoration, while he closed his eyes to the far more direct impress of Deity in the last and most perfect of the divine works. To him a suffering widow, a strong manly woodman, was matter of far deeper, more awakening interest than the fairest uplands of his lovely country: nature might sing a chorus to his mental ear, but man was the melody it followed evermore.

"The wheat is hardly up sufficiently to green over the earth yet. We shall look less arid in another month," said the Rector, "but you won't be here to see it my boy." "Indeed, sir! where shall I be?" "Why," twisting the note and handling it as he would a pinch of his favorite mixture—"your mother did not indeed mention that she had told you, but I supposed she had."

"My mother was a little reserved with me, as with every one, so I was silent in the hope that my curiosity would be satisfied."

"You must know of it presently," pursued the parson, "her scheme only awaits my approval, and that is already given, subject to your worshipful acquiescence. You know that we had withdrawn you from the care of my friend Cope, because he was going to his new living near Oxford. But we have so high an opinion of his kindness and scholarship, that we have been ever since trying to persuade him to continue his care toward you till you are fit for the University. After considering the matter, he has written to say that the size of his Parish and the amount of his duties will justify him in resuming on a small scale those tuitional pursuits which he has always liked so much; he means to take three or four pupils, (which, with his reputation, he will always find it easy enough to do) and your mother wants my advice about sending you there. You know my high opinion of Basil, and I am sure you like and respect him yourself."

I gave, at once, my warm assent. His piety and his high-church principles were at that time equally dear to me.

"That is well," cried the Rector, "and as to the fears Mrs. Freeman alluded to in her note, I can only say, I do not share them; Basil wants to restore the vitality of the church. According to her present constitution and principles

this may be as difficult, as with certain modifications it would be desirable, but he is a Protestant Clergyman, and he is too sensible, too honest a man not to see how impassable is the gulf between Protestantism and Rome."

I was all attention during this short speech; I knew the good Rector disapproved of many of his quondam Curate's practices, and I had been fearfully awaiting a sterner sentence: blinded by the ardent bigotry of youth, I had yet to learn how easily a good man will make any allowances, to be able to co-operate with one, whose principles he believed to be correct. My Protestant guardian was a friend to all true religion: he was an Israelite without guile, and a genuine Catholic.

Let no one think this conversation unimportant. Your own life may remind you that it has taken its colour from passages apparently quite as insignificant.

"At your age"—pursued my guardian—"it is impossible that religious opinions of any value can be formed."

I hastened to assure him that mine were quite settled: and that I was a devoted son of the Church of England.

The old man looked at me with a melancholy smile, which, recurring on all that has happened since, I could almost deem prophetic. "Well," he continued, "very well; but there are times, believe me, in the life of every thinking man, when startling difficulties will present themselves on these subjects. In trying to worship God, we have three or four substitutes which separately, or in conjunction, seek to deceive us; we are tempted to worship ourselves or others."

"I will endeavour," said I, "to arm my mind against these; I think I apprehend you; Romanism is the worship of man, and Rationalism of our ownselves."

"I did not say so," replied the Rector, "but something of the kind I mean: should you wish to give your inner man nutritious food during the struggle, I presume you would read on the subject."

"Indeed, I should; the beautiful works of our English Divines............"

"Are very striking no doubt, but in the whole catalogue of English Divines who have been members of the Established Church, I can only mention two who quite meet the two enemies I have alluded to. The remedy for self-worship is pointed out in the Analogy and Sermons of Butler; the antidote to the worship of human dogma cannot be found anywhere short of Chillingworth."

I was mortified. The two he had mentioned were no favourites with my tutor; for Butler, he had neither need nor intellect; while Chillingworth's doctrine that a man is not responsible for unintentional errors of opinion, always seemed to Cope's unshaken but narrow faith, the most odious latitudinarianism. The great names on *his* list had not been mentioned, nay, had been passed over with positive disparagement, by my guardian; Jeremy Taylor, South, Bull, and Andrews were to be left alone, or merely read as striking writers. I was greatly disappointed.

"Read the two I have mentioned, if you read Divinity at all," pursued Doctor Warren. "A hundred honest men of equal power of mind will name a hun-

dred different theological schemes, and fancy they are founded on Scripture; but you will not find them differing one iota as to the ethics of the sacred writings. Good morning, Mr. Cox;" this salutation was addressed to the grocer, who was standing at the door of his shop from whence he retreated with a sulky bow as we passed by.

"Cox is ashamed to meet me since he joined the dissenters," said the Rector.

"What a fearful step to take;" answered I; "no wonder he feels that he has done wrong."

"I didn't say that he has done so, much less would I presume to hint that he has done so knowingly." My guardian stood still in the road and took a violent pinch of snuff. I saw that he was warm. "Articles of religion," he continued after a pause, "were drawn up when our church was freed from the tyranny of Rome, which have been continued to the present time: these I have signed, and cordially acquiesce in their truth. But I do not think them any longer necessary: the country is in no danger from Popery now; and if by insisting on points that are not necessary, nor of divine institution, nay, which we only believe to be truths, as matters of opinion, we nullify the effects of our church and straiten it into the limits of a sect, I say that the guilt of Sectarianism is most plainly with us: are we then free from blame, as touching our brother? Have we done all we can to meet the want of which dissent evinces the existence? The bulk of the dissenters agree with us in doctrine, why then do they dissent? It is because we are not all they require. Are two sermons on Sunday, and an occasional visit of condescension from a 'great Scollard,' the friend, perhaps the brother of the squire, are these enough to meet a poor man's spiritual wants? Where are our deacons? Spruce lads of twenty-three, who will be priests when they are twenty-four. In other words, there are no deacons."

All this time I saw approaching us a man in an old velveteen jacket and boots half way up the calves of his legs, with whom I did not wish then and there to exchange greetings.

"How are you, Joe?" cried the Rector gaily; "I have not seen you lately."

"Thank you kindly," said Joe, "I have had a most of work up yonder of the Park, sir."

"Do you know that fellow?" I asked Warren as the poacher passed us.

"I should think I did, better than you do yourself, Master Charlie! What! you cut a man in public, because he is a blackguard. That's not the way to improve him; do you think it is?"

"Well, sir, I do know him, that's true. But a poacher, a horse stealer, a bigamist, what good can we do him?"

"Yet he has done us many a good turn, Charlie, when he takes us out shooting, or fishing, eh?"

I had nothing to answer; and, wiser than my wont, I held my tongue.

"Much good you may not do him; for he is as clever as you or I, and knows what a rascal he is. It is a mistake, against which I would warn you and all young men, to think that talent is at all necessarily allied to misconduct or eccentricity, but

it certainly aids whistling Joe in his malpractices. It would be better for him indeed if he were as lumpish as his friend Black Jack, who passes half his time in prison, or Goodman Giles yonder who pays his rent, and goes to church twice a Sunday; but a clever man with good conduct need never despair of success; he is a sort of balloon that will rise higher and higher the purer the social atmosphere by which he is surrounded. For one Burns we have Pundens, Whewells, Fergussons, by the score."

"Joe is certainly a hopeless case. But we have partly reclaimed him lately; Miss Eversfield wrote to Sir George the last time he was brought up for poaching, and he was not only dismissed without punishment, though the case was as clear as the moon by which he was seen snaring pheasants, (and by the same token licked the two game-keepers, but let them run off without injuring them, which shewed a good heart, for he saw that they had recognized him); but she has installed him, as you have no doubt heard, into the place of her head man whom she dismissed for his cowardice. Since then, Joe has done no poaching and woe betide any other man who should be bold enough to try his hand: and as for his other propensity, why I don't think he'll marry any more wives after the lecture we gave him that day. Still he is a great source of evil in the town; his manners are frank, he is no miser with his money, and all the young men are either his admirers or afraid of him."

"You mentioned Miss Eversfield," said I, "every one talks of Miss Eversfield. I wish I could see her."

We turned aside into a well-fenced paddock which was the play-ground of the school where I had been brought up, and where Cope had been succeeded for the present, by his usher, old Mr. Sharp. The boys looked up from their cricket to offer a respectful greeting to their late companion's newly donned frock coat. At the same moment we heard a tremendous clatter of hoofs; a horse was pulled up sharp, close by us, and a brilliant young woman descending without assistance, flung the reins to her groom and, followed by a tall deer-hound, approached my guardian and her own—it was Edith Eversfield.

"Well met, Reverend Father," cried the heiress of Blackhurst. "Boys, a half holiday, no more school to-day."

"How do you know, Marm?" asked a very little boy; "have you spoken to old Fluffy?"

"No, I'm going to, though. It's all right."

"Is it, though? by Jove, you're a—"brick, my young friend was going to add, I am sure, but evidently had his doubts as to whether the young lady would take it as a compliment; in the meantime she had patted the Rector's back and thrust her arm through his, without even looking towards me.

"It is an age since we met, sir!"

"Why did you not drive the ponies over," asked the Rector.

"For the best of all reasons; they are not at present mine to drive."

"Why, what have you done with them?"

For the first time she lost her self-possession. "Why, the fact is,

you know old Mary Maunder has been very ill, and Thompson recommended her exercise. But what exercise can an old solitary like her take? so I have just made her use the phaeton till she is strong enough to bear the weight of her pattens. She found it rather strange at first I believe, and George says she wanted to ride in the dickey with him; but now she puts on her scarlet cloak, and rolls along like a Duchess." She called to her groom, and was on horse back in an instant, crying out as she went that she was on her way to see Eleanor and dear Mrs. Warren.

Such was my first meeting with Edith. "One of the most charming creatures in the world," said the Rector, taking snuff with great satisfaction, "and very much improved, yet we are all trying to spoil her. Every one does what she wants. Sharp dare not refuse the half holiday, though he is ruining the school, and has had a hint on the subject from the Trustees. Here we are at home, and one word more, Charlie,—please don't fall in love with Edith."

CHAPTER IX.

It was soon settled, and I now looked upon myself as a citizen of the world. I cannot deny that as I wandered by the sea, or lost myself in the woods of Blackhurst, a feeling of tenderness existed that "the things which I beheld, I should see no more;" that the home of my childhood was receding from the young man, and that my future sources of happiness must be elsewhere. Some of this, I say, I felt; though I was not then aware how exquisitely sad would become the thoughts of that place when they came to be identified with CHANGE.

One of my last acts while still a boy at Stagnum (for boyhood ended when I left for Oxfordshire) was a fishing excursion, which I performed under the guidance of whistling Joe. On the morning in question I got up about half past three, and walked a matter of five miles to Joe's cottage, which stood in a little bit of garden and an acre of field, on the borders of a common that skirted the Blackhurst property. The cottage was pretty enough in such weather as it was then—I had seen it look tolerably desolate. The inside was at all times gloomy; there was one large room which served him for parlour and kitchen and all. Round this appeared all sorts of implements of the chase, while a rack over the ample chimney-piece supported a couple of fine fowling pieces, bright and with the caps on. The narrow windows (there were two of them,) were obscured with creepers, and the whole place with its yawning hearth, low roof, and smoke-black walls, bore a dismal and squallid look. At the call of my host his servant appeared up two little steps which led down to some still murkier den, a blear-eyed and dirty looking old woman. In a grumbling manner she flung down on the table some bread and cheese, and some home-made cider—all very good—and we were left to ourselves. "Be we goin' to troll, Master Charles?" asked my entertainer, with his mouth full. "If so be, there are some nice scoured worms as 'll catch us lots of minnows."

The conversation took a technical turn, and Joe had the arrangement all his own way, till he proposed to smear the dead baits with the contents of a little bottle which, he mysteriously hinted, was to be drawn from its concealment by certain metallic talismans. This I peremptorily declined, and his poaching spirit was forced to content itself with "lay-lines and trimmers," as long as I had any thing to do with the day's sport. Taking a final glance round the room, he thrust his book of hooks and lines into the capacious pockets of his velveteen coat, and stuffing some tobacco into a clay tube coloured to represent a cheroot, he opened the door, and motioned me to precede him. As I went out he stepped to a little cupboard, and the next moment followed me into the fresh morning air. By this time it was six o'clock. We soon got to our ground, and began to catch our little minnows for bait. A light rain had fallen during the night, the earth and grass were moist and fragrant, and the poor little fish bit as fast as we could throw in worms. We soon had enough, and adjusted our tackle as we walked along the banks looking for a good spot to begin our real and serious labours. After a delightful stroll on mossy banks, amongst blue bells and anemones and under the tender green of the new fledged boughs, we came to a rushing mill-dam which, one of the floodgates being up, let off a sufficient body of water, at the height of thirty feet, to create that commotion in the pools below, which some fish seem to enjoy so much. Here my companion, after offering me the choice of the holes. began to arrange his bait in the most elaborate manner, (standing all the time amongst some alders which grew down to the edge of the stream.) I was sooner satisfied, and having thrown in my bait—a live dace, supported by an enormous float—I lit my cigar, took out my pocket volume of Walton, and began to read. Oh! the pastoral fascination of that old book. Read it under the calm airs of late May, with all nature breathing busily and sweetly around you, and in your own breast the carefree spirit of eighteen. Happy man, if so you can read it!

My companion, less sentimental, was engaged with a seven-pound fish; and I had to go and help him with the landing net. Subject to such interruptions, and an occasional smell of a somewhat chemical character, I lay there the whole morning till some large drops of rain fell slowly on the leaves of my book. "Well, squire" cried Joe, "if ever I see the like; your float is down most beautiful. Bother! there it pops up; why I declare you 've lost your jack."

"Joe," said I, "if you were to read this book, you 'd see that it was wrong to say you 'd lost what you never had."

"'T aint much of a book, if that's all it's got in it," cried Joe, "but if ever any body had a fish, you had a five-pounder there. But it's a goin' for to rain, 'adn't we better move up yonder to the Eight Bells, and taste Master Toweraker's bacon and beer; or do you want to get a ducking?"

I admitted that the former was the more agreeable alternative, and with our rods over our shoulders, like carters' whips, we made the best of our way up the hill to Master Toweraker's. It was a

fine old house, close by the church, having formerly been the Parsonage, and still containing an iron hearth of the style and date of Charles the First's reign. Round this (when we turned the corner of the immense wooden screen) we found a knot of gentlemen in fustian coats, taking their pints of chilled beer, or cider, and sedately smoking their long clay pipes in that magnificent silence, which is the poetry and metaphysics of the English Clodpole. Our bacon was soon ready and despatched, and we joined the social circle at the chimney.

Joe had a great assumption of frankness about him, and would talk about himself and his adventures with great *sang-froid*, always taking care of his words and never letting out anything that could give a clue to conduct directly illegal; this he was as much on his guard against when drunk, as when sober.

Black Jack, (who loved to draw his friend out) was sitting with us, being just at the time enjoying one of his brief *non-carcerate* intervals. He was as stupid as an owl himself, and had the most slavish admiration for his brilliant associate, which he occasionally attempted to shake off, but never with much success. It was the old story of the influence of a strong mind over a weak one. "You was a rich man onst," said Jack.

"That was when I was in the spur line at Ripon" replied Joe with a knowing look, "and used to go to Doncaster."

"I've heard say you 've taken a matter of a 'undred pounds for one 'oss in them days?" asked Jack deferentially.

"Lord pity you," says Joe, "a 'undred!"

"You see, sir," continued Joe, "that if I'd only stuck to horse dealing, I might a been landlord of these 'ere blessed Eight Bells as we're now a settin in."

"Then why didn't you stick to that profession, Joe?" I enquired."

"Why you see, fust and I may say foremost, that 'ere profession would'nt stick to me altogether quite so tight as what it ought; and next, squire, I really do think it's owin' partly along of a queer customer I got hold of, sellin osses by oction."

"Blowed if he 'aint a goin' to tell the squire that ere precious old yarn about the cove with the head on his back. Don't believe a word on it, sir!" added Black Jack, patronizingly.

My curiosity was excited by this (for I am a firm believer in any thing marvellous, partly from a habit of giving implicit credence, when a child, to the disclosures of my nurse respecting that legion of friends who are constantly on the watch for the detection and punishment of bad boys and girls.)

"I'm going to begin a long way back," says Joe, so, Squire, with your leave I'll just lay the dust of antikity, with a little of this here barley water, pertikly recommended for dryness in the throat," with a leer at the assembly.

"Don't go on like a ass" said Black Jack, in a sort of growl, which seemed to issue out of a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Joe heeded not the interruption, but taking a pull at the pewter, proceeded with his tale.

Whistling Joe's Story.

"Mayhap you may have heard tell, Squire, of a time ever so long ago when them Turks over the wa-

ter used to whop all the Christians as went to Jerusalem, like as you might go now, only I've heard there was no steamers or busses like there is now ; however there were an old block of a Parson as got hold of the yarn and swore it should not be, so he up and asked all the gents he met for to put on armour, like the men in Lord Mayor show, and go out what he called crucifixing or palisading, or some such outlandish business ; the long and short of it was they were to go and light over in Egypt somewhere and whop them Turks for whipping the Christians. Well, there was a gent lived up at the castle in those days, as was greatly in love with a young woman as lived hard by, and she wouldn't have nothing to say to him, so off he goes in spite to the crucifixes."

"You used to call them Palisades," growled Jack.

"Well sir, as I was a goin' to tell you, this ere gent, he goes out and he fights like a bean, and kills ever so many of them Turks, and last of all there came home news as he were killed, so this ere sweetheart of his'n (she 'd been precious fond of him all the time, bless yer, only woman-like she didn't know her own mind) but she disappears regular and for good, as it were. Meantime home comes the cove in a precious way because he couldn't get killed, and the first thing ever he hears is about this ere fancy 'oman as was gone arter him to the Palisades (now I hope you're happy, eh Jack ?) So he was struck all of a heap ; first of all he was pleased, then he was sorry, and he pulls out about a bushel of hair (they weared it long in those days) between the two, for his joy was quite as out of the way as his grief. And while he was a goin' on like this, one of his friends comes to 'im, and he says, says he 'why don't you go and look arter her, I suppose you know the way,' says he, 'and there's a ship starts in a week ? Well this 'ere stupid head had never given it a thought, but in course when his friend had spoke up, he wondered he'd never thought of it afore ; however one way and another, he gets his duds packed up, and starts off. Now there wasnt'no Hominibushes, nor yet no coaches, so he was forced to ride a hossback, and off he goes to ketch the ship. Well, when he comes to this 'ere village, within about ten miles of Mudport, where the ship was to start from, his oss breaks down with a bit of a glass bottle or summut sharp that got into the frog of his off foreleg, as he was a trotting ; so he was obligated for to leave him behind as it might be at these ere very Eight Bells. Well sir, he knowed the ship was to start that very night, so he sends out all over the village to got a 'orse. But the people didn't seem to care whether he went or not : most of 'em had no 'osses and them as 'ad was gone to bed, and there was the devil and all to get 'em up ; and when they was up, they would'nt let their orses go away with a feller they never see afore in their born days. Well, in the midst of this, up comes a man running as if he was mad, (people always does, when they gets bad news to carry) and says as how the ship was sailed. Now when the cove hears this, he was struck all permiscuous, as it were, for he knowed there would be no more ships that year, 'cause the wars was over, and his young 'ooman

being all among the Turks, you know sir, why he thought nobody could'nt help her except hisself; so what does he do, but he goes into his bed room, and locks the door, and when they comed to call him for his breakfast they found him lying down with his head nearly cut off, and hanging by a thread, as you may say. Well they buried him, as they used to do, in four cross roads, and rammed a stake through him for to keep him down, and thought there were an end of him.

"But devil a bit. It soon began to get about that a gent was seen at people's windows at night trying to get a hoss, and asking for it in the most piteous way, only nobody never couldn't see his face.

"Well, about this time my grandfather."

"Your grandfather," says Jack, "your grandmother! I've told you half a dozen times, that them Crucifixes or whatever they be was a matter of two hundred years ago."

"Well, never mind that's how I heard the story; 'e was a very spectable farmer hereabouts, and one night they 'd been having some chaff over the fire, about all manner of ghosts and goblets, and he said as how he didn't believe 'em at all not by no means."

"How about the cove with his head behind him?" says one, (that were the name he went by, 'cause it were said his head couldn't raise up on to his neck along 'o the cut he gave it with his raziour, but hung down behind his back). "Why, says he, if he comes to me for a horse and pays the price I ask, dam-it, he shall have one."

"Well, sir, that same night when they was all asleep, there came a knocking at the gate, only no body heard it excepting my grandfather, who pops his head out of the window, and sees a kind of a smothered voice saying, 'My good man, be so good as to lend me a 'oss, for the ship sails this evening, and I shall be too late to save my dearest Elling.' My grandfather answered him very civilly that if he'd put down five pounds he should have the horse.

He gives' him the note in through the winder, and says with a kind of laugh like a steam engine goin' to bust. 'Now I've got you, my boy, I can help myself to the 'oss without you,' (he'd bin very civil spoken before), Grandfather was goin' to open the stable door, when he lends him a bang on the head, and grandfather sees nothing more. Least wise, that's the way I heard the story. However next morning they found the horse lying dead among the rocks at Mudport, and my grandfather had a paper in his hand when he woke, but it were only a half burnt pipe light: so he never knowed what to make of it, only he swore to that ere conversation. Sartin it is he took to drink, and lost all he was worth, and died in Jail."

"But what has all this (which is very probable) to do with your queer customer?"

"Why, I was a sellin some osses by oction here in the fair time when jest as I was a goin' to hush down one on 'em for £4-10*s*. I hears a fellow on the crowd say £5, "Gone to you" says I, when I caught the fellow's face. As I'm a living man, squire, and I never told a lie in my life excepting in a court of law, it was all upside down, and hanging over his back, I jumped down like mad out of my

perch and made for the place, but the cove was gone.

"Well, sir, I was then married to my last wife but two (now in Botimy Bay, rest her soul); I got such a turn I was obliged to take a drop of summut, and to cut it short I was drunk for three weeks; when I come to, I found that my wife and my partner 'ad been colloquing together and had got me to sign away all my stock-in-trade, and I adn't left so much as a physic ball to my name.

"So what with the shock and what with losing my 'osses and (all along of this cove, mind yer) I gave up hoss dealing and have never done any think particular that way since.

"By the bye I knows of a splendid tit for £15 as would jist suit you, Squire, the man as belongs to it wants guineas, but he'll let me have it for pounds."

Thanking him with as much reserve as I could command, I drew his attention to the fact that the rain was over, and paying the reckoning we left the house. As fortune ruled, that exact instant was the one that Miss Eversfield chose for riding past the door, and there we stood face to face. There could be no mistake. I was taken with the red hand (or at any rate red face, for I had not got out of the habit of blushing in those days). At the time of which I am writing nobody could conceive how sensitive I was to redicule, and here I certainly was in a false position. Edith reined her horse up evidently enjoying my confusion. Why it really is" said she, "the poet Freeman: I hope you are making the most of your society, sir? we shall expect an epic of the Eight Bells, or at least an ode to double X. Joe (who with all his acuteness of mind, was always respectful to his young mistress, and best friend) said nothing; I muttered something about the rain and hoped she had not got wet; altogether it was a ridiculous and painful scene; so, seeing that I was much more hurt than I had any occasion for, Miss Eversfield called me to her side, asked for my escort to the Park Gate, and during the half hour of our walk together, not only made no further allusion to what had happened, but conversed with a frankness that put me for the time into a fever of happiness; she was full of susceptibility, read almost every book that came out, and made all their finest thoughts her own. Never have I known a mind so high, so pure, so, in the good sense of the word, romantic, or so full of practical love of her race. I saw much, too much of Edith after this; the light fancy of the boy ushered in a deep abiding passion; alas! I can now have no reason to withhold the confession: cold and far shines that blessed planet now, but it is in all seasons the Star of my destiny, and must be so till the great teacher comes. Ah, Saint of Heaven! let thy pure beam shine upon the moonless waste of the past.

But the subject of our unhappy rencontre recurred afterwards to my mind, whenever I thought of her—which was nineteen hours of the twenty-four—and I was so disgusted with my home and its neighbourhood, that I forestalled the day of my departure for Oxfordshire by some weeks. Little did I then know what I was leaving, or what the new scene on which I was about to enter.

THE STUDENT TO HIS BELOVED.

"I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?"
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Why should I love thee? for thy step is light,
Thine eyes are laughing and thy brow is bright:
And I—am sad; thought's melancholy cloud
Enwraps my spirit, like a dead man's shroud.
And yet—I love thee—or this young heart's beat,
That vibrates wildly when our glances meet,
Is a false index; from disorder, frail,
Passing upon the soul an idle tale.
Like some storm-injured Dial, whose mad hour
Outspeeds the sun, upon a wind-swept Tower.

But I *do* love thee, and when twilight gray
Clos'd the sweet drama of a summer's day,
When the church bells gave out the evening chime,
I well remember at that pensive time,
By frequent question urg'd, thy blessed love
Burst gently through thy maiden dignity,
And, (who so happy then on earth as I?)
Fell from thy lips, like dew from heaven above.
And thou didst whisper me: that to thy heart
The empty laugh no gladness could impart;
That the vain son of pleasure and of joy
Was but at best a gaud, a tinsel toy;
That thought was manhood's most ennobling grace,
And brows of gravity—thy favourite face.

Yes! Isabel! hope once prophetic proved,
It was not self that told me I was loved.
Where have we learnt to love? what hidden might
Urged these two differing natures to unite?
What taught the thoughtful one to seek his rest
On the gay-hearted maiden's gentle breast?
What taught that maid to turn from outward charms,
And lend her beauty to the dreamer's arms?

Knowledge, saith Plato, is but memory,
Some dim remembrance of what used to be:
And so I deem, this trick of love had birth
Before our spirits lit upon this earth:
Yes, we had mingled in some brighter sphere,
And met as friends, in exile doubly dear.

M.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN INDIA.

No. I

The position of the English in India, while it is surprising in every point of view, is perhaps most so, and most interesting in respect of the wide difference in religious opinions and practice between the Rulers and the ruled. The Christian Church in India is truly a fact quite unique and unprecedented in the history of mankind, and no reflecting mind can view this fact without a deep impression of its importance on the future development of the human race. On the Rulers according to their conduct in proclaiming; on the Ruled according to their reception of the proclamation.

The state of religion among the English on our first acquirements of territory in this country; and the state of religion among the natives of India, are worthy points of notice. In both countries the strictly religious spirit was greatly dormant. The 18th Century has been remarked most repeatedly by religious writers as that of indifference. On the continent of Europe this indifference was taken advantage of by numerous writers who, exposing the groundlessness of the doctrines usually preached, and the ill-accordance of the lives of the professors with their exhortations, succeeded in changing indifference into scorn, and scorn into hatred. In England, there not being the same extent of ill-considered doctrine to impugn, and the lives and conduct of religious professors and preachers being far less reprehensible; the functions also of the clergy interfering far less with the liberties and consciences of the people; the indifference to religion was not fanned into scorn or roused to hatred. This period succeeded as a calm after the great storm of the Reformation, and after the subsiding struggles for superiority of Presbyterianism, and High and Low Churchism. It is not unworthy of remark that in this calm, considered by religious writers to be very culpable lukewarmness to the eternal interests of the people, morality and good conscience, honesty, good faith, and purer manners evolved from the degradation in which they had been plunged. This reform of national morality was gradual; but the general integrity and decency of all classes in the reign of George the III., when compared with the conduct and morals of any of the antecedent reigns, is a fact too plain to be denied. In such matters we are compelled by the nature of the subject to judge comparatively. While therefore it is acknowledged that then and now "we are no better than we should be," future history will record the English nation in the latter half of the 18th Century as greatly in advance of any previous period in the qualities of uprightness, truthfulness and decency of conduct among themselves and towards others. No doubt the exceptions that immediately present themselves are as sad as undeniable; and yet this general character is correct; and it is correct too, that in these points

the English were in advance of the nations of the continent of Europe. And again, this might well be so without arrogating for them any very positive or conspicuous merit.

The condition of India with respect to any fervor of religious sentiments and convictions was similarly cold, worn out, used up. Neither, then, did the new intruders press for the reception of their religion, nor had the natives the pretext even to resist. Both seemed thoroughly convinced that forms of worship influenced but little if at all—the important business of life,—the mutual conduct of man to man. Both languidly and unobtrusively observed the forms of their religions; and perhaps many a theological Christian may be tempted to misapply the text, and exclaim that "the *offence* of the Cross had ceased." But good faith is always valuable and always valued: and, with shamefacedness at the many and gross exceptions, we may point to the general good faith of Englishmen as the cause of our seat on the *musnud*. For it is to the glad welcome of the natives, their repose in our comparatively good faith, and not to the conquest of arms, that we owe our Empire in the East. Wo to us if we forget this.

But while we thus were advancing towards that state of Empire we now hold, and when indeed we had to a very great extent acquired it, there was a continual denunciation of the Government for not encouraging the spread of Christianity, and for positively favouring idolatry and superstition, in the upholding grants of land and money given by former Governments for religious purposes, and for the countenance afforded to the processions and religious meetings of the natives, by the presence of English functionaries, Civil and Military. If there be any truth in the principle that people should pay for their own religion, and should not pay for the religion of others, it is not easy to see why the British, become the executive, should not devote some of the people's money to the maintenance of the people's religion. This truth was much lost sight of in the piety which began (say about 1815) to take the place of the former acknowledged coldness. Bishops were appointed and an increase of Christian clergymen, and this increase has been gradually increasing. For all these the natives pay. At the same time a very strict scrutiny has been made into the allowances of land and money, which were given to them out of their own money for the maintenance and support of their own religions. It is scarcely possible to avoid re-calling to mind the great boast of St. Paul, that he preached the Gospel without charge. Perhaps some may be inclined to remark that St. Paul himself confesses that he "had become a fool in boasting," and that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." That as the religion of the natives was false, *their* laborers were not worthy of their hire; and as the religion of the Christians was true, their laborers, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, were worthy of their hire.

The English however are a commercial people, and are very apt to estimate the value of any thing material or spiritual by the cost of its production. If money can conquer vast difficulties in the

material world, aided by skilful engineering, why should not money dispel the darkness of the spiritual world when expended on skilful preaching? This is not however a merely English idea. An eloquent pamphlet was written a few years ago "Les causes qui retardent la conversion du monde," which causes resolved themselves almost wholly into the parsimony with which Christians closed their purses and thus withheld sufficient pabulum from the company of preachers who would otherwise, if well supported, have marched forward to victory and defeated every where idolatry, superstition, and ignorance. The reproach that has been made against the Romish Priests—if you believe souls are in the torments of purgatory, and if you can release them by saying masses for them, why do you not say masses without being paid for them?—might be applied to the Protestant clergy, *mutatis mutandis*, and with a little more adaptation, to the whole body of the Christian clergy and laity, Romish or Protestant.

Besides the portion of the public revenue, or the portion of idolaters' payments, which is applied to the maintenance of the ministers of the Christian religion, large sums have been supplied by subscriptions in England and India towards the support of Missionaries, and towards furnishing Christians with the enjoyment of public worship; and towards the conversion of the heathen. Whereas thirty years ago none but the large military stations were put in mind of the terrors of the world to come by the hebdomadal lecture of a chaplain, now very many of the smallest stations, with congregations of from half a dozen to two or more dozens are weekly told of their impending danger; but at the same time reminded of their so much better chance of escape than the heathen with whom they are surrounded. For it is a very curious fact, that if you ask clerk or laic whether he seriously thinks that the heathen are all damned, he will either tell you, he thinks not, or he hopes not, or he does not know: and yet it is ever unmistakably assumed in all exhortations to contributions, in all the comforting parts of addresses to Christians, and pervades darkly but perceptibly, all notions which one or the other entertains, that these heathen have no chance of escape. Yet with all this it is worthy of remark that if Christians in this country were compelled to pay for their religion, that is, to maintain out of their own pockets their own clergymen and their own churches, there seems strong reason to believe that they would subside again into the unpastoral state in which they lived for so many years. If this be fact, what is it but a declaration that the Christian religion is too expensive for Christians in this country? And if it be too expensive for Christians, must it not be so for the poorer heathen?

But our commercial fears are cheered by the last report of the London Missionary Society—the market is looking up—"Let those who think of Missions as aggregates of converts living by the support received from the respective Missionaries, ponder well the fact, that Missionary stations sent contributions to the amount of £12,865 10*s*. 3*d*. The Hottentots of Africa, the South Sea Islanders, the Hindoos, and the emancipated Negroes out of their po-

verty make the riches of their liberality to abound." This should stimulate the exertions and the sacrifices of Christians, who ought to recollect that none goeth to warfare of his own charges, and that the prospect opened of comfortable provision for so many more Missionaries and their wives will greatly relieve the heavy labour market of England. The text indeed quoted by the London Missionary Society is somewhat diverted from that charity which relieves the physical wants of poverty and famine, to that which relieves from the curse of God; but as this, in the opinion of the quoters is so certain and so much more terrible, the misprision must pass.

The minds of some may in this view of the subject be struck with wonder that such great expenditure must be incurred in order to retain salvation to Christians, and to confer it upon the heathen. To an enquiring intellect it may appear amazing that God should be a Being who has ordained salvation from his wrath and entrance to his favor to be distributed only through certain agents, who draw from the performance not only commission but their sole maintenance, in worldly goods. It does look very like selling the benefit. Nor will such amazement decrease when we recall that in all ages and countries the same wares have been held out by priests of all religions; all that we justly designate as false; in return for the worldly wealth of the worshippers. Nor in this respect does it make much real difference to observe that hitherto the desired worshippers do not pay, but others desirous of their conversion pay for them. The great fact that salvation is not to be had without priests *paid* by some one, remains the striking similarity in all. And this is tantamount to the declaration that salvation is to be bought. To question this in any serious reality, is to virtually bring into question the limitation of the salvation of Christ to those who may be verbally instructed in what are declared (rightly or wrongly) to be the doctrines of Christ. To affirm the opposite of this is to affirm that salvation has been and is given to *all* men. There is indeed a third result to which the priestly dogma, of salvation communicated only through preaching, has led many, viz. total infidelity in Christianity.

We may suppose a case in theology as well as in law. Suppose then a Missionary at a bathing *Ghat*, calling upon an intelligent Hindoo to reflect how he can possibly conceive God to be a Being who will make any one's chance of escaping future misery, or his hopes of future happiness, to depend upon his bathing or not bathing in certain water at certain times; on his offering or not offering certain sacrifices, (*i. e.* payment to priests who receive those offerings); on his eating or not eating; his community or non-community with certain persons, &c. &c. The Hindoo will probably at once acknowledge that such notions are quite inconsistent with what he reasonably conceives of God: but will reply that they are points of religious faith, not of reason, and must be received with submission. The Missionary however very properly insists that these points must be questioned; for that any man who, when his attention is seriously drawn to

such points, persists in professing (for *professing* is all that can be done, real belief or conviction is impossible) his belief of such a character of God, does God dishonour. God cannot have commanded any thing so irrational, in order for any man to acquire happiness in a future life or escape misery in that life. What is it then, enquires the awakened idolater, that you would prescribe in order to attain salvation? Why you must first know, answers the Missionary, that all men are born into the world under the curse of God; and that therefore they are all under sentence of being burnt everlastingly.

Hindoo.—But surely God allowed a way for some to escape. He surely did not create *all* men for the purpose of burning them everlastingly. And, perhaps, as all men have been impressed with the idea that worship, and bathings and offerings, and penances and observances of various kinds will be acceptable to God, he may have been pleased to take these endeavours in good part, to have excused the ignorance which misdirected the good intention?

Missionary.—I can't say any thing positive to you on this point, for I don't pretend to know what God's judgment is in this respect, sufficient for me and for you is the declaration I have made, and what I now make; that your only chance of escape from this everlasting burning is being baptized, and professing your belief in the doctrine I am going to tell you.

H.—Stop a minute, don't you say that your God is just?

M.—I do.

H.—And yet you think he may have condemned all my ancestors to burn eternally because they did not know the way of escape which you are going to be so good as to explain to me? What is it that you mean by *just* and *justice?*

M.—I have not yet had the opportunity of informing you that all men who have lived, or are now living, are descended from one man and woman whom God at first created very good and perfect; but who, notwithstanding, disobeyed his commands, which disobedience he had before fairly warned them would induce death in this world, and eternal punishment in the world to come. You see therefore that God is quite just in burning all their descendants; and if he gives any a chance of escape, these should be very thankful and praise his mercy, instead of questioning his justice.

H.—I would not offend you by questioning the justice of your God: but I have always associated the notion of impartiality with that of justice. Can you explain to me how God is impartial, when he affords to some men the chance of escape, which he had withheld and still withholds from a large or the larger part of mankind?

M.—Oh, no! He has not withheld it. On the contrary he has commanded us to communicate to all men the way of escape; and accordingly I am doing so to you.

H.—The way to *escape* his justice! Surely if the sentence were just, a just God would not allow of *escape* from it. Are you quite sure of the actual truth of the sentence?

M.—Oh, yes, quite sure. But God is merciful as well as just; and has allowed a way of escape

to all: and exhorts all to flee from the wrath to come.

H.—Since God is impartial in judgment and condemns all, he must be also impartial in mercy, and must have exhorted all, and given *all* a way of escape. You however say that the way of escape is only what you have to propose to me. Yet I never heard of this before, and my father and my ancestors never heard of this way of escape. What do you mean, then, by God has allowed a way of escape to *all?*

M.—I mean to *all who should hear of it*—all whom we preachers should call. And you should think yourself very fortunate in my having called you.

H.—I may be *fortunate*—but still I cannot see how your words can be reconciled so as not to convey a contradiction. Do you mean that God has given to all men a way of escape; or, that he has only offered it to a few, of whom I am happily one?

M.—You touch upon a point on which some Christians have disputed strongly. But the majority have in all ages decided that none but Christians can be saved, none but those who are baptized. It is the safest way to adopt this teaching.

H.—What is being baptized?

M.—It is being bathed or sprinkled in water in a certain form by certain persons appointed for that purpose.

H.—Cannot any one then baptize another? Cannot I for instance?

M.—Oh, no, you might indeed sprinkle and say the form; but that would convey no efficacy. I am appointed to do that.

H.—Then I conclude that baptism is nothing in itself, but is what the person who is appointed to baptize makes it?

M.—You are in error. Baptism is something, and something essentially necessary to salvation; to escape the wrath I told you of. But its efficacy depends upon the right administration by a duly appointed person.

H.—But if every man's happiness or misery depends upon his being or not being baptized, surely every Christian at least has been appointed rightly to administer such baptism; so that no one whom any Christian met should fail of receiving it?

M.—No. This would be infringing the office of the Church; without which there is no salvation.

H.—What is the Church?

M.—The church is a congregation of Christian men.

H.—And what is the office of the Church?

M.—To bear witness to; to maintain and extend the truth of God.

H.—The whole congregation of Christian men therefore do this. Is not conferring baptism extending the truth of God?

M.—Yes; but the congregation of Christian men authorize their office bearers only, to baptize and to do some other acts which are necessary for salvation.

H.—The efficacy of baptism therefore depends on the due election of the administrator by the members of the Church or the Christian congregation?

M.—Yes, I think so. But I should not conceal from you that some, indeed many, consider that these office bearers are not appointed or elected by the Church, but are successors of those who were appointed by the author of

our religion, and continued from them by successive appointment.

H.—I think I understand. They are not born Brahmins as our's are, but are appointed by your Brahmins. Are you perfectly sure that you have been duly appointed or elected, either one way or the other ?

M.—I am ; for I am a moderate person who cannot feel it right to go into either extreme. I have been duly appointed by a Bishop, and am accepted by a congregation.

H.—By your securing both modes I presume you were not quite satisfied of the validity of either singly. But now being sure of your commission you have the satisfaction of knowing that all those whom you baptize are certain of salvation ?

M.—Oh, pray do not misunderstand me ! It is not baptism which ensures salvation. On the contrary we all confess that very few of the baptized are saved.

H.—Indeed ! you surprise me. You informed me that without baptism no man can be saved ; and you now say that baptism does not save. It must be something else then that saves ?

M.—Yes, it is ; it is faith in Jesus Christ.

H.—What is faith ?

M.—It is belief in the facts and doctrines which I will preach to you.

H.—Stay a moment. Does belief in those facts and doctrines ensure salvation ?

M.—Yes ; when accompanied by good moral conduct and a pure life, which such belief will produce.

H.—All Christians then lead pure lives and follow good moral conduct ?

M.—I am sorry to say it is not so.

H.—Why are you sorry ? Is it the belief that produces salvation ; or is it the good moral conduct and the pure life ?

M.—Salvation cannot be attained without both.

H.—But you said just now, that belief of the facts and doctrines you have to propose to me will produce good moral conduct and a pure life. How is it then that among Christians who believe, such effects are not produced ?

M.—It is, alas ! because they in whom such effects are not produced do not believe, they only profess to believe.

H.—Why should they profess to believe, if they don't believe ? Is there any law among you Christians which compels a man to say he believes when he does not believe ?

M.—Oh, no. There is not among us ; though there is among some Christians not of our country. But among us no man likes to be called heretic or infidel ; and he would not like that the Church should refuse to baptize his child or to bury him.

H.—Is it necessary to salvation to be buried by the Church ?

M.—I would not undertake to say so much ; though there is a large portion of Christians who are positive that if the Church refuses to bury a man, he can have no hope of salvation. I would not undertake to say so much, and candidly tell you.

H.—Thank you. You do not then conceive that belief on this point either one way or other is necessary for salvation. But that like baptism it is safer to be buried by the Church than not to be. A Christian who dies on shore

then is in a fairer way of salvation than those among you, who, I hear, are sometimes drowned at sea. I understand, for our Brahmins also say that it is very right for a Hindoo to be burned with the prescribed ceremonies on the banks of the holy Ganges, if it can be so managed for him. Being buried by the Church I suppose is meant by the office bearers of the Church of whom you previously spoke?

M.—Yes.

H.—To return then to our subject. Do you mean to say that all those Christians in whom good moral conduct and a pure life are not produced, lyingly profess to believe what they don't believe?

M.—No, I would not say so; for I am certain that many think sincerely that they believe what however they do not believe.

H.—This appears to be what we call Maya or illusion. If this be so, how can you be sure that any Christian can be saved, inasmuch as he himself cannot be certain that he really believes, but only thinks sincerely that he believes. There surely must be something very difficult to believe which you say a man is doubtful whether he really believes or not. Do you indeed tell Christians this?

M.—Yes, every Sunday we tell them that they don't believe; and exhort them earnestly to believe.

H.—Every Sunday, and yet they don't believe! surely this is very surprising. But I must go now, and will consider what you have said, which at present does not appear to me to be more honoring to the character of God or more reconcilable to reason, than what you object to in my practice.

If we watch the deportment of a Christian congregation, and that of the minister himself on the conclusion of the Sunday's service, we shall find that immediately after the same, they begin to chat over the news of the day; and even the minister goes home to his cutlet and Tapp sauce; with no apparent emotion for the dreadful danger in which he must consider many of them to be placed. Can we reconcile this conduct in either party with a real conviction of the actual existence of such danger? Is it uncharitable to suppose that both parties may only sincerely think they believe, when they do not really believe? That they think it right, in accordance with what has been taught them, to believe; and yet that it is so alien to the faith that is in them, that they do not really conceive that God is such a Being as has been represented to them? And when we must needs conclude that something of this feeling influences the conduct (unconsciously perhaps) of those who have been brought up from childhood to reverence such a creed; why should we feel at all surprised at the deep aversion which a thinking heathen must experience, when being exhorted to use his reason, he is at the same time exhorted to believe such dogmas?

These are but a few of the difficulties which the so-called orthodox system of Christianity presents. They may and have been held in abeyance by the Christian world when among themselves—but by being placed as we are among the heathen we are called upon, as it

were by God himself, seriously and earnestly to consider and examine and see whether the God whom we worship has indeed commanded or commended any such belief. On such a question it is worse than vain to endeavour to avoid judging: for it is one on which to waive judgment, is to judge. That pretended humility which says, "I must not bring God into judgment," has already actually done so; and more, it has condemned him; and even worse, has condemned him unheard. For this *humble* avoidance of judgment judges that God *may* be a Being who will torment everlastingly those who have never heard of the only way of escape; those to whom it may indeed have been proposed, but in a wrong and unintelligible manner; those to whom it may have been proposed rightly, but whose understandings cannot embrace it, and whose sense of truth forbids their professing to believe what they cannot intelligibly enunciate; and finally those who both understand and confess and admire it, but who act perversely and diametrically opposite to its dictates. This humility professes not to judge and yet judges that God *may* be a Being who left all mankind, (save *perhaps* the Jews) in a state of hopeless condemnation previous to the advent of our Saviour on the earth—that God *may* be a Being who, not merely in temporal and worldly matters, but in moral and eternal things, visits the sins of the fathers on the children; and this not merely to the third and fourth generation, but to the whole series of Adam's descendants. It professes not to judge, and yet judges God to be a Being "who will exact his modicum of suffering somehow; if he let the guilty go, will yet satisfy himself out of the anguish of the innocent." At least if it does not so judge consciously and avowedly to itself, it yet tacitly and reverently hears, bows the head to such dogmas, and often with great earnestness assists and pays Priests and Missionaries to proclaim them as the truth of God, by reception of which only can the millions of fellow beings with whom we are surrounded be saved from the wrath of that Being whom it has imaged to itself as God.

Now the evil of all this does not arise from "bringing God into judgment," for to this God himself has in his revealed word continually exhorted all men; but in smothering our judgment; and in listening to false witnesses. Witnesses who, as did those that appeared against Christ, use God's word in a perverted sense and by the most surprizing misinterpretations and ambiguities, lead men, while pretending to humility and not to judge, save by God's word, to condemn the word of God, to condemn God himself.

On the points of dogma thus taught it might be sufficient to observe that to admit them and yet to maintain that God is just and merciful, entirely contradicts all the notions we have of justice and mercy. And if we say that the justice and mercy of God may be something very different from the meaning we apply to these words, the only reply to be made is; if words thus lose their meaning why use them at all? But on the last point it may be useful to submit a few considerations; for there is no doubt that the enunciation of the usually taught dogma of the Atonement,

seems frequently and absolutely asserted in Scripture.

1st.—That which a man does not know, is *to him* as though it were not.*

Therefore the declaration, i. e. manifestation, which makes known to us the fact, may by no extravagant mode of speech be put for *that fact*.

Gravitation is a power acting in inverse ratio to the squares of the distances of all bodies with which we are acquainted. This always existed. Bodies were always attracted to each other; and men always, as now, stood on the earth by this power and used it. But men *knew* nothing of it; till in the time determined some two Centuries ago, the *knowledge* of such a power was proclaimed by Newton. But we know not *what* it is; we know it only by its exhibited effects. Yet these effects had always been exhibited "from the foundation of the world." Suppose God had been pleased to *reveal* this knowledge to Newton, and for its reception by the world at large, to have accompanied the revelation with sensible miracles. Should we have the slightest ground for maintaining that those to whom the *knowledge* of this power and the miracles proving it were not communicated, were *unaffected* by Gravitation? Would not the communication too of the law or mode in which this power acted, this declaration or shewing of the effect of the power, stand to us practically as the power itself? And when we called it *Gravitation* would not the knowledge be as useful as if we knew the thing, the power itself? Similarly Electricity and the Atomic relations in certain definite proportions of matter in Chemistry, of which we know many laws or modes in which *something* acts, have become practical knowledge to us, though we do not know *the thing* in either case. And in all, the real mode of action of the thing may not be actually as it appears to us; but while producing to our senses certain apparent effects, the *thing* may in reality produce those effects by an action different from what we conceive of it.

In other words, the *manifestation* of these powers, by which manifestation *only* have we *knowledge* of their existence, may be only a mode of exciting our apprehension of their existence. The flash of lightning, for instance, which gives to our eyes a brilliant light, might to a class of creatures, constituted differently from man, give a different apprehension.

When we talk then with perfect confidence and the most practical utility about Gravitation, or Electricity, or the Atomic relations or proportions of bodies, we really do not know *what* these are. The *names* become to us *the things*; the declaration or exhibition of certain facts become to us *the thing*.

When we talk likewise of the *Atonement*; the propitiation for sins; the sacrifice of Christ for the sins of mankind; we really do not know *what* the atonement, or propitiation or sacrifice is. The effect

* "The external world has no existence *for us* beyond the images reflected through the medium of our senses."—*Humboldt's Kosmos.*

"If two events are constantly happening, then it is evident that very frequent coincidence is no evidence of connection so long as *exceptions* tell us there is no *necessary* connection.... . A may be always happening but it may require the arrival of B to make *us see* it." —*De Morgan. Essay on Probabilities.*

of it, or its mode of action, has been shewn to us in the good suffering under evil, in God suffering under sinners; and instead of yielding to, and embracing evil in order to escape suffering it, rising superior to it, not being subdued by it. We talk then of this suffering which *manifests* the atonement, as *the* atonement, *the* propitiation, *the* sacrifice. We do this with the most perfect confidence and the most practical utility. The *name* becomes to us *the thing;* the declaration or exhibition of a certain fact becomes *to us* the thing. We trust that what happened to Christ will happen to us: like as Christ was raised from the dead, so also we shall rise in newness of life: if we suffer with him, we shall live with him.

Like, then, as we know Gravitation to be *something* shewing its action in inverse ratio to the square of the distance, so we know the Atonement to be *something* shewing its action in maintaining righteousness under or against worldly loss or bodily pain, in proportion to the strength of the affection for what is good. That this was "once for all" exhibited to mankind in a most perfect shape is certainly declared by the Gospel. And this among every shade of opinion as to *what* the Atonement is, is confessed by all; is denied by none.

An important question is, whether by our attempts to go beyond this, and to insist that we do know, and can in words express, *what* the Atonement is, we do not raise up difficulties which have proved to all minds so insuperable that all religious writers contend that we must stop short in our enquiries at some degree or other, confess our incapacity, and dismiss, not overcome, our doubts. This is to suggest whether by going beyond what *all* are agreed upon, we do not ourselves create the difficulties which, after all, we cannot solve.

2nd.—It is told us by Hebrew scholars that there is not in that language any verb expressing "to signify" or "represent:" but that in order to express that *one thing* represents *another thing*, the Hebrew language constantly says that *one* thing *is* the other thing. Thus, "the seven kine *are* seven years;"—"It (the lamb slain and eaten) *is* the Lord's passover:" "these bones *are* the house of Israel;"—with vast numbers more. Our Saviour and the Apostles (the latter even writing in the Greek language) have used the same modes of expression. "This *is* my body;"—"This *is* my blood;" —"That rock *was* Christ;"—"We, being many, *are* one bread;" —"This *is* Elias," &c. &c. This has been frequently insisted on by Protestant writers.

It would naturally follow from this, that the *causal* form of the verb would take the shape of the expression to *cause to be* or *make;* intending thereby to *cause to represent*, i. e. to shew or declare, or exhibit or make manifest, and this too, not *the thing* itself, but what stood for it, what was intended to convey some idea of it—to shew the *effects* of a spiritual thing, or the *mode* in which a spiritual power operates.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the writer, contrasting the sacrifices under the Law with the sacrifice of Christ "once for all offered," calls the former "*the shadow*," the latter "*the very image*" of the things, viz. of the Atone-

ment. A remarkable expression; for it clearly asserts that the physical death of Christ was *not* the Atonement, but only the clearest manifestation or image, or representation which could be made to mankind of "*those things*," viz. of the Atonement.

When the Israelites, by sprinkling the blood of the lamb on their doors, were saved from the destruction of the Angel, they might with truth be said to have been "*redeemed* by his blood;" that "their peace was *made* by the blood of the lamb," &c. &c. "It *is* the Lord's passover," or atonement, conveyed to the Israelites the annunciation of certain effects, as fully, as practically, as if the words had been of literal, not figurative import; as if the destruction had been turned from them *by* the material blood of the lamb. *We*, who have since been assured that the paschal lamb and its blood were but a faint sketch, or type, or *shadow*, of a more perfect and universal manifestation of atonement, are aware that the language, however apparently positive and literal, applied really only to an emblem. And we have just seen that St. Paul, or the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, calls the physical death of Christ *an image* only of the atonement.

To diverge for a moment. It is remarkable that whereas theologians have all but universally insisted on the prevalence of sacrifices in all nations as shewing that God had commanded them as a mode of putting away sin, and propitiating him; and have most especially insisted on the commands of God to the Israelites to offer sacrifices to these ends; God himself has frequently asserted the contrary. In the Psalms and Prophets we find the most frequent and distinct assertions that *no propitiation* is required by God *with a view* to their pardon or to his favour. "I am God, even thy God; I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, for that they were not continually before me; I will take no bullock out of thine house," &c. &c., Ps. 50. "For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee; thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." Ps. li.—"For I desired mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than [instead of?] burnt offerings," Hos. vi. And especially in Micah vi. 1—8, in which the Prophet *reminds* Israel of the instruction which Balaam gave to Balak—a *Gentile*, be it remembered—"He [God] hath shewed thee, O man, [all men] what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Now this being originally addressed to a *Gentile*, one without revelation, and impressed solemnly on Israel, those having revelation, and intimating therefore to both that sacrifices were *not* necessary to avert his anger, or propitiate his favor;—that the Lord did not require them to come before him, with calves of a year old, with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil; with their first born (their most precious) for their transgressions, the fruit of their bodies for the sin of their souls." This shews that sacrifices were *not* intended as *propitiations* of God's favor, nor as pacifying his anger, but as *acknowledgments* that the offerers *knew* that God was favorable to

them. And they were commanded, with the intent to keep alive by visible ceremonies in public assemblies, a spirit of thankfulness to the Giver of all good. The limits of this paper forbid other considerations of the uses of sacrifice: but the strong contradiction which the above few, out of the many and clear declarations of scripture, present to the usually taught nature of sacrifice, must make us withhold our assent to the theologic dogma.

To proceed with a few illustrations of the Hebraic phraseology. To take first a text very much used in controversy as to *faith* and *works*; James ii. 22:—"Thou seest how faith wrought with his (Abraham's) works, and by works was faith *made* perfect." Now one of the most uncontested of scriptural teachings, and one also taught equally by reason, is, that all good works, all just acts, all true words, all merciful deeds, in short all obedience to God, spring from *faith*. Faith, therefore, must have produced the "works," the obedience which James spoke of. But those *works*, that obedience *shewed* Abraham's faith. "By works his faith was *shewn to be* perfect." Even as a little before St. James had said, "I will *shew* thee my faith by my works." This is a clear Hebrew mode of expression, saying that faith was *made* perfect by works, thereby intending was *shewn*, or *caused to appear* perfect, by works.

Again, that text which has been the ground of such amazing comments; Rom. v. 20:—"Moreover the law entered that the offence might abound." Law *shews* sin. Sin or transgression cannot exist without law: but beyond this, law points out what is transgression. The meaning of the text then is, "The law was superadded, that it might be *shewn* how numerous offences are, or that offence might be *shewn* to abound." And again, Gal. iii. 19:—"Wherefore, to what purpose, serveth the law? It was added for the sake of [*shewing*] transgressions;" not for the purpose of *making* them. Again, Rom. vii. 5:—"For when we were given to fleshly lusts, the motions of sins which were by the law," &c. A comment on this we here transcribe: "*Dia tou nomou*" should be rendered not *under the law*, but *by the law*; i. e. as occasioned by it, intimating that these passions were *generated* by the prohibitions of the law which rather excited a desire for what was forbidden!" Yet St. Paul himself earnestly denounces such a comment; "God forbid!" he says to such a conception: for see verse 7, &c. "I should not have *known* (I should not have fully *recognized*) sin, but by law;" for instance, I should not have known that there was evil in lust, [in coveting,] had not the law said 'Thou shalt not covet;'" and in verse 13:—"That sin by the commandment should *become* exceeding sinful," i. e. should *be shewn to be* exceeding sinful. So we see that *motions of sins* were not *generated* by the law, but *shewn* to be sins. Passions, such as wishing or coveting the possessions of others, which, when not followed by act, might be thought innocent, the law *pointed out* as sinful and to be repressed.

Once more, Gal. iv.—"Now I say that the heir, *as long as he is* a child, differeth nothing from a servant, *though he be lord of all*, but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the

father. *Even so we, when we were children,* were in bondage under the rudiments of the world; but when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under law, to *redeem* them that were under law, that *we* might receive [take hold of, embrace] the adoption of sons;" or rather the sonship or relation of son. In this it is clear, that *to redeem* means *to shew to be redeemed:* to shew them who were sons, and heirs, that they, though they had *till the fulness of time* "differed nothing from servants," that they were "lords of all." And that those *under law* are clearly not confined to the Jews, is evident from the Apostle having just before termed them "under the rudiments of the *world.*" It was not therefore the *Jewish* law which was meant, but that law which is common to all men. The writer continues, that, though ye thus were sons, yet not knowing it, ye did service unto imaginary gods; but now that ye know God, or rather are taught by God, [that ye are sons,] how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly rudiments whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? How can men, who have been proclaimed to be God's *sons,* any longer think it *necessary to salvation* to go through certain forms, to adopt certain creeds and abstruse dogmas; to think that priests' baptism, (water baptism) or sacraments are requisite to *attain* salvation? "I am afraid of you," St. Paul adds, "lest I have bestowed on you labor in vain: 'those who teach you that you are *not* saved, but must do something to be saved,' shew a great zeal for you, but not well; yea, they would exclude you [from salvation] till you have shewn a zeal for them."

So likewise do all Missionaries and preachers towards all, and misrepresent the Gospel of Christ, when, instead of proclaiming the great truth of the Gospel, that *all* men are saved, and inculcating this simple belief, they tell them *all* men are damned, and cannot be saved till they assent to those interminable puzzles of dogma which they cannot even themselves agree upon.

It should be well observed that in the foregoing extract "*we*" means *all men.* "Even so *we,* when *we* were children, and *heirs,* though *we* were under the bondage of the teachings of the world"—for this is said of men who lived previous to the advent of our Saviour, who came "*in the fulness of the time,*" to *shew* them that they were heirs. And accordingly St. Paul applies this in the next chapter v. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has *made* us free;" hath *shewn* us to be free, nay more, if you will not welcome this proclamation of God's *free* gift of eternal life, but will persist in thinking something "*necessary* for salvation," "Christ is become of no effect unto you: whosoever of you, that is to say, are justified or think yourselves justified, by law, ye are fallen from, or have forfeited or rejected, grace." Now here and elsewhere, often and very earnestly, St. Paul denounces as anti-Christian the notion that men are saved by law. But the use of this earnestness has been nearly abrogated to us, by some strange perversions. First, we translate wrongly, and write "whosoever of you are justified by *the* law;" 2ndly, we turn this into the *Jewish* law, and apply St. Paul's asser-

tions and arguments *exclusively* to the inculcators of *Jewish* ceremonies; 3rdly, we hereby lose the whole applicability of St. Paul's teaching to ourselves. But if salvation was not to be obtained by *any* law, even declaredly of God's dictation, surely we must allow that the general form of the assertion (without the article, that is) is the correct one, and the article is wanting in the Greek. Next, all *law*, verbal or written, must be the declared will of the Lawgiver, in short a *revelation*. It is mere idle verbiage, then, to say that men cannot be saved by *law*, but may be saved by *revelation*. It is worse than verbiage to say that men are not saved *by* revelation, while it is at the same time maintained that they cannot be saved *without* revelation.

St. John, when telling his readers that Christ was the "propitiation for their sins," most heedfully adds, "and *not for ours only*, but for the sins of the *whole* world." These words, and many more to the same plain import throughout the Scriptures, have been warped into the very opposite meaning by a pettifogging and most wretched sophistry, worthy only of that special pleading which disgraces our courts of law and enriches our lawyers. The invitation, nay, the command, to come to the *great* supper of the Lord is looked down upon and neglected, that we may form our own *petits soupers*, snugly; where we may *pity* those without, and *charitably* pass resolutions, and subscribe money to invite to *our* entertainments, those who will subscribe also to *our* mode of laying out the tables; and where we with one accord declare that there is no *great* supper, that it is all a sham; that the viands said to be there are not meat indeed, and that all men who want to eat must join *our* coteries. Thus do *all* sects of the so-called Christian world; while fighting about every thing and every point, they all agree that they alone possess the salvation of God, and can alone communicate *it*. And by this conduct they do not even communicate the *knowledge* of it, but assert what is directly adverse to it. They diffuse and maintain anti-Christianity.

LINES.

There is a star in heaven, and One
Who looks upon that orb by night,
Far on a sea-beat shore—alone—
Blessing its light.
And I upon these sordid plains,
Will watch the same star's holy beams,
And severed hearts shall meet again,
In silent dreams.

A CHAT ABOUT THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.—NO. II.

"Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine,—
Till Chaucer first, a merry Bard arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language and obscured his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain."

Addison.

From Peter Ovidius Naso Jones, Esquire, India, to the Lady Jemima Jingle, Belgravia, London.

Encouraged by your commendations, my charming Coz,—and pleased by your preference for my *chisellings* from Chaucer,—(I use the word in its sculptural, not its felonious signification)—I proceed to indulge you with a few more portraits, sketched from Chaucer's Female Gallery. I had selected for my third subject that most moving picture of the uncomplaining Griselda, Marchioness of Normandy—but although no gallery taken from Geoffry Chaucer would be complete without her presence as described in the "Clerke's Tale," yet the recent publication of a poem by an able hand—of which, however, I have as yet only seen one portion—entitled "*Grizelde*,"—has deterred me from so immediately inculcating the virtue of patience in women by a repetition of Boccacio's story. For although the poem aforesaid is professedly "*paraphrased* from Boccacio's" tenth novel, and relates the whole history of her wrongs and her redress, mine is, on the other hand, avowedly *rendered* from Chaucer, and is confined only to such parts of the "Clerke's Tale" as describe the personal appearance and the agony of mind of the heroine. I will therefore postpone, not withhold altogether, what I have written.

Addison, the elegant author of Cato, you will observe, entertained no very high admiration for Chaucer, and he wrote very ill-naturedly of other great poets; the quotation above is taken from a *poem* called "An account of the greatest English Poets," written in A. D. 1694. It is supposed to have been addressed to Mr. Henry Sacheverel, and disposes of poor old Chaucer in a very off-hand fashion; but then in the same poem Spencer is allowed only to have "amused a barbarous age" with his "Faëry Queen"—and he (Addison) adds—

"But now the mystic tale that pleased of yore,"
Can charm an understanding age no more,"

a proposition, from which I take leave altogether very deliberately to dissent; and I am persuaded you will agree with me that even in this Steam Engine age, "Mystic Tales," whether concocted by Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Rogers, Moore, Wordsworth, or Tennyson, are very pleasant to the understandings of any who may happen to be solitary occupants of the coupé of a first-class carriage on the Great Western or any other Rail Road; Jog-trots are unpleasant in travelling—but

there is no improved railway speed for Poetry; Electric Telegraphs were meant more for mercantile men and politicians, than for metaphysicians and philosophers. We never shall improve upon the grandness of the Prophet Isaiah's poetry, and if modern men's minds can only keep pace with those of Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and, may I add, Chaucer, they will do well enough for all purposes of sublunary satisfaction. But what shall we say of Addison, who, after doling out some rather doubtful approval of Cowley, Milton, Waller, Roscommon, Denham, "artful Dryden" (as he christens old John), Congreve, and others, many of them in very sooth having far fewer merits than we may in all lawfulness lay claim to, on behalf of our lamented friend, Chaucer,—proceeds to conclude his Poem with these elegant lines—

> "I've done at length, and now, dear friend, *receive*,
> The last poor present that my muse can *give*,
> I leave the arts of poetry and *verse*
> To them that practise them with more *success*."

Could you believe that these lines were written by the author of Cato? by one who was said—

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
> To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold."

Assuredly, if there was a heart which wanted mending, it would seem to be that which spoke so slightingly of the "mighty dead,"—while no body will dispute the conscious boldness which wrote and printed such lines as these and passed them off for Rhythm and Rhyme. Mr. Gilbert Cooper calls Addison "an indifferent poet and a worse critic," and Dr. Hurd, the literary Bishop of Worcester, described him as "a very ordinary poet." I have an immense admiration for Addison. I have loved "Cato" ever since I played Syphax, General of the Numidians, as a boy at school. I am sorry to say any thing harsh of the author of Cato, but I think his fame is permanently secured by his *prose* writings, and I am sorry he snubbed the Ghost of Chaucer. I vote we change the subject,—you will be getting tired of this, and in fact so am I. Let us rush boldly into a portrait,—and, Paluzzo's lady being postponed, what impediment are you acquainted with to my sketching the "Wyf of Bath" herself? I know of no copy of her picture,—neither her "Tale," or her "Prologue," as given by Dryden and Pope contain any description of her "physique." So here goes, for it must be done in a sketchy, off-hand manner, extreme delicacy of touch would be out of place, and a few rugosities, sprinkled here and there, are positively requisite to such a portrait.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. III.—The Wife of Bath.

> Brimful of pleasant chat and cheerful jeering,
> A Wyf of Bath, now somewhat hard of hearing,
> Bestrode a Spanish Jennet, safe and strong,
> Knitting or knotting as she rode along;

None could excel the dame at worsted work,
As none precede her dare at mass or kirk,
Where flaunting oft in furbelows and flounces,
Her Sunday cap well nigh weighed sixteen ounces,
Her tongue would bring offenders to their bearing,
Her fits of passion then, were well termed "tearing."
She wore neat calf-skin boots her lower limbs on,
Her hose were scarlet, that is, they were crimson,
A kind of compromise in dress ; her humour
Chose 'twixt a Cardinal and a Mistress Bloomer,
Granting the eye a free and gracious charter,
To range at will from toe almost to garter ;
Roguish and rosy, boist'rous and bold,
Still hovering on the sunny side of old ;
Who would have guessed that this contented wife,
Had buried husbands five in her shortlife?
Grief had not cribbed one whit of that cheek's cherry,
Death had not damped or dulled her nature merry ;
Besides her husbands five, her occupation
Occasioned much of what is called flirtation.
A roving temperament was her's in sooth,
To Rome from Bath, sometimes to lies from truth.
Rome, and Jerusalem, Naples, and Bologna,
Paris, St James's, each in turn had known her :
No roughing riled her, no fatigue e'er tired,
Glad to be pleased, and pleased to be admired.
Whene'er at Rome, she acted as a Roman,
A most complete cosmopolitish woman,—
Upon her cob so cozily she sat,
A wimple floating from her ample hat,
Broad in its brim as buckler, or as targe,
Or London coalheaver's however large ;
A kind of Polka formed her outer peel.
A stout brass spur was braced on either heel,
Jaunty and jovial, quaint and fond of sport,
Rough in remark and reckless in retort ;
Thus in his pleasant way old Chaucer hath
Limned the likeness of the Wife of Bath.*

* A good wife was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charittee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground ;
I dorste swere they weyeden a pound
That on the Sunday were upon hire hede :
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe :
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew—
She was a worthy woman all hire live ;
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe,
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe ;
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme ;
She hadde passed many a strange streme :
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice, at Seint James, and at Coloine,

Now you will hardly fancy this lady, I dare say; "saucy and overbold" are the terms you will annex to her: and you will call to mind that a very high personage it was said (maliciously, or not, I do not depone)—changed her "Bal Costumé" last year from the period of Edward III. which had been at first intended, to that of Charles II., solely because she was told that the merry fat Dowager Lady —— had threatened to go as the "Wife of Bath!" Was this so? In any case, "Wives of Bath" are not extinct,—there is the very "ditto" of one a short half mile out of Doncaster, only that her stockings are blue,—and an exact counterpart of one at Carlisle, whose stockings were red as her cheeks, when I saw both a couple of years ago.

But what in the name of goodness you will say is a "Wimple?" and to tell you the truth, antiquarians and archaiologists are divided upon this most important point, some pronouncing it to have been a hood, others the mere flap which protects the neck of a seaside lady's bonnet; again, people were found bold enough to assert that it was nothing more than a veil, so that commentators have made as much fuss about this body vestment as they did, not long ago, about the Greek *Psyche.* Old Sam Johnson gravely decided that it was a veil, a hood, a shawl, and a bonnet into the bargain, and perhaps he was right; all I know is, that it is quite as difficult for a quiet country gentleman in the year 1851, A. D. (vide *Times'* advertisements) to believe that an "*Edmiston Pocket Siphonia,*" being interpreted, means a waterproof shooting jacket, and not a musical instrument, as it would have been for old Chaucer to understand that a "*Koh-i-noor Paletot*" meant an Eiderdown Great Coat; and even while I write, an addition has been made by authority to the Parisian "Code Millenery" in the shape of an edict, setting forth that no lady is to be considered decently costumed in the coming season, unless she wears a "*Scolloped Canezou;*"—I confess I shall enter upon the investigation as to what part of a lady's dress this mysterious designation has been assigned to, with feelings of considerable awe and apprehension. In the United States, I found "*Moral Suasion*" to mean a mixture compounded of whiskey, molasses, white of eggs, and spices, which wrapped a man up more comfortably than the best Nicol Paletot that ever was stitched. Let us therefore not prosecute any further enquiry about wimples, or we may hap to find something of the same kind, and the discovery might scandalize the church, for the nuns being spiritually disposed were very fond of it. The only thing certain appears to be this, that if Adam had kept these articles of dress out of Paradise, such a sumptuary law might have saved to him the fee simple of the

She coude moche of wandring by the way;
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say;
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat
As brode as is a bokeler or a targe,
A sote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe,
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe.

Garden of Eden, through which, by the bye, the new direct London and Calcutta Railroad will run viâ Constantinople, Trieste, Antioch and Bussorah!

The only other word which may require elucidation, is "*Riled*," meaning transatlantically "disturbed in temper," a verb holding the position of a half-way-house between, to "aggravate" and to "enrage," and a useful addition to the English language in this travelling age.

I now come to a very favourite portrait of mine, though the history of the fair original is somewhat enveloped in uncertainty. Every body has heard of "Troilus and Cressida;" every body knows that Shakespeare dramatized their attachment, and that Dryden, as might have been expected, did not succeed in "gilding refined gold or in painting the lily," and except that by a somewhat stale expedient he made poor Cressida commit "suicide," which I do not believe he had any authority for doing; his remodelling is a failure. The story is perhaps better told by old Chaucer than by either William Shakespeare or John Dryden; and Godwin remarks, that "the delicacy of Chaucer's ancient tale suffered even in the hands of Shakespeare; but in those of Dryden it has undergone a far deeper deterioration; whatever is merely coarse in Shakespeare, has been dilated into ribaldry by the Poet Laureat of Charles the Second;"—Dryden morever had the exceeding impudence to assert that, "it must be allowed to this age, (his own) that the English tongue is much refined since Shakespeare's time; that *many of his words and more of his phrases are scarce intelligible, and his whole style is so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure.*" —Oh John! John!! John!!! if you could re-visit once again the glimpses of the moon, you would find that if for a few short years Shakespeare was buried in obscurity, the sepulchre wherein you saw him quietly inurned has oped its ponderous and marble jaws, and cast him up again;* that Shakespeare has a thousand spirits in one breath to answer twenty thousand such as you;† that all the wit issuing out of that one skull has flown east, west, north, and south;‡ that his plausive words he scattered not in ears, but grafted them to grow there and to bear;§ that time is the old justice who examines all offenders,|| and that the verdict is for Shakespeare; that age cannot wither or custom stale his infinite variety;¶ that he was the noblest Roman of them all; his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world—*this was a man!*** Holloa, where am I running to now? Gentle Coz—your pardon for using strong, you cannot say, *bad* language? but if Dryden forgot himself and abused Shakespeare, I do not know any individual, however obscure, who might not be pardoned for calling John to account; they were both great men, but in the race for immortality, the world has placed

* "Hamlet." † "Richard II." ‡ "Coriolanus." § "All's well that ends well." || "As you like it." ¶ "Antony and Cleopatra." ** "Julius Cæsar."

Shakespeare immeasurably foremost. Now then for the lady. She was the daughter, according to Shakespeare, of "Calchas, a great learned Bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. Apollo, the story goes, told him that the Trojans would be beaten, whereupon, pocketing the information, the prudent Bishop followed the advice of the oracle, and set off at once to join the Greeks. You would not thank me for entering here into a statement of my views in respect of the vexed question, as to whether any such gentleman as Homer ever walked the earth, and sung epics or not; whether there were twenty Homers instead of one; or, whether his pleasant poem on the Trojan war was a mere collection of scattered rhapsodies: but as the actors in the story, as told by Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Dryden, are all Homeric, it is only proper to mention, that Homer gives a different account of Calchas. He says he was a Grecian Ecclesiastic, and a spiritual adviser of Achilles, though his counsel does not appear to have been much approved of by the great Agamemnon, who called him in front of "the General Camp, pioneers and all"—an

"Augur accurst denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever-boding ill."

POPE.

And all manner of hard names. Homer speaks of him as —

"Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,
The past, the present, and the future knew."

POPE.

Such a terribly *knowing* gentleman was hardly likely to disregard the intimation given by Apollo, and would doubtless *prefer* very much under the circumstances to *translate* himself out of his Trojan diocese, and to instal himself as Chaplain General to the Grecian army with the least possible delay, but in his hurried departure he forgot one thing, and that was his daughter, a very pretty little baggage, and of the sort of "impedimenta" no one but a stupid old Bishop would have had the bad taste to leave behind. He tried subsequently to induce Agamemnon to negociate her exchange by giving up a prisoner of war, one Captain Antenor, a shrewd clever kind of fellow, of whom Shakespeare says that in Troy—

"Their negociations all must slack,
Wanting his manage."

But while the Grecian General probably did not estimate the fighting powers of Antenor very highly, what do you think of the gallantry of the Trojans, who could thus coolly swap away a blooming beauty for a crusty old Commissariat Contractor? But I have detained you too long from Cressida.

"I tell thee I am mad,
In Cressid's love thou answer'st, she is fair,
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure,
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the hand of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st, in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE WOMEN OF CHAUCER.

No. IV.—The Lady Cressida Calchas.

So when this Calchas found by calculation,
And by replies from glorious Apollo,
That these said Greeks were a most martial nation,
And Troy's destruction certainly would follow,
Resolved not, till out of wood, to holloa,
He packed up straight a very small portmanteau,
And Agamemnon's nearest pickets ran to ;

Whereat the Trojans grievously were shocked,
That one so sanctified should prove so treasonous,
With one accord they round his mansion flocked,
With pitchpots arsenous, and faggots resinous,
Deeming it was in such a case most seasonous
To burn his women, children, and his cattles,
And play old Harry with his goods and chattels.

Calchas in this undignified proceeding,
Had left behind in Troy a pretty daughter,
Who, innocent of all things, little heeding
The risk she ran in such promiscuous slaughter—
(Her maid, in fact, the news had not yet brought her)—
Sat in her bower, 'till 'neath her very casement
She heard the row below, in mute amazement.

None was there near, to hear her sad complaint,
For being, as I mentioned, quite alone—
No friend to catch her, if she wished to faint,
No loving voice to soothe with gentle tone,
To sympathise a sigh, or murmur back a moan ;
She sat as calm as creature carved in stone,
Pond'ring on what was proper to be done.

Her name was Cressida. This Ladye bright,
Her beauty, grace, demeanour, smile, in short all
Her various charms, each Trojan youth would cite
As far surpassing anything mere mortal,
Her pouting lips were an Elysian portal,
Such angel looks, the critics all concur,
Had *beggared* Nature in *enriching* her !

But who shall say how much that young heart bleeds
To hear her Father's perfidy revealed !
She straightway donned the saddest widow's weeds
Which her sweet face imperfectly concealed,
But gave a grace which oft strong contrasts yield,
As light phosphoric on a wintry wave,
Or snow-drop sleeping on a darksome grave.

Thus garbed, she went amid the buz or stilly hum
Of night, when drowzy guards might least detect her,
To Priam's palace, Ilion, or Ilium,
And prostrate falls before the doughty Hector,
Who sat reflecting o'er a bowl of nectar.

Could mortal man unmoved thus weeping her see
Bewitchingly beseeching thus for mercy,
And not forget her ugly sire's disgrace
In contemplation of that beauteous face.

Now Hector had, so says old Homer's history,
A nature prone to pity and good nature,
So straight, the maid adopting as a sister, he
Raised in his arms at once the lovely creature,
Perusing pleasantly each perfect feature,
He said, "Sweet maid, your father's breach of duty
Is blotted out by your surpassing beauty.

To pangs of conscience Bishop Calchas' treason
We well may leave, to wither all his joy—
And rid of him, we may rejoice with reason
To have his charming daughter here in Troy;
No harm shall hurt you, and no cares annoy,
Trojans shall guard your safety with their blood."
She dropt a curtsey,—as 'twas right she should.*

* Now had this Calcas lefte in this mischaunce,
Unknowing of this false and wicked dede,
A daughtir whiche that was in grete penaunce,
And of her life she was full sore in drede,
And ne wist nevir what best was to rede;
And as a widowe was she and alone,
And n'ist to whom she might ymake her mone,

Creseide ywas this ladies name aright:
As to my dome in al Troy' is cite
Most fairest lady, passing every wight;
So ange'like shone her natise beaute
That like a thing immortal semid she,
And therewith was she so parfite a creature
As she had be made in scorning of nature.

This lady, whiche that al day herde at ere
Her fathir's shame, his falshed, and traisoun,
Ful nigh out of her wit for sorrow and fere,
In widowe's habit large of samite broun,
Befor Hector on knees she fill adoun,
His mercy bad, her selfin excusing
With pitous voice, and tendirly weping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
And saw that she was sorrowful begone,
And that she was so fair a creature,
Of his godenesse he gladid her anone,
And said, let your fathir's traison gone
Forthwith mischaunce, and ye your self in joye
Dwellith with us whilis you list in Troye,

And al the honor men may do you have,
As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here,
Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,
As fer as I may ought enquire and here.
And she him thankid with ful humble chere,
And aftir wolde and it had been his will,
And toke her leve, went home, and helde her still.

And of her loke in him there gan to quicken
So grete desire and such affection,
That in his heart's bottom gan to sticken
Of her his fixe and depe impression;
And though he erst had porid up and doun
Than was he glad his hornis in to shrink;
Unne this wist he how to loke or winke.

Accordingly the Ladye returned to her home, and lived in great comfort and safety, attracting the most immense admiration from all who could get a sight of her, but she steadily refused all invitations, it is said, and still kept to her weeds, until the month of April, when she went with all the world to a kind of ceremonial picnic, or vernal feast, in whose honor given, the history does not mention;—I should have thought they were the Neptunian games, except that the month "Posideon" was an autumnal one; for old father Neptune, who has had so much to do with British men of war, was under the orders of the Thunderer, appointed Executive Civil Engineer in co-operation with Apollo to build Troy, and was greatly honoured there in consequence. Apollo was at this time too, out of favour, for Menelaus, the husband of Helen having promised him (Apollo) all kinds of good things, when the expedition to Troy was undertaken, that accomplished violinist, to judge from his communication to Cressida's father, had actually taken part with the Greeks. There were some vernal feasts in Troy called *Deocleian*, where kissing was a prominent feature in the ceremonies; and some in honor of *Pan*, where folk amused themselves by pelting each other with *sea onions*—the former are mentioned by Theocritus in his XII Idyl, but the latter being funereal are more likely to be those Cressida attended, as it will appear that the lady went in widow's weeds, and Priam's Lord Chamberlain had not yet been obliged to order a Court Mourning.

And in the crowd, fair Cressida was there,
Albeit in dismal mourning vesture clad,
Still none in beauty might with her compare
As glimpses of it came, all hearts to glad
Like sun rays dancing through a cypress sad;—
And ne'er in gloomiest, darkest, blackest night
Flashed out neath murky cloud a star so bright.

I will omit as superfluous the description of the 'sweet young Prince' Troilus, with his train of knights and gentlemen strolling about the gardens, and probably peering and peeping under the bonnets of the pretty penitents there assembled, in the usual manner, and will merely mention that having been hit right through the heart by one of the "glimpses" abovementioned from fair Cressida's eyes, he "read no more that day," wandered no more, but anchored there his hopes, his fears, his love, for aye and ever. He had been a reckless, roving, wild sort of young man hitherto. His father was Priam, and Priam was King of Troy; little he cared for the look of man, woman, or child; he was a bold and adventurous knight, and feared nothing; yet down he went, heart and spirit, in the Tourney with that young lady in crape and bombasin, and hardly dared to lift his eyes again, conquered or hopelessly overcome by Cupid—

The priceless poison soon began to quicken,
To stir his pulses with a wild desire,
Softened as tho' some fear his heart had stricken,
And mixed devotion with love's fiercest fire,
Affection, worship, hope did she inspire—

Lo! he that lete him selvin so conning,
And scornid hem that loves painis drien,
Was ful unware that love had his dwelling
Within the subtile stremis of her eyen,
That sodainly him thought that he felte dien
Right with her loke the spirite in his herte,
Blessed be love, that thus can folke converte!

A rover late, a wanderer far and wide,
Fixed now and chained, he bowed his head and *sighed*.

And he who late all beauty's power repelling,
Had scorned the fool beneath love's pangs who dies;
Braved not the love that had its holy dwelling,
Within the subtle sunbeams of her eyes,
Sudden succumbed, who erst such looks defies,
Beneath her glance his spirit droops and cowers,
Blessed be love divine that hath such wondrous powers.

Vulgar as the term sounds, it is both Greek and Classical and correct, and represents more powerfully than any other the desperate situation of the second son of Priam, King of Troy. He was in a "*Regular Fix*;" and there let us leave him, nor narrate the further progress of his attachment, how he won and how he lost the lady's affections,—all this occurred, you must recollect, upwards of 3000 years ago, and what was going on in the rest of the world at that period is involved in considerable obscurity—except indeed amongst the Hebrews, where we have Scripture history to inform us—and that very history by the way disposes tolerably well of the argument of the anti-Homerian critics, which is mainly this, that the art of writing was unknown at the supposed date of the Iliad and the Odyssey; for if it be true, as Chronologists have decided, that the Trojan war took place somewhere between 1150 and 1200 years before the Christian Era, it is far more certain that writing was in use among the Hebrews some two hundred and fifty years earlier.* But I shall reserve what I have got to state upon this head for a treatise upon "Pen and Ink among the Phœnicians," which is shortly to appear. But it will be more in order to mention some very curious coincidences which I really do believe have never been noticed by any body yet of all the numerous writers and commentators upon those times; especially as the remark touches upon the treatment of delicate females in those dark ages. First of all (and all occurred within probably a few years of each other) we have nearly the whole Gentile† world of Europe, as Europe was then peopled, buckling on their armour and going to war, because of the misbehaviour of Mistress *Menelaus*; then we have the King of Men, Agamemnon, in prosecution of this war, weather-bound in the port of *Aulis*, which was a watering place on the coast of *Bœotia*, to be sure, but still a fashionable watering place, and there this gallant Commander-in-Chief, by way of *raising the wind*, sacrificed his daughter, the beautiful lady Iphigenia. Almost at the same time old Calchas cuts away from Cressida, leaving her remorselessly to the casual kindness of a set of confounded communists, whose anger was only restrained by the wholesome terror of Hector's Grenadiers. More extraordinary still, but nearly about this time also, it appears to me, the unhappy old Jephthah, in quite another part of the world, was solemnly swearing away his daughter's life, all because of a difference with the King of Ammon. Forgetting that in such a case, the divine direction—"swear not at all"—was most fitting and proper under the circum-

* Vide Exodus xxxii. 15—Deut. xvii. 18, and—xxxi. 19.
† "Trojæ Excidium Antiquissima et celeberrima Gentiliorum Epocha," vide Christopheri Helvici Theatrum Historicum.

stances to be followed, and that he might have safely trusted his cause to the God of battles. However upon this oath it would be irreverent perhaps to make any comment. It has been called a "rash vow" from that day to this—and the unhappy father suffered for it.

It does not occur to me that I ought to lengthen this long letter by any tedious form of leave-taking—so, as "'Welcome' ever smiles, so 'Farewell' goes out sighing," as Shakespeare says in that beautiful speech of Ulysses, in the play of Troilus and Cressida, beginning—

> "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion," &c.

which Dryden thought fit, most unaccountably, altogether to omit in his re-modelled version: or, as Achilles says—

> "Good morrow Coz;"

and Ajax replies—

> "Ay, and good next day too:"

So Jones says—

> "Ay, and good every day,"

Prays your affectionate,

P. O. N. JONES.

LIGHT.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SADI.

"Hail, holy light!"

I.

WHAT! though the blinkard bat's frail sight
Cannot sustain the blaze of day,
Must that brave orb, the foe of night,
Diminish by a single ray?

II.

If thou the Truth dost really prize,
Its smallest beam must never fade;
Rather than this—a thousand eyes
Should perish in eternal shade.*

M.

PRISON DISCIPLINE AT HOME AND IN INDIA.

Seventy years have scarcely passed away since Sir Thomas Clavering stood up in his place in the House of Commons to propose a vote of thanks to Howard, the philanthropist, for his indefatigable and disinterested exertions towards reforming those—then sinks of iniquity,—the prisons of England. Statesmen and generals in numbers have received, and justly, the highest tributes which a grateful nation can bestow in appreciation of distinguished services rendered to their country; but never, to our mind, has a public benefactor merited a similar honor, whose title to the reward has been nobler or less indisputable than that of John Howard. The life of such a man, as displayed in his travels and privations by land and sea, over Europe and in Asia, unassisted and unencouraged, exposed to every prevailing disease, to fever and plague, who troubled not the Minister for re-imbursement, but cheerfully spent his own means, and who finally met his death whilst employed in the service of humanity, fills one of the brightest pages in the Chronicles of British worthies. Not less due to the object of his eloquence, than honorable to the speaker are the words which fell from the lips of Burke, when that statesman, in the following fervent language, rendered public homage to the virtue and labours of our earliest prison reformer—" A man who visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, or to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

During the war in 1754, Howard was about to make the tour of Portugal; in furtherance of this design he embarked on a Lisbon packet, which had the misfortune to be captured by a French privateer. The vessel was carried into Brest, where the crew were confined in that and neighbouring towns. The treatment of English captives in those days was cruel and harsh in the extreme. What Howard suffered personally, and the misery which he was aware that others underwent, no doubt tended to increase that sympathy which a benevolent and liberal heart, like his, would ever entertain for the poor and unfortunate. It was not however until his nomination to the office of Sheriff of Bedfordshire, in 1775, that the sufferings endured by prisoners, and the disgraceful state of English prisons, came under his immediate notice. He first became practically acquainted with the abuses which existed within his own jurisdiction. Induced to suspect that all gaols in the country were in an equally unsatisfactory

state, he determined to visit those in the counties adjoining his own, and then the principal prisons throughout England; everywhere the same cruelties were perpetrated, and the same disgusting features of brutality and vice pervaded all. Impressed with the necessity of reforming a state of things so degrading to humanity, and so discreditable to a civilized nation, he resolved, as far as one man's influence could be successfully extended, to remedy existing evils. His first efforts were directed to improve the sanatory condition of prisoners; he opposed himself successfully against that devastating disease, then known by the distinctive appellation of jail fever. A sickness so terrible and fatal, which infection extended from the prisons to the Courts of Justice, and thence to the homes and families of those whose functions or necessary business rendered their attendance there unavoidable. It is not the purpose of this article to enter into details of Howard's endeavours to improve prison buildings, and mitigate the sufferings of their inmates. Nor is it our intention to describe at length the actual enormities which were practised, under authority, amongst the prisoners in nearly every gaol of the United Kingdom. We propose to deal with the present rather than the past. It is sufficient to state that want of ventilation, foul, or rather no drainage, confined space, scarceness and poverty of food, the association of young offenders and untried persons with older and hardened villains, indelicate proximity of both sexes at night, collectively aided in converting into a pandemonium these places which the Law and its exponents had set apart for the security and chastisement of criminals. The Magistrates, by inattention to, and habitual neglect of, their duties, had encouraged and abetted the formation of this lamentable state of matters. They rarely visited the gaols in their respective counties: of this proofs are afforded by contemporary writers, of some of whom we shall presently have to speak. In 1774 an Act was passed which made it imperative on Justices of the Peace to provide for the yearly white-washing and scraping of the walls and ceilings in all rooms occupied by prisoners. They were directed to keep these rooms clean at all times, which is a clear proof that cleanliness had been but little regarded before. It was further enacted that better provision should be made for ventilation; men and women were to be separately confined; a warm and cold bath were to be furnished for every prison, for which an experienced Surgeon was to be appointed, who would make a report on his gaol at each quarter session. This Act, through the carelessness or worse of the Magistrates, failed to produce the contemplated satisfactory results. In the year 1812 or '13, Mr. Neild, a county Magistrate, published a work on prisons. The *Edinburgh Review* called attention to this book in an article written in 1814, on Prison Discipline. To this review we refer those of our readers whose curiosity may lead them to examine more fully into the state of prisons some years after Howard's first attempts to reform them. We are indebted however to its pages for one anecdote, extracted from Mr. Neild's work, which fully supports our remarks respecting the negligence of the different

Magistrates. Speaking of the county gaol for Anglesea, Mr. Neild observes :—" I was informed by the keeper that no Magistrate had been within it for seven years." We shall once more quote from a pamphlet published in 1818, and written by Mr. Thomas Fowell Buxton, also noticed by an Edinburgh reviewer for September of that year. The writer thus describes the condition of a prisoner in the greater number of prisons in Great Britain and Ireland. " He is instructed in no useful branch of employment by which he may earn an honest livelihood by honest labor. You have forbidden him to repent and reflect, by withdrawing from him every opportunity of reflection and repentance; seclusion from the world has been only a closer intercourse with its very worst miscreants; his mind has lain waste and barren for every weed to take root in; he is habituated to idleness, reconciled to filth, and familiarized with crime; you give him leisure, and for the employment of that leisure you give him tutors in every branch of iniquity; in short, by the greatest possible degree of misery you produce the greatest possible degree of wickedness; you convert an act perhaps of indiscretion into a settled taste and propensity to vice; receiving him, because he is too bad, for security, you return him to the world, impaired in health, debased in intellect, and corrupted in principle." Such was the result of imprisonment in Christian England thirty years back. Napoleon had disappeared from the scene, and the nations were resting themselves after the miseries, privations and dangers of long continued war. Too much occupied in previous years with external troubles and the interests of foreign states, England had had neither time nor inclination to attend to the pressing wants of her own unfortunate, though guilty, children. So notorious and disgraceful was the state of our prisons, that one of the metropolitan gaols is alluded to in a satirical poem by Southey, as affording hints for the improvement of his infernal abodes, not to be disregarded by the devil himself. Some of our readers may remember to have perused the " Devil's walk," in which the demon dwells with complacency on the interior economy of Coldbath Field's Prison. Some years after this was written, if his Satanic Majesty had extended his tour through the United Kingdom, the contemplation of its different gaols would doubtless have proved equally gratifying and suggestive to him. The lines, to which we allude, run thus, as far as memory serves us—

" As he passed through the Coldbath Fields,
He peeped into a cell,
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint,
For improving the dungeons of Hell.

We cannot pause to trace the steps by which the legislature, awakened to a sense of past neglect and of its own responsibility, has succeeded in rousing the energies of its officers, and effacing the foul blot which had stained the national character for humanity. Though much still remains to be done, the places set apart for the punishment of offenders are now generally spacious, ventilated, and drained. Mortality amongst prisoners has decreased. They themselves are supplied with ample food, good in its quality. Means have been

taken to protect them from damp and extremity of cold in winter; in short, negligence, or abuse of duty, no longer subjects criminals to a severer sentence than that imposed upon them at their trial by competent authority. We shall therefore proceed to the main object of these pages, to the consideration of prison discipline with a view to the reformation of criminals. We have before us the yearly gaol returns for 1847 submitted to the Secretary of State, and printed by order of the House of Commons in 1848. We shall show what has been done in the Reading gaol and House of Correction by means of a system which has for its object, not vindictive punishment, but the reclaiming of offenders—next, remembering that we are writing for an Indian public, we shall convey our readers from Reading to this country, and shall endeavour to set before them the present state of discipline and gaol economy existing in India. We shall contrast with a model prison at home, one of our best-managed and smaller district gaols in the North West Provinces, and we select that of Mynpoorie, because we believe, in the first place, that more decided attempts have been made there, to reform criminals, and in decency, because we have in person a short time ago, inspected that prison, and witnessed the orderly, contented, and comparatively speaking, happy condition of its inmates. This desirable result has arisen, in our opinion, from the fact that the Magistrate of Mynpoorie has interested the prisoners themselves in the means which he has employed to reclaim them, the nature of which, it will be our pleasurable duty presently to describe. We shall rapidly review the state of Indian gaols some 15 years back, as exemplified and illustrated by the report of the Committee appointed by the then Governor General Lord Auckland, in 1836, to enquire into prison discipline in India. We shall give an outline of their scheme of reform, and also of that proposed by Mr. Woodcock, inspector of prisons for the N. W. Provinces, who, since his assumption of office in 1844, has succeeded in relieving the State of great and unnecessary expense, and has improved, by a series of practical and intelligent measures, the sanatory condition of the prisoners under his charge. But we shall endeavour to point out that the plan of the Committee, and the system authorised and enforced by Mr. Woodcock, fail to secure what should be the chief object of all efforts, namely, the reformation of offenders. One great reason of this is that the attention of our Magistrates has been confined solely to the consideration of making the prisoners in their respective districts pay for the cost of their keep, and of rendering their labor remunerative. The aim has been to employ them profitably when in gaol; the question of what would become of them when discharged has been all but disregarded. We shall then, with diffidence, offer some suggestions with a view to the improvement and extension of the present system, and shall propose some plans which may be put into practice at a trifling expense. This, unfortunately, is necessary, for though the responsibility of the State to reform its criminals is undeniable, we are constrained to admit that "quærenda pecunica primum est." The sinews of war are

wanting for any enlarged attempts, involving a serious outlay.

There may be some amongst our readers, whom business or pleasure has induced to travel on the great Western Railway. They may remember to have remarked, as the train drew up at Reading, a large and handsome red building, not far removed from the line. Its appearance is that of a college, or other public institution, rather than a prison; yet this is the Berkshire county gaol and house of correction. It is of course under the superintendence of the Sheriff, and visiting Justices. The officers belonging to it are a governor, chaplain, surgeon, and deputy governor, matron, storekeeper, Engineer, nine male and female warders, two schoolmasters, a trades' instructor, and others. There are three divisions and nine wards for the males, with one airing yard; one division, three wards and an airing yard for the women. Each prisoner has a suit of clothes; the cost price for males being 19*s.* 6*d.*, for females 14*s.* 8*d.*, and for boys 17*s.* 5*d.*; a mattrass, two blankets, and a pair of sheets, a rug, one pillow and pillow case, at a cost price of 18*s.* 3½*d.*, are provided for each person. The employment and hard labor consist in pumping, shoe-making, tailoring, carpentering, and gardening, for males; in washing and needlework for females. The prisoners never associate by day or night. This, it is to be observed, is one of the leading features in the system carried out at this prison. The chaplain is unremitting in the performance of those duties which more immediately pertain to his sacred office; there are two services on Sunday, and prayers are read daily in the Chapel, where a catechism also takes place. He further visits all the prisoners twice a week, in their separate cells. Two schoolmasters are constantly employed in giving instruction. Berkshire has set an example to the rest of the country in advancing the standard of reform. The separation of prisoners was first attempted at Reading gaol, and the system was applied, but partially, to every inmate. Discipline is kindly but decidedly enforced. The punishment for breach of prison rules consists in stoppage of diet, confinement in darkness, and whipping. The house is capable of containing 248 prisoners—in separate cells—there is no other accommodation, for all are so confined. The number of prisoners admitted in the year 1847 was 892; of these, 773 were constantly employed; 352 were punished for offences within the prison, as follows:—

By whipping,..................	4
In irons,........................	2
Solitary confinement without work,....................	42
By other punishments,......	304

During the year there had been 114 cases of sickness; the greatest number sick at one time was 114; amongst all, one death had occurred. The diet was distributed as follows, according to rules established in 1845.

CLASS I.

Prisoners confined for a term not exceeding 3 days.

	Males.	*Females.*
Breakfast and Supper...	One pint of gruel	.... Same.
Dinner.....................	1 lb. of bread	

CLASS II.

Prisoners confined for a term of more than 3 days, but not exceeding 14 days.

	Males.	Females.
Breakfast and Supper...	One pint of gruel ... 6 oz. of bread.........	.... Same.
Dinner..................	One pint of soup per week; if at hard labor, 12 oz. of bread.	One pint of soup per week; if at hard labor, 6 oz. of bread.

CLASS III.

Convicted prisoners for a term exceeding 14 days, but not more than 3 months.

	Males.	Females.
Breakfast and Supper...	One pint of gruel ...... 8 oz. of bread............	One pint of gruel. 6 oz. of bread.
Dinner—Sunday ... Thursday...	One pint of soup ...... 8 oz. of bread...	One pint of soup. 6 oz. of bread.
Tuesday ... Saturday ...	3 oz. of meat .... 8 oz. potatoes .... 8 oz. bread	3 oz. of meat. 8 oz. potatoes. 6 oz. of bread.
Monday ... Wednesday Friday	8 oz. of bread, 1 lb. potatoes	6 oz. bread, 1 lb. potatoes.

CLASS IV.

Prisoners confined for a term exceeding 3 months—Class VII. Those sentenced by the Court to solitary confinement.—VIII. Those under examination.—IX. Poor debtors :—

	Males.	Females.
Breakfast and Supper..	One pint of gruel....... 8 oz. of bread.............	One pint of gruel. 6 oz. of bread.
Dinner—Sunday ... Tuesday ... Thursday... Saturday...	3 oz. of cooked meat without bone, 8 oz. of potatoes, 8 oz. of bread	3 oz. of cooked meat without bone, 8 oz. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread.
Monday ... Wednesday Friday......	One pint of soup........ 8 oz. of bread	One pint of soup. 6 oz. of bread.

CLASS V.

For Government Convicts.—The report informs us that arrangements had been completed with the gaol authorities for the reception of forty of these criminals.

	Males.	Females.
Breakfast—Sunday... Tuesday ...	One pint of gruel ..... 6 oz. of bread..	...... Same.
Dinner—Thursday... Saturday ...	4 oz. of meat, 1 lb. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread	3 oz. of meat, 8 oz. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread.
Breakfast—Monday.. Wednesday	One pint of gruel, 6 oz. of bread	...... Same.

	Males.	*Females.*
Dinner—Friday......	One pint of soup, 1 lb. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread	One pint of soup, 8 oz. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread.
Supper throughout the week, ...	One pint of gruel ...... 6 oz. of bread...........	...... Same.

The soup is to contain per pint 3 oz. of cooked meat without bone, 3 oz. of potatoes—1 oz. of barley—rice or oatmeal—1 oz. of onions or leeks—pepper and salt. Gruel, when made in quantities exceeding 50 pints, should be made of 1½ oz. of oatmeal per pint, and 2 oz. per pint when of lesser quantity ; on alternate days the gruel is sweetened by 3 oz. of molasses or sugar, and seasoned by salt.

CLASS X.

Punishment diet under 42nd Section of the "Gaol Act."

	Males.	*Females.*
Breakfast and Supper...	One pint of gruel........ 8 oz. of bread...........	One pint of gruel. 6 oz. of bread.
Dinner.....................	8 oz. of bread............	6 oz. of bread.
For a time not exceeding 3 days.	1 lb. of bread per day.	Same.

Our readers will observe that in these dieting rules there is no desire manifested of over-feeding criminals, or of rendering their life in this respect more agreeable than that of their more honest though poorer fellow men. Nor is it punishment timidly or theoretically enforced ; it is practical, corrective and exemplary. Common humanity teaches us to provide for the physical wants even of offenders ; but in this prison the authorities have gone beyond the cold humanity of their neighbours. They have looked to the physical well-being of the unfortunate people committed to their charge, and like the good Samaritan, they have added something more ; they have given them what would help them when once more turned out on the road of life. They have taught them trades, and instructed them with a view to their finding honest employment when discharged from the prison walls. The general results have been quite satisfactory; but it must be borne in mind that there are difficulties to contend with ; that the greater number of prisoners under sentence in English gaols have been committed for short periods of imprisonment. For example, out of 543 persons convicted and placed in Reading gaol during the year, 336 were confined for a shorter term than 2, whilst 59 only were imprisoned for a period longer than 6 months. This fact is unfortunate as far as it bears upon the chance of criminal reformations, because sufficient time is not allowed for the proper working out of the system which proposes a cure. During the time that a prisoner is separated from the contaminating influence of evil companions, undergoes religious instruction, and is actively employed in learning an honest trade, his mind is diverted from its former indulgence of wicked thoughts, and the continuity of a train of vicious ideas is broken. Before however he becomes trained to the frequent contempla-

tion of the benefits to be derived from an honest calling and virtuous conduct, the term of imprisonment expires, and he leaves the prison walls, perhaps to relapse at once into his only partially eradicated evil habits. It is encouraging on the other hand to know that in spite of this drawback, the chaplain at Reading has from time to time received from Magistrates and clergymen of parishes to which discharged criminals have betaken themselves, satisfactory certificates of their conduct and progress in virtue. If a system of reformation can be carried out in this country, this difficulty at least will not exist, inasmuch as Magistrates and Judges are authorized to confine offenders for periods extending even to imprisonment for life. We must however now present our readers with the picture of the interior arrangements and economy of the Indian "Jail Khana." We think that we may safely assert, that as far as regards sanatory provisions, and the physical treatment of prisons, we shall not be far behind the Berkshire Magistrates. We may further predict that in spite of the difficulties, arising from caste, religion, and want of sufficient space to carry out a proper classification, or separation of prisoners in solitary cells, the Mynpoorie prison will nevertheless contrast favorably with the model gaol which we have just described.

The Mynpoorie gaol receives the prisoners of the district, and during the period of trial, those untried persons sent from the neighbouring zillah of Etawah. It corresponds, as a place of confinement, with the common and debtors' gaol and house of correction in England. The Magistrate is the immediate superintendent, subject to monthly visits from the Sessions Judge, and the periodical inspection of Mr. Woodcock, inspector of prisons for the North Western Provinces. The officers are appointed by the Magistrate subject to the Inspector's approval, who however does not in ordinary matters interfere with the arrangements so made. The establishment consists of a darogah, or resident governor, his deputy, and other inferior officers, and guards at a monthly charge of 545 rupees. There are three divisions, with eight separate barracks 117½ feet long by 17 feet wide, and 13 feet high: the windows are open, unglazed, the aperture being guarded by iron lattice work! each barrack is surrounded with an airing yard. One dhotee, one shirt, at 3 annas ¾ pie, and 8 annas 4 pie each, and one blanket, and shirt at 8 annas 11¾ pie, are supplied to each prisoner yearly, at a cost of 1 rupee 4 annas 4½ pie per head. Prisoners sentenced for long terms and heinous offences are in the first instance put to work at hand-mills, by which they grind wheat for gaol consumption; should they be distinguished by good conduct and ready obedience when engaged in their work, a lighter description of labor is assigned to them. Unruly and turbulent men are compelled to work at upright hand-mills: but for no long term. The daily task averages 16 seers, or 32 pounds of well ground wheat. Paper is manufactured to the extent of 480 sheets per diem. Cloth of various kinds, carpets and warm woollen blankets are regularly made. Tile and basket making, pottery, carpenter's and smith's work, have of late years been in-

troduced successfully. The prisoners further wash and mend their own clothes, are barbers, keep the gaol clean, and are also employed in gardening ; in a word all the clothes worn by the prisoners are gaol-made, and all the vegetables consumed by them grown in the prison garden. From the profits of their other labor a considerable sum is annually saved, which has been and is expended on gaol buildings and repairs. The work-shops and factories are built on three sides of a quadrangle and measure as follows—

	Ft.	*Ht.*
The paper manufactory, ...	127×17 ...	16½
Carpenter's room,	127×17 ...	16½
Tile and carpet room, ...	150×18 ...	16½

The women work in their own separate ward, at spinning cotton and woollen thread. The hours of labor in the cold season are from 6 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. ; in the hot months the prisoners are not exposed to the sun between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. They associate at all hours, under the eye of sentries, whose duty it is to report irregular conduct,—day or night. This association cannot be avoided, when prisoners are not separately confined, and work together, and it must be admitted that little dependence can be placed on our native guard. We fear, therefore, that even in this prison, the prisoners, during the hours of work, can converse without restriction. The only check to idleness is to be found in task-work; where the daily amount of work has not been performed, the idle delinquent should be punished. Ample provision is made for the treatment of sick prisoners. The Surgeon daily attends the hospital, where a native doctor is constantly present. There is a separate apartment for female patients. The punishments for breach of prison rules, and for insubordination, consist in corporal punishment inflicted by rattans with from 5 to 30 blows, stoppage of tobacco, and grinding wheat, hand-cuffed, at upright mills. The number of men so punished, in 1850, were—

By whipping, ...	9
Stoppage of tobacco and other punishments,........	9
Total,...	18

The prison is capable of containing 600 persons. At the close of December 1850, there were 488 prisoners confined within its walls, and of these 14 were debtors. There were 60 male offenders in cases of misdemeanour. The number of felons was, males 412, females 11, and these females were all above 16 years of age. The number of males under this age amounted to 9 only. The total number of persons sentenced and committed to the gaol during the year was 580. Our readers will observe that the total number of persons admitted to the Reading gaol in one year was 892, and of these 773 were constantly occupied. The supervision was exercised by trustworthy and experienced persons, and yet the number of men punished for offences within the prison walls is 352 ; whilst in Mynpoorie the total number of prisoners punished on that account was 18. It must be further remembered, that the greater number of offenders in this gaol are felons, confined for long periods varying from three years to imprisonment for life ; whilst in the Reading House of Correction, as

we have already shown, the terms of durance are short, seldom exceeding six months. This speaks well for the discipline carried on in Mynpoorie, and the judicious treatment of prisoners there confined. In point of health the state of this Indian gaol is equally satisfactory, when compared with that of Reading. There had been 169 cases of sickness, and 11 deaths, but the greatest number of sick at one time only amounted to 15, whilst the greatest number of persons tried and untried in the gaol at one time was 630. This is an unusually light bill for an Indian prison, and in a great measure is to be attributed to the careful treatment and attention to diet on the part of the late Civil Surgeon Dr. Walker.

The following is the prescribed diet :—

	srs.	*chts.*	
Gram, ...	0	14	7 Chillies,
Flour, ...	4	6	Salt, 90 grains,
Dall, ...	0	14	Wood, 3*s.* 8*c.*,
Ghee, ...	0	½	Tobacco, ½*c.*,

The total cost per head a week being 3 annas 1½ pie.

We have now exhibited the successful effects of discipline in this gaol, resulting in the very small number of prisoners punished within the year 1850 for breach of prison rules. That great attention has been paid to diet and the wants of the sick is clear from the hospital returns which show a limited number of deaths and admitted patients. The list of various employments assigned to the prisoners, renders it apparent that their labour has been of a nature to interest rather than degrade and disgust them. We think, therefore, as far as we have gone, that the account given of the Mynpoorie gaol is hardly less satisfactory than that of Reading. It only now remains to point out that the criminal authorities at Mynpoorie have been no less desirous of improving the mental condition of their prisoners than those of Berkshire. The means of instruction have been placed within their reach, and the result has been highly satisfactory. We believe that the measure of success which has attended Mr. Kenlie's efforts to instruct the prisoners committed to his charge is in a great degree to be attributed to the zealous co-operation of, and assistance derived from, Dr. Walker, since removed to Agra, and appointed governor of the Central prison. To this officer the charge of instructing, and indeed the execution of all details connected with the scheme, were entrusted. Every prisoner, old or young, is put under instruction in reading and writing for an hour daily. No punishments are inflicted for negligence or idleness, but rewards, trifling in their nature, but highly regarded, are given to those who have displayed anxiety to improve and exalt themselves. The prisoners originally were invited to attend and form classes, and a sufficient number presented themselves. Any spirit of resistance amongst the others soon subsided of itself; and shortly after the scheme was in operation, the recreant prisoners were as eager to learn as they had before been determined not to receive instruction. In less than one year from the time of first forming the classes, 120 prisoners were so far advanced as to be able to read and write with fair proficiency. The women spell and read Hindee, making rapid progress, and evidently feel the great-

est interest in what they are learning: the men are instructed in Oordoo and Hindee. The expence of the school is very trifling. The sum of five rupees per month for every 100 men, obtained from the savings in gaol manufactures, is sufficient to cover all charges.

We cannot, however, remain any longer within the precincts of the Mynpoorie gaol. Our task is but half accomplished, and we must move onward. We have fairly described the chief features of the prison in its discipline, moral and physical. Our readers must decide for themselves how far the spirit of improvement has been welcomed in this country.

It is perhaps a coincidence, that as the authorities in a small county of England have pre-eminently distinguished themselves in their efforts to reclaim offenders by interesting and developing their minds, so it has fallen to the lot of Government servants in a small district gaol of the North Western Provinces, to take the first marked step towards the reformation of prisoners, by introducing a system of instruction, from which we would fain look for beneficial results. We cannot but hope that habits of industry will be permanently acquired by discharged criminals, who, in their own homes, during hours which would otherwise have been spent in idleness—the root of all evil—may rather continue to advance themselves in knowledge through the aid of village schools, or, if sufficiently capable of doing so, may devote themselves to the pleasurable task of instructing their own families. This may be visionary, but some dreams come true, and if the plan adopted at Mynpoorie be only followed up, and carried out in all the gaols in these provinces, some 40 or 50,000 human beings will soon be acquiring a degree of knowledge which will prove most valuable to them on a return to their villages, and this blessing will have been attained at the charge of five rupees per 100 men a month, and that saved to the State from the profits of prison labor. It is highly encouraging to know that Dr. Walker has already introduced into the Agra gaol the plan which he so ably superintended, if not originated, at Mynpoorie. It remains for the Inspector of Prisons to establish schools in every gaol under his jurisdiction. The experiment has been tried with practical success, and the means of working out the plan are so slight, that there can possibly exist no reason on the score of expense to preclude immediate and general extension.

(To be Continued.)

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

WORDSWORTH.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

It is thought fit here to give some further account of the Lattimers, and to put the reader in possession of some facts concerning them, unknown to Arthur Chester, but with the cognizance of which, the interest of the story (if it has any) will be increased. Lattimer himself was the son of a small Attorney in London, and being in early age placed as a clerk in a mercantile house, had, by industry and honesty, so distinguished himself as a man of business, that at the early age of thirty he was admitted as a junior partner into the firm. With good prospects, and a sufficiently agreeable person, he thought he might now look about for a wife. The subject of matrimony is one which baffles all attempt at philosophical arrangements; it submits itself to no fixed laws; binds itself to no definitions; defies alike synthesis and analysis, and is, in short, inscrutable. Therefore in attempting to account for how so apparently incongruous a match as that which Lattimer made could have come about, I am of course only hazarding conjectures. The industrious matter-of-fact citizen married Sophie La Harpe, the refined, enthusiastic, and beautiful daughter of a French *émigré* of birth, who had lost all his property in the Revolution, and was living in retirement at Hampstead. It was strange that, totally incapable as Lattimer was of appreciating the more delicate features of Sophie's character; and foolishness and a stumblingblock as much of her sensitiveness and refinement was to him; their affection was warm and lasting. He appeared to feel towards her a vague, undefined sense of respect and admiration, not unmingled with a pleasant vanity, that *he* should possess one who was obviously looked on by all as a superior and attractive person. Besides this, there was to him a large measure of delight, tinctured with awe, in the idea of being connected with a good family. But still Lattimer was a man of infrangible prejudices, and he would never have offered his hand to Sophie had she been a Catholic. She was not; for her mother, who was English, of the reformed faith, and who had married La Harpe after his abandonment of his own country, had entered into an agreement with her husband, that if they had any family, the boys should be brought up according to the tenets of his, and the girls

according to those of her church. Sophie therefore, their only child, was educated as a Protestant.

But it may seem much more difficult to imagine how this elegant girl could love Lattimer, and love him too as she did, with a pure, undeviating devotion, with a constant, watchful, and absorbing affection; him, totally insensate to the beautiful and the poetic; him, whose soul burned with none of the chivalry of her own race, but whose tranquil temperament calmly responded only to a sense of the respectable and the successful; him, in whom youth had already placidly ebbed to cautious and worthy middle life. Perhaps, it happened thus. She had from very childhood fixed her beau ideal of a husband, high; he was to be young, ardent, chivalric, lion-hearted in danger and emergency, but gentle in tastes and temper; all this she looked for. But as time wore on, and some of the young and noble *did* seek her hand, for her father saw good society, notwithstanding the retired manner in which he lived; and when her keen eye detected selfishness deeply at work in many whom the world called high spirited, generous, and open characters, she fell back on herself, sorrowing over the fragments of the image which she had moulded and adorned, and yet assisted ultimately to destroy. Then a re-action came, and she said, "perhaps it is not these more ambitious spirits who are the honourable of the earth; amongst the humble, the worthy, the industrious, it may be the true chivalry is to be found." Thus ardent and genuine as she was, did she cast half blind, half penetrating glances on society, and meeting, whilst in this mood, with Lattimer, she thought she detected in him sterling worth, and accepted his proposal of marriage. And from that moment did she earnestly strive to refine his character in her own imagination, and to idealize his sobricties into pure and noble principles: and the vows uttered at the altar-rail, were never better fulfilled than by Sophie La Harpe. They had only one child, the Eva our reader is already acquainted with, and when Eva was nearly twelve years old, her mother died. Lattimer felt her loss severely, and manifested his grief in somewhat strange ways. He sent £10 anonymously to the charity box at the Mansion House, with the oddly pathetic expression, "From one who is very lonely," and for a few days after her funeral, he attended the daily service at St. Paul's, with a curious bewildered wish to be devotional.

Lattimer had had a maternal uncle in the Navy, whose name was Hescott. The sailor had got on well in his profession, having been at some of the principal engagements during the French war. About ten years before the commencement of this tale, and shortly after his wife's death, Lattimer had received from Admiral Hescott the following letter written in a feeble and broken hand.

Bath, 18—

My dear Thomas.—I am dying, at least so the doctors tell me, and if they do not know, they *ought* surely. I have no troubles on my mind but my boy Alban, I must leave him in your hands. I ought to have saved some money for his sake, but however it is too late to talk now: I have not. Money is no good to me myself. "There is no discharge in this

war," as you will see written in your Bible, Thomas, if you ever read it, as you ought: but I should have remembered Alban. However there is £500, which his mother brought me, I have never touched. Make that go as far as it will, and then start him off in the world. He is 13 years old, by the time the money is gone he will be man enough to manage. Only give him a push, he'll find his level; he is a noble boy. It is no use saying a word about it now, but I have not behaved as I should by Alban. For myself, Thomas, I am going where my own Mary, and your mother have gone before me; remember your mother through prosperity and everything else, for she was a good woman, and your best friend, you may depend upon it.

William Hescott.

P. S.—Come down here at once, and take Alban; I may die any time.

Lattimer was not at all insensible to family affection; he was touched at the rough, careless pathos of the Admiral's letter, and immediately started off for Bath, which he reached in time to close the eyes of his poor old uncle, and when the funeral was over, returned, bringing the boy with him. Alban Hescott was a very remarkable looking lad, with features unusually well chiselled, a beautifully small mouth, eyes of intense blue, and long, light hair curling down from an high, serene brow, the whole countenance lighted up with ceaseless vivacity; it was seldom that you saw a face that you remembered better. Eva was delighted with her new playfellow; they were nearly of the same age, and to her, who had been brought up as a child alone, it seemed another life to have a companion. He was equally pleased with her; though his disposition was too boisterous for him to be satisfied with any occupation in which she could join. At first Lattimer thought he would keep Alban at home for a year or so with a tutor to come every day; but this was found utterly impossible; for complaints were endless from all the servants, of broken windows and broken chairs and every species of mischief which Master Alban had committed. And as he could not be got to read any sort of books, except old romances, or voyages, or adventures of some sort, it was decided to pack him off to a large school at Edmonton, and Master Alban was packed off accordingly. He spent his holidays, however, always with his uncle, and notwithstanding his wildness, he still delighted in the society of his cousin Eva, who on her part thought him the paragon of everything that was beautiful and good. But his career at school was most unsuccessful; privately, he swore a good deal, fought a good deal, and had ventured more than once into a public house, by scaling the garden wall: publicly, he was idle, obstinate, and proud; incessantly punished, and periodically on the eve of expulsion. When he was sixteen, he was removed and placed with an Attorney in town with whom he was to reside. The profession which Lattimer had chosen for him was particularly repulsive to all his tastes. Hitherto his faults had been those of a reckless spirit, but mixed up with them was a curiously sensitive idea of honor; all his misdemeanours lay on the surface. Never in any instance had

he been known to tell a falsehood, or to prevaricate in any way to screen himself from punishment, but when questioned about any thing he was accused of, if the charge was true, he at once doggedly confessed to it. His own impotent and unmeasurable Latin verses were always given up, though many boys would have done good ones for him, some to propitiate, and others from a general admiration of sin, which is frequently at schools associated in idea, and connected in reality with might and prowess. But when he came to live with the Attorney, he felt it would be impossible for him to go on as he had done before; and if he wished to have his own way, he must make some sacrifices to the usages of society. Here his sense of honor came in to his aid, and his pride prevented his attempting to keep up an appearance of respectability only as a mask to bad habits, so that with this feeling and the depression which his ungenial work brought on, his spirit for a time seemed quite broken, and he remained as tame and subdued as could possibly be wished. It was during this quiet period, that he was more constantly with Eva; he loved after office hours to get away to his uncle's, (for such he always called Lattimer, though really a cousin), and to pour into attentive ears his vague longings for adventures and scenery and society, which time had not rendered artificial. Many were the happy hours the cousins passed together, but they were now of an age, when friendship and the mere ties of relationship deepen into another feeling. They did not speak of it in words, but their hearts told them that the pleasure they felt in each other's society was dictated by a new passion. Unhappily for poor Alban, he at this time found an acquaintance which materially altered his character. There was in the office a middle aged man, named Bennett; he had seen better days, or at least richer; for of an early age he came in for that most impracticable of all fortunes, a small one. Being naturally an indolent and sensual man, he dawdled through all his property in a few years; not by an outbreak of extravagance, but by living habitually above his income, and by allowing his affairs to become so hopelessly entangled, that when driven at last to examine them, poverty and ruin were staring him in the face. Then came days of deep distress, insult, concealment, absolute hunger, which how few who speak the word have ever felt! At length stung into resolution by his misfortunes, he made one effort to save himself, and by dint of constant applications got employment as a clerk in Mr. Radcliffe's office.

Once established here, he was determined to keep out of debt, and without any wish for advancement, to live on quietly as he was. But the philosophy his career had taught him, was of a very treacherous nature. He viewed the world as a vast system of selfishness and imposture; and all that passed for virtue was in his opinion only the disguise in which cautious dispositions clothed their propensities. His caustic bitter remarks attracted Alban, himself of a scornful temper, and the society of Bennett had a remarkable effect upon him. For the young man began to think all lofty notions of honor thrown away

upon such Tartuffes and impostors as society was composed of; as pearls before swine: and he learnt from his companion that the best way to exhibit his contempt of the hypocrisy of the world was to make social usages subservient to his own gratifications. "Keep well with the world, man," Bennett would say, "not for its sake, but for your own. Keep up appearances, that you may be better able to trample upon what they represent." Holding these views, and indulging in all vices, restrained only by his pocket and such regularity as his situation required, this unfortunate man lived a life of organized dissoluteness, and involved Alban Hescott in the same habits of which he was himself the victim. The one fair spot however in young Alban's character remained—his love of his cousin; from her he carefully concealed the course of life he was leading, and in his darkest moments of recklessness, the recollection of her seemed to hover over him, like his better angel, unwilling even then to leave its uncongenial protegé. But Eva imperceptibly imbibed from him some of his views. She fully believed what he said of the hollowness of people's characters, and her open disposition spurned, as things unworthy, motives of any kind but the purest and most unselfish. But though she thus learned a hasty and enthusiastic indignation, her love of goodness and a strong tendency to idealize preserved to her some objects of the deepest respect and the most changeless love.

Poor Alban, though he had grown as addicted to vice as his friend Bennett, was not so experienced, and had not the remembrance of indigence and trouble to guide him as a beacon. For three years, however, he managed to keep up appearances with Mr. Radcliffe, such occasional irregularity excepted, as was looked over from time to time, until at last an outbreak took place. Alban disappeared for a day or two, and finally turned up amongst a crowd of faded and dissipated men at a police office, whose names were almost all (singular enough) either Smith or Brown, and who had been disturbed in the middle of the night, in a gambling house near Leicester Square, by one of those singular crusades of the police, which take place periodically. Notice of the expedition had been given the evening previous at the Clubs, and Jermyn Street was for one night deserted. Upon this event Mr. Radcliffe declined retaining Alban as an inmate of his house: and begged Lattimer to make other arrangements. Lattimer was not a man to form any great expectations of a lad whilst young, nor to be much troubled with a school-boy's idleness. But his passion for respectability, and his strict conformity to the rules of such morality as society requires caused him to have no mercy on raffishness. The idea of having any one connected with him, who was likely to introduce the name of Lattimer in the remotest way to magisterial authority, at once appalled him. He formed the resolution promptly and decisively of getting rid of Alban at once, and forthwith dropping the notion of making an Attorney of him, (though at some loss), he took a passage for him in a ship to America. He did not spare expense to secure a swift and final removal. "Alban," he said,

"I have sent out £450 to your credit: it will be in the hands of Mr. Micah Z. Eteson of Boston, who is an agent of our house, and who will give you the best advice as to investing it, either in trade or land; when I hear from him that you are fairly settled, I shall not object to forwarding more money either as a gift or a loan, as circumstances may turn out; but as sure as I stand here, if you come back I will do nothing for you, not one half penny's assistance shall you get out of me, as long as my name is Thomas Lattimer; £50 you take with you in case of accidents, and your passage is paid, for the rest I hope you will succeed, I cannot wish you anything more." Alban liked the idea of going to America: all his earlier reveries of bold men who had visited foreign lands, and had battled their way to power and wealth returned, and in the healthier exercise of his imagination he felt as if he could leave behind him low habits in the smoke and gloom of London, and imbibe a purer life with the breeze of the Atlantic. Preparations did not take very long, and at length his last day in England arrived: he took leave of his uncle at the Counting-house: Lattimer wished him calmly, but not unkindly, farewell. He then drove to Russell Square, the private house, to see his cousin. Eva had never heard the particulars of Alban's leaving Mr. Radcliffe's, and had supposed that it was only her cousin's high spirit fretting in some way against the dull mechanical rules of office. Nor did she at all know that the departure for America was compulsory. The parting was a sad business. To her, a passionate, tearless, intolerable moment; to Alban, a return of feelings that had almost passed away, a throbbing of the old heart: he was completely unmanned, and burst into tears. And after this relief, he told her, though she knew it well, how he loved her, and how *she* had been like an angel of heaven to him in trouble and distress; and then with the pathos so pleasurable to the repentant, forgetting all his hopes about America, he declared that all before him was dark and desolate. And there they sat—she, pale, wan, statue-like; he, with the tears dimming his deep blue eyes: and even then, when fate seemed separating them for ever, even then did they solemnly pledge their vows of love, and look forward with a wild hope to some happier time; even then did they talk of the morning, when their sun seemed just setting in blackness and tempest. And then they parted: one last kiss on her cold brow, and afterwards the word "farewell;" his, uttered with a sob of anguish; her's, scarcely audible, so heartfelt and so deep. That evening Alban left by train for Liverpool, and the next day, the good ship "Nautilus" set sail. She had made many voyages before, and had tossed through terrible nights far out in mid seas. Eight years gone by, she first leapt into the waters "a thing of life," decked with flags, named by a gentle voice, and greeted with shouts: and she now set out on her last voyage.

About three weeks after the time she left Liverpool, a steamer moving on towards America, and within two days of land, came amongst a quantity of floating wood, spars and planks, and pieces of wreck; they were mostly black-

ened at the edges, as if with fire, and upon one piece the name "Nautilus" was written in distinct letters, and it was then known that that vessel had perished. And some time after a bottle was picked up on the shore of Barnstaple Bay, in which was a paper containing these words—"Ship Nautilus, sunset, (no date was given.) The steward has set the ship on fire, we are taking to the boats." But no boats ever appeared.

I must not linger to describe Eva's state when the news reached England. There is no ill tidings so grievous as that which, while really hopeless, is still indefinite. We try at first to postpone at any rate the sorrow by conjecturing against probability—but at length—

> "Hope fades away, and now her sweet words sink
> To a mere soul-less echo ; while Despair
> Is wrestling with the hearts that trembling shrink
> From his embrace."*

It must be briefly stated that Eva's health failed, and that Lattimer, though he knew not the cause, became seriously alarmed and begged a maiden sister of his to come and live with them, and take care of his poor girl. Miss Hesther Lattimer complied, and from that time became a member of the family. It is a happy arrangement, though in some respects painful to consider, that Time† is the physician of our sorrows: it may not change our love, or lessen the warmth of our heart, but it certainly tempers our griefs to a calm melancholy, tinging perhaps the character with a delicate shade, but leaving us free to hope and fear, and act again. It was four years from this date that Eva met Arthur Chester for the first time. She was in some measure subdued, but retaining the enthusiasm and the genuineness of her character in full force : she had long since recovered health and spirits with the elasticity of youth. No two men could have been less alike than Chester and Hescott ; fire, energy, impulse were rather wanting in the former ; his spirit was of a gentle order, and his feelings, deep as his deep heart, were tinctured with devotion. Still his character was not at all weak, and he was capable of rising to an occasion.

Had Eva never loved, never suffered as she had done, perhaps she would not have been so much attracted to Arthur: but it was the very fact of her affections having been wounded, and of her thirsting for sympathy that drew her towards his beautiful disposition, and it was almost a surprise to herself when she perceived, that in an intercourse, from which she thought she was only deriving comfort and alleviation of painful recollections, other feelings had found their birth. The rest the reader knows. It was her fear of separation and disappointment which induced her to beg Arthur at first not to come forward till prospects were a little settled ; and it was the same feeling now that made her determine to stand boldly on her right to marry whom she loved, and to brave even a father's displeasure in obeying what she believed the voice she should listen to, that of her own heart. Does any condemn her

* Camilla Toulmin. † Time is an alleviating deity."
SOPHOCLES.

because she did not confide even to Arthur's ear, the tale of her first love? I do not wonder that she told it not; how few there are amongst us who have not one secret of the young heart, which they would fain carry with them unbreathed through life! Yes, and though it should be forgotten for a while amongst the feverish scenes of middle age, they would wish to remember *it* again at the last, and that *it* might lie gently like rosemary, in their cold bosoms, when they were dead!

CHAPTER V.

It was the close of an afternoon, when a man, still apparently on the sunny side of thirty, might be observed leaning against a boat which was lying, keel uppermost, on the beach at Hastings. He was dressed in a shooting coat and straw hat: there was that nameless something in the way in which his clothes were put on (though he was, by no means, what is called 'got up') which is so difficult to imitate, and so readily marks the man of fashion and the world. This was Lord Redgate, the young nobleman who was anxious to recruit his fortunes by an alliance with the Lattimer family. His countenance was attractive, beautiful teeth, curly brown whiskers and hair, a clear though dark complexion, with eyes expressive of great good humour, though telling tales perhaps of late hours and irregular habits in their somewhat dewy and sunken appearance: this, with a merry laugh, and easy self-possessed manners made him highly prepossessing on first acquaintance. He was the eldest of the three sons of an Earl, who had such a passion for gambling, that he lived entirely in town to have better opportunities of following up his favorite pursuit, and had involved his estates in terrible incumbrances, in fact had sold as much of his property as the entail permitted. The effect of such habits on his family was of course very sad; his wife, the Countess of St. Peters, (such was his title) who was a very strange person, and wrote very strange novels, lived habitually at German Baths: she took scarcely any interest in her sons, and they were left mostly to scramble on as they could. The two younger turned out very differently; the Hon'ble Henry Burgoyne entered the church, and settled as a pious and useful man: The Hon'ble, or, as he was called, Lord Tom, retired to a part of the country where railways had not yet made their appearance, and where, in company with an inn-keeper, he started a four-horse coach. When he fairly saw "Hoskyns, Burgoyne and Co." painted on the door, was once comfortably on the box, ribbons in hand, and once heard it said, that Walkland must horse the "Magnet" better, if he meant to keep up with Lord Tom; he was perfectly happy. Lord Redgate himself was so far independent of his father, that he had had a small personal annuity secured to him at the death of his grand-mother; still this was but little, and as his father was now getting old, and the prospect of succeeding to the title and estate approached nearer, he became very anxious to find out some rich

commoner's daughter, to whom his rank would be a compensation for his poverty, and by allying himself with whom he might retrieve the broken fortunes of his house. Just what he sought seemed presented to him in the person of Eva Lattimer, to whom he had been introduced during the last winter. From the first time he saw her, he immediately determined to follow up the acquaintance, which he did with great assiduity: and at last made formal proposals of marriage through the father. Lattimer was too reserved to be a tuft-hunter: yet he had a great respect for rank and a great ambition that everything and person connected with him should succeed; Redgate's proposals therefore seemed to him to be just what could be wished, and he regarded Eva as having helped on the family concern by attracting the attention of a young nobleman. And though Lattimer perfectly well perceived that Lord Redgate had been a man of dissipated habits, yet dissipation, when of such a nature as society winks at, had no horrors for the disposition that shrunk instinctively, as has been before related, from raffishness. Eva, however, gave a distinct and unqualified refusal when the matter was mentioned to her: and the idea was abandoned by the young Viscount. Lattimer did not behave harshly, but he was dreadfully vexed, for nothing so much troubled him as the frustration of any of his plans. But after a week or two of sulkiness and silence, he began very quietly to bring up the subject again with Eva; and from talking calmly on the pros and cons of such a match advanced to a warm advocacy of Lord Redgate's proposal. Eva, thinking the matter finally concluded, did not pay much attention to these conversations, and her father mistaking this indifference for acquiescence in what he was saying, contrived to intimate to Lord Redgate (who still kept up an acquaintance with them) that he thought Eva had changed her mind, and that a second proposal might be differently received. Had Lord Redgate been a man of more spirit or more money, he might have formed the "shepherd's* resolution" with regard to Eva—

> "If she slight me when I woo,
> I can scorn and let her go."

But he had through life attempted entirely to subdue emotion, and on calmly looking his prospects in the face, he thought it much better to sacrifice his pride to another chance of so desirable an alliance. But he went very differently to work this time: he took advantage of her frank temperament to tell her at once, that he hoped his not having succeeded very well as a lover would throw no obstacle in the way of his being a friend; and thus placed himself on an easy footing. When they went to Hastings for the summer, he went there also, and was a great deal with them, trusting to a theory of his, that a girl very soon grows attached to a man she sees much of. There was a boundless *bon-hommie* about Lord Redgate, which might have been dangerously attractive (for we are all human) to Eva, notwithstanding her engagement, had

* George Wither.

she shunned or avoided him at all; but she met him cheerfully and candidly, was amused by him, liked him, wrote about him to Arthur—and was safe. Lord Redgate perceived that she was not the least shy with him, and was a little disconcerted, but "faint heart," &c. was his motto, and he hung on, waiting for an opening, and warmly encouraged by Lattimer himself. Still, though Eva was safe, she felt her position a painful one, and somewhat reproached herself for even negatively deceiving Lord Redgate by not telling him of her circumstances. At length, worn and annoyed by her father's constant hints and advice, she determined to ask Arthur to come forward and conclude matters, by stating what had occurred in the previous year.

Lord Redgate was still leaning over the boat, when quick steps were heard, and a young man running up from behind vaulted over the boat and stood opposite, facing him. He was of light complexion, with sandy hair, cut very short, and the fresh blood in his clear cheeks made him look the picture of health. He wore a glazed sailor's hat and boating jacket, and was accompanied by a Scotch terrier, which having been recently in the water, lay twisting on its back in the shingle to get dry.

"Why, Redgate," said the new arrival, "what a fellow you are, you never come after all."

"I was too lazy," replied the other, "besides, my dear George, I do not profess to be amphibious, nothing the least in the mermaid and your line."

"I had the most glorious swim, sir; when I jumped out of the boat, I fancied I was Rob Roy at the ford: I kept on diving; I do not think if you had been a trooper you could have shot me, particularly if it had been dusk as it was then; do you not remember?"

"Can't say I do," said Lord Redgate, who had scarcely read a book of any sort in his life.

"What, not remember Ewan of Briggland's letting Rob Roy go at the ford; oh fancy that, man alive," said George Everett, (for it was the elder brother of Arthur's friend)—

'And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he came to grass growing,
Let down his feet and ran.'*

"you remember that at any rate?"

"Not acquainted with the language or the lines, thank you, George; but let us drop ballads and take to billiards; we have very nearly lost a day, as one of those old Roman buffers did quite, did he not? who was it? Horace and Julius Cæsar are the only two I know by name."

"Oh yes," said George rather oracularly, "it was somebody in those days; but take a turn first, I saw a man just now, whose figure was just like that of a friend of mine."

"With pleasure," answered Lord Redgate, and they walked arm in arm down the promenade walk. Here they were soon encountered by a couple who were coming along the other way: one, an old man of very gentlemanly appearance, the other quite young: the latter was of a slight but active figure, with a good deal of

* Rob Roy, Chapter 33.

dark hair shading an expressive countenance; the eyes were very full, but had rather a dreamy and abstracted look, and in fact the whole face, when in repose, was thoughtful and not vivacious. On observing Lord Redgate's companion, the young man immediately relinquished the elder's arm, and came forward—"Hollo, George," said he, "how are you? you are astonished at seeing me I suppose."

"Yes, I really am," said the other, "what has made you give up your trip? how was Fred when you last saw him?"

"Take a turn," replied Arthur Chester, "and I will tell you all about it."

"Stop a moment then," said George, "till I tell Redgate I will join him at the billiard table."

"Tell whom?" asked Arthur.

"Lord Redgate," said George, "he has gone on to that seat."

Arthur and Mr. Chester both turned mechanically round to look on the young nobleman, and perhaps a shade of disappointment passed for a moment over Arthur's face, at seeing so prepossessing looking a person.

George Everett was introduced to Mr. Chester, and learnt from Arthur in the course of their turn every thing about the latter's return except what he wished to know, its cause, and that was of course kept gracefully out of sight.

As soon as Arthur had arrived at Hastings he had called at the Lattimers and had been fortunate enough to find Eva alone. It was a happy surprise; she was not expecting him so soon: it may be supposed they had plenty to talk about. Before Arthur left, he arranged that he and his father should meet Eva and her aunt the next morning before breakfast on the cliff, where it was their usual custom to walk early: this plan was in consequence of old Chester's earnest desire to see and converse with Eva before his son came openly forward.

The next day very early, Mr. Chester came into Arthur's bedroom at the inn, and throwing the window open, stood looking out. He had a small volume in his hand.

"Arthur awake!" he cried, "Voltaire was perfectly right, it *is* the true motto of life 'il faut cultiver notre jardin'; listen here," he continued, reading "'Je sais aussi, dit Candide, qu'il faut cultiver notre jardin. Vous avez raison, dit Pangloss, car quand l'homme fut mis dans le jardin d'Eden; il y fut mis, *ut operaretur eum*, pour qu'il travaillât: ce qui prouve que l'homme n'est pas né pour le repos':* by George, what splendid morning effects on the sea, how I should like to get those in, in water colors."

"I beg your pardon" said Arthur, who after a wakeful night had fallen in to heavy sleep towards morning, and was still dozing. "I heard every word you said. 'Voltaire was quite right to paint morning morals in sea-water colors." Then suddenly awaking he dashed out of bed, thinking he was late.

"Plenty of time," said his father, "ah! while I think of it let me say, I was quite wrong before we started to joke you about Dean Swift's dog, and being shelved when once settled in the country. There is

* Candide in fine.

nothing, Arthur, to prevent your being Archbishop of Canterbury. What brings a man to the head of his profession except determination? Look at good Dr. Hawkes, what has put him, a tutor or something of that sort, in the position he holds? nothing of course but indomitable will."

"Oh, my dear father," said Arthur, "I should not think the Archbishop has any will, he is a very peaceful, pious old man."

"Externally, Arthur; inwardly—as ambitious as Wolsey, you may depend on it: could not have got there without determination, and could not be prevented getting there with: and Arthur Chester too may be Arthur Cantuar some day, if he likes, who is to stop him?"

Shortly after, they issued forth, and mounting the cliff, walked to some little distance, and then turning back soon met Eva and her aunt. Miss Hesther Lattimer was tall, with an aquiline nose, bright black eyes, and large white teeth. She was very upright, and spoke in a base voice, and with great rapidity. "Oh, Mr. Chester," she said to Arthur on meeting, "Eva told me you were come, sorry I missed you yesterday, forget where you have come from, Alpine mountains is it not?"

"Yes, Miss Lattimer," he replied, "from somewhere in that direction; allow me to introduce my father—Miss Lattimer,—Miss Eva Lattimer."

After walking for a little way in a group, they gradually separated into two couples; Arthur being in front with Miss Hesther, and Eva behind with Mr. Chester.

Arthur kept up a brisk conversation with Miss Lattimer on the subject of novels, of which she read immense numbers, in a very strange way, without any reference to their authors, and picking them by their names. From long practice she had acquired great skill in skipping: in fact there were novels, whose contents she could thoroughly master by only reading one side of the pages.

"What was your last story, Miss Hesther?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, a thing yesterday," she replied 'The Red Slipper:' good name but stupid; only a murder: no intrigue; 1st volume; murder described with scenery, etc.: scenery well arranged; all put in two chapters separately, ready for being left out; 2nd volume; Hero suspected, and flies to foreign lands; tropics—with humming birds and paroquets, and so on: 3rd volume; Hero comes back and is tried, and Heroine's evidence saves him; then the real murderer is found out by a Red Slipper and is hung; then the person who was thought to have been murdered re-appears: he had only been taken away by robbers, not killed, and then every thing ends in one large marriage and two little ones."

"Rather a bore for the man in red slippers, though," observed Arthur, laughing.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Hesther, "but it is said in the book that the tale is supposed to take place before some law was altered."

"Whom is it by?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, I really do not know," replied Miss Hesther, "but not by any of the Pickwick people I think."

The "Pickwick people" was a very favorite expression of Miss Lattimer's, and meant vaguely the authors of any sort of

book which would be likely to be illustrated by Mr. Hablot Brown. If Arthur had known what the subject of conversation between the other couple was to have been, I do not think he would have so warmly promoted the interview.

For old Mr. Chester had taken it into his head, that it was his duty to point out to Eva that our affections as well as our faults had their discipline to submit to, and that she must not be deceived by her feelings : that 'the dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our play ;' and that 'not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay;'* that she had duties to her father, and duties to herself, as regarded her property, which if rightly viewed, had a romance as great as that of passion, and that the little prudences were winged also, and lay in flowers like the little loves. But though Mr. Chester religiously let off all this caution, he was so evidently delighted with Eva, that he could not manage to keep out faint exultations at the hope of having such a daughter-in-law : and once the declaration slipped in, that if Arthur could get a living and settle in Devonshire, it would brighten his old age.

Altogether the good old man's conversation can only be compared to a weft of sack-cloth woven across with fine and colored silk ; words, sober words, ye must be never so wisely uttered to charm the unlistening ear of Love ; words, burning words, ye may move a nation and electrify the herd ; but ye have a severer critic in love than Demosthenes ever encountered, if ye cross Love's wishes.

Of course, the conclusion of the matter was, that Eva and Mr. Chester parted mutually pleased with each other : he, easy at having delivered himself from all reproaches of conscience, and inwardly hoping his cautions would not have any effect ; and she, loving Arthur a little more for having so nice an old man for a father, and strengthened in her determination to have her own way in affairs which affected herself more closely than any one else.

And so began the day—

> "The great the important day ; big with the fate
> Of Arthur and of love ;"

as Addison might have said, if his theme had been Chester instead of Cato.



* Emerson.

A FEW WORDS TO THE LADIES.—NO. I.

The general iniquity of the Anglo-Indian community, more especially as regards its addiction to gambling, and its propensity to run into debt, has been, we observe, for a very long period of time, a favourite topic with the writers of India. Such and so widely extended has been the rage for reforming and regenerating Oriental society, that no possible weapon of offence seems to have been forgotten in this wordy crusade against the vices of the age. The war-chariots of General Orders have rolled over us; the penny-a-liners have sprung countless mines beneath our feet; batteries of hot-pressed pamphlets have vomited their deadly contents amid our sinning ranks, while regiments of newspaper writers have fired whole platoons of articles in our faces. Nor is this all. Clergymen from the pulpits have invoked the thunders of heaven on our evil generation; wits from the Sketch Book have tied squibs and crackers to our tails; virtuous poets, like Lang and Hurry, have scourged us with cats, of many lines of poetry; and last, not least, hear it and tremble, the great poet of the East is even now, we are assured, composing a mighty Epic on the subject, amid the blissful groves of Lahore. And yet who shall venture to assert that we are one whit better, one rupee less in debt, than when Torrens the Hermit, first preached a crusade against the growing enormities of the day, or Charley Cœur de Lion took up arms to regain, if not the reality, at least the sepulchre of long buried honesty.

That we *are* not any better is a fact that no one, not even the most persevering assailant of the present system pretends to doubt, and it is melancholy to reflect how much good time has been lost, in writing and reading on the subject; how much fair white paper has been defiled; how many neat types worn out; and how many good words and phrases worked to death, without doing *even as much good* to the *Europeans*, as the Missionaries have to the natives of India.

"What can be the reason of this?" is a question which cannot fail to propose itself to the champions of public morality. "Have we not," say they, "cajoled and threatened by turns? have we not tried alike fear and persuasion? but all in vain—

They will not list to wisdom's lore,
Nor *reason's* voice can lure them,
They're just as bad now as before,
We really can't endure them!

"I," cries one, "have bellowed till I am hoarse;" "I," writes another, "have scribbled till my hand aches;" "And I," gently hints a third, "have lived, like an honest man, to be a pattern of propriety for them, till I am quite sick of it." "What is to be done," cry one and all—"what?" and the echo of the Indian public answers—"what?"

This is indeed a lamentable state of affairs; and as we believe that we have discovered the only sovereign remedy for the moral epidemics so prevalent in this country, the Holloway's ointment for the Anglo-Indian mind, we hasten to give our valuable discovery to the public in the present form (sold by Messrs. Saunders and other agents, in packets price 2 Rs.) and thus give a mo-

ment's breathing time to the poor apothecaries who have toiled so long tho' so ineffectually to master the disease.

Whether or not (as Indian (meta)-physicians appear to have settled it much to their own satisfaction) the love of spending more than they possess, or risking at games of chance and skill more than they can afford, be really "an inherent distemper" of the Saxon mind, developed in the east, we shall not now pause to enquire ; suffice it for us to know, that whether begotten by nature or engendered by society, it has been found to *exist* in a vast proportion of the specimens which have been examined, nor will it be needful in developing our theory, to recapitulate the various means which have been proposed, for diminishing or extirpating this fearful malady, 1st, because they have all been so often published to the world, and experimented with in so many different forms, that even the most pitiable of the sufferers must now be able to ring for himself every change, on these supposed methods of cure ; and 2ndly, because our own being entirely original it is independent of all former systems, and requiring no support from them, "needs only"—to use the established phrase—" to be tried, to be approved of."

The history of the world clearly shows us that the character and progress, (or degeneration) of a people, depend mainly, on those of its women ; where they are brave and virtuous, the men will be so too, and where they are weak and ignorant, the men themselves will be effeminate and slothful.

" The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."

Where the women admire and appreciate honour, honesty, and valour, the men will always strive to possess these qualities, while where on the contrary neglecting and forgetting these, the ladies seek for talent, wealth, and rank alone, the men, guided by the natural desire of exciting the love or the admiration of the other sex, look to fame and riches as the objects most worthy of persuit. Under this view of the case, it might at first appear that women should be the *originators* of all social reforms, but such is not really the truth, *their* mission is to develop not originate, the light must first come from man, it is theirs to nurse and cherish it. At every time there are sufficient, good and great ones among the sterner sex to teach them what changes are necessary for the welfare of society, but it is for them to *effect* those changes.

Is not the manner in which drunkenness, a vice once quite as prevalent in good society in England, as gambling or debt is now in that of India, a fair example of what we assert? Sixty years ago, no one, unable to drink at least two quarts of wine at a sitting, could have any pretensions to the title of gentleman, one who could imbibe three was in modern phraseology, (I am unacquainted with the word then in vogue) " a brick," while the happy possessor of a gullet, so capacious as to be able to swallow four, was looked upon as nothing short of a positive hero. Some few of the more thinking and rational part of the community, who (as thinking men always are) were a little in advance of their generation, protested for some time, apparently, in

vain, against such an abuse of God's gifts, till at last the perception slowly stole upon the female mind, that the capability of drinking three bottles of port, at a time, was not one of those qualities which tend to make home happy, "so much to the contrary," as Mrs. Ellis* says, "that it was quite to the reverse." Gradually they ceased to sing Anacreontics to their lords, (that they did so once may be seen by referring to old songs published with accompaniments for the spinnet). Gradually the name of hard drinker became among them, a synonyme for an *in*eligible man, and mamas began to whisper confidentially to each other that papas had desired such and such a match, but that *they* would not sacrifice poor Emma or Eliza, as the case might be, to a drunkard ; what the result was every one knows, nor can it be doubted that though the reform was suggested by the men, that it was the influence of the women which carried it ino effect.

The bearing of this principle on the often mooted question alluded to above, is obvious. Ladies of India, it is for you, (and you alone can do it) to extirpate the practice of gambling, to eradicate the pernicious habits of running into debt, from the male portion of the community ; we would have

> "each small bright head,
> A light of healing,
> Each blush, each smile, a medicine in themselves."

We would have you make the men capable of being good husbands, worthy of yourselves; we would have you do justice to your *own* children, and make your *own* homes happy.

All this you *can be*, all this you *can do*, not by saying as we have some times heard you, "poor dear boy, he is over head and ears in debt," or "that horrid fellow, just fancy, he was playing *ecarté* till three o'clock this morning," and then showing, by your smiles and kindness, when you next meet, that you have not the slightest objection either to the "poor boy's" swindling some, perhaps really, poor tradesman, or to the "horrid fellow's" gambling when respectable people are in bed ; but by coolly and politely (as you all well enough know how to do when it suits you) declining any intimacy with those whom you know to be reckless spendthrifts or habitual gamesters, and showing, that as you know that their practices entail misery not only on themselves, and other men, but also on their wives and families, (in esse vel futuro), *so* you (having as large or larger stake than they have at issue, in the question of the general happiness of your sex) will neither encourage, countenance, nor associate with such men.

Do you do this ? have you ever thought of doing it ? some few among you may be able to answer the latter question in the affirmative, but few, very few, if any, can say truly, that they have really done so.

As we said above, in asking you to do this, we only ask you to be true to yourselves. Reckless extravagance and habits of play sow, we fully believe, the seeds of a large proportion of that domestic unhappiness which flourishes among us in true tropical luxuri-

* The accomplished authoress of the Grand Mothers of India, or a Tale of the Sudder Board.

ance. There *is* no doubt another enemy who sows tares in what should be a smiling field of joy; there *is* another vice, less especially restricted to India than the others (indeed it is nearly as prevalent all over Europe) which also has its share in producing the sum of social misery, and with this vice too should you deal in like manner. That you know how evil are its effects, that you feel how detrimental it is to the welfare of society, and how pernicious to your own happiness, the severity with which you punish the one criminal too clearly shows; this severity, it is true, may and does tend to keep it somewhat within bounds, but would you really crush that enemy, would you really effectually check that vice, it must be by resolutely opposing the wrong; it must be by even-handed justice to both offenders, and by building up the icy barrier of reserve between yourselves, and the guilty *man* as well as the woman that hath been sinned against.

Some amongst you perhaps may be disposed to make the excuse, that it is difficult, nay almost impossible, to become acquainted with the characters of the men you meet in society, and this plea might not be altogether unreasonable, were you residents of London or Paris, but in a country like India, where every body knows every other body's affairs, as well if not better than their own, it is worthless; you have fathers, brothers, uncles, husbands, mothers, cousins and other lady friends from whom you can, and *do* (you *know* you do) learn the character and reputation of every man moving in your circle, and alas that it should be so, but experience proves it, the more reckless is any man supposed to be, the worse is his character as a libertine, the warmer and kinder is the welcome that he meets with among you.

But to return to debt and gambling, in these matters,

"The destinies of men are in your hands,"

yours is "the sweet attractive grace," and

"The gentle art to teach mankind
To weed the garden of the mind."

But be true to yourselves, but show firmly and markedly and impartially the disapprobation, which (if you think calmly over the matter,) you *must* feel of such irregularities, and believe us, you will almost entirely banish them from the lives of all those who are worthy of your friendship, your affection, or your love, the better part of the male community. That there *may* be, that there *are*, some men so dull, so degraded, so dead to every noble feeling, every generous impulse, as not to be susceptible of your influence, we will not for a moment deny, for it is unhappily too true, but at the same time it is no less certain that every man, within whose bosom lurks a single spark of gentlemanly fire, will (unless supported by a strong innate consciousness of rectitude) speedily abandon any or all persuits and habits, the continuance of which he finds will exclude him from the society of that (thank heaven, large) portion of your sex, whom he can love, honor and respect.

But, (you would urge,) debt is not always dishonourable, and shall we punish the innocent for the guilty; is it not better to let all escape, than to punish one unjustly? Certainly not! but even

were it so, we say, let your tribunal be a just one; decide each individual case on its own merits, and do not foolishly attempt to generalize them too much. Debt is *deeply* dishonorable, when incurred without any prospect of being able to cancel it; dishonorable when the probabilities are not largely in favour of being able to do so, while there are cases where it is a misfortune, not a fault, or even where it is perfectly correct, and proper; so too to kill a man may be murder, or it may be manslaughter, while there are cases where it is only a misfortune, or even where it is necessary, and you might as well, on this latter account, object to punishing any man for homicide, as refuse to exclude from your society those who *are* dishonored by debt, because in some other individual cases it is no proof of dishonesty. Remember that the prisoner at the bar (whether of the law-courts for homicide, or the ladies'-courts for debt) will be quite sure to put in every possible extenuating plea in his defence, and having heard these and weighed them fairly, decide accordingly. Do justice to the offender, and by doing so do justice to yourselves, and to all who are near and dear to you.*

The ladies' court is society; and a man's actions, and the general tenor of his life, (in this country obvious and patent to all) are at once the evidence for the prosecution, and the pleas for the defence; that this court *has* the power of banishing offenders, a recent well known case sufficiently proves, where a young and foolish man was for a thoughtless, yet perfectly harmless joke, excluded from society in the same manner, that we now ask you to exclude *those* who are dishonored by debt, or disreputable for gambling and licentiousness.

Thus may you *certainly*, even if slowly, check the progress of, nay almost exterminate, the worst enemies, not only of public rectitude, but also of private happiness; thus may you correct and banish* the worst vices, which poison the mental atmosphere of India; enemies which you too often give birth too, vices which you not only always tolerate and generally encourage, but even too often yourselves originate? "*We* originate!" you will no doubt exclaim with a smile of incredulity or a frown of indignation, but it is alas, only too true! Every young boy entering on life in this country, and possessing the smallest share of perception, cannot fail to perceive ere long, that the expensively dressed and Lothario-like style of men, are those who meet with the best reception and the warmest welcome, as a general rule amongst you; naturally anxious to please those whom something within him, if he is worth any thing, teaches him to look up to and respect; naturally desirous to succeed with those whom his Creator formed for him to love and cherish, the roué and the spendthrift become the models by which he strives to mould his still pliant character. Principles, fixed principles at such an age, he can scarcely be expected to possess; to him the fairer sex are his only mentors, their opinions, likings and dislikings as a body, his only rules of life; led on by the prosperous careers among you of those who are most loose and extravagant in their lives, he becomes like them a reckless ne'er-do-well, or a heartless libertine, or

even, if he has any talent, outruns his master in the paths of wickedness. In this way it is that you do positively and actually, by your want of moral courage to *resist* the wrong in *some* cases, *originate* it in *others*; thus do you sow the seeds of future pangs in many a young and generous bosom, and lay the foundation of misery, which shall sooner or later cast the shadow of ruin over thousands of your own sex, and of those who should be dearest to them and you—their children.

Your influence in society for good or evil is almost boundless, nor is it only to the crusade against debt, gambling and profligacy that we would summon you; there is scarcely a frailty or a fault that blemishes, a vice that disfigures the fair field of social intercourse, but you can remove the stain or bleach the blot; it needs no noisy revolution, no unfeminine demonstration; gentle, passive, but determined resistance of the evil is all sufficient, and this you owe to us, you owe to yourselves—

> " Our hopes and yours are one
> Accomplish ye our manhood and yourselves."

Then and then only, when you have thus nobly done your duty to the human race, may you safely

> " Lay your sweet hands in ours and trust to us."

On you then who, married, would see the intellects of your sons properly cultivated, and they themselves placed in a sphere to use their talents; who would have the future homes of your daughters happy, and your wee golden haired grand children reared in affluence and peace; on you, whose hearts yearn to be united to a husband, whom you can not only love (as the word is too often used) but also look up to and respect; on each and all of you who bear the sacred name of woman, we call, to use the mighty power which ye possess, and to use it for *good*—Alas! do ye do so now?

The weal and woe of society and therefore of yourselves are in a great measure in your own hands; on the one side you have a somewhat annoying exercise of moral courage and happiness, on the other at best the gratification of a paltry vanity and misery, if not for yourselves, for many, very many of your sisters; can we doubt what your choice will be; can we fear, that your hearts should lead you astray? No! we feel that sooner or later, (every change takes some time to effect) you will bravely, openly, and consistently, set your faces against the wrong, and not only decline all intimacy with, but also resolutely exclude from your society the wrong doers. Then shall the fair earth be doubly bright, and the sweet home faces doubly dear; then and then only shall ye have done your duty to yourselves, to us, and to your Maker; then shall the dreams of one who has passed away become realities, and it be true of earth and woman impersonified.

> " There is a power in this sweet place,
> An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
> Which to mankind, do they wake or dream
> Is, as God is, to the starry scheme."

AUGUSTUS HOWARD.

Selections and Translations.

MEMOIR OF ABD-EL-KADER, THE AFRICAN EMIR.

(Compiled from French Authorities.)

Sidi-el-Hadj-Mahiddin, the father of the subject of this memoir, was the Marabout or chief of the Hachems, a powerful tribe inhabiting the plain of Eghris, situated near the Oued-el-Hamman. Although the second son, the birth of Abd-el-Kader was celebrated by his father with extraordinary demonstrations of joy, and the name of one of the most revered of Musulman prophets was bestowed upon him—thus presaging, as it were, his future sanctity and renown. In his youth Abd-el-Kader distinguished himself by his keen intelligence and quick perception, and so rapid was his progress that he speedily made himself master of the various branches of learning cultivated by the Arabs. His father, a man of vast ambition and profound penetration, was not long in appreciating the promising qualities of his son, and readily perceived to what good account might be turned his superior endowments and elevation of character. At an early age, therefore, he admitted him to his private councils, and unfolded to him the views he had long secretly cherished. Nor was this confidence misplaced; for the youthful chieftain devoted the concentrated powers of his mind to the development of these schemes, and greatly increased the family influence by taking to wife the daughter of a neighbouring Marabout, while his sister Lalla Kadidja was given in marriage to the son of another powerful chief. Let it not be supposed, however, that motives of policy alone actuated Abd-el-Kader in his choice of a wife, for a more romantic incident we shall hardly find in the pages of fiction. Dispatched by his father on an important mission to Sidi-Ali-ben-Taleb, Marabout of the Gharabas, at a sudden turn of the road he encountered two females engaged in conversation, who hastily covered themselves in their mantles as soon as they became conscious of the presence of a stranger, but not before his eyes had been rivetted on the countenance of the younger. Passing at night-fall to the tent that had been prepared for him, and which happened to be placed a little behind that of the Marabout, he heard a soft voice murmuring the words of a song popular among the Arabs, but singularly appropriate to the morning's rencounter.

"I weep, for my face has been seen by a man. And now I can never marry. When my attendant shall remove my veil on the nuptial chamber, and shall say to my lord, 'Behold thy spouse!' I shall blush for shame and shall tremble before him, for my thoughts will fly to the handsome stranger who first beheld me uncovered." Gently approaching the tent, Abd-el-Kader replied in gallant terms:—

"Mine eyes have dwelt on thy charms. I will pray of my father, to ask thy hand in marriage for his son." The fair one, who had made so hasty an impression on the heart of the young Arab, was no other than Lella-Kheira, the daughter of Ali-ben-Taleb.

On the morrow he watched her to the bath, and extorted her consent to a stolen interview behind a group of Carob-trees. A rustling among the branches betrayed the presence of a third person, perhaps a spy. "We are lost," exclaimed Kheira. "No, replied her lover; if the eye of man has dared to look upon us, his tongue at least shall never tell the tale."

Drawing his poniard he dashed into the wood in the direction of the sound, and soon caught sight of a man fleeing at the top of his speed. A terrible chace ensued. The one fled to save his life—the other followed to save the honor of the woman he loved. Despairing of safety on land, the poor wretch plunged into a torrent that crossed his path, but his implacable pursuer gained upon him at every stroke, and already the arm was raised to strike the fatal blow. Suddenly turning round upon himself and diving beneath the chief, he seized him round the waist, and dragged him to the bottom. In a few seconds the water became tinged with a purplish streak, and Abd-el-Kader rose to the surface, alone. Returning to Lella-Kheira, he re-assured her by a few words, and in a short time afterwards her father accepted him for his son-in-law.

The result of this union was as large a share of domestic happiness as usually falls to the lot of a Musulman household, and the only interruption to this felicity furnished Kheira with an opportunity of displaying much kindness and generosity towards an insolent rival. Some four years after his first marriage Abd-el-Kader became deeply enamoured of a very beautiful mulatto, named Ourika, whose equanimity however seems to have been not a little shaken by her sudden advancement from being the slave, to be the favorite of her master. Presuming thus on the influence of her charms, she affected to regard the Sultana with disdain, and even treated her as an inferior. Wearied and irritated by her intolerable arrogance, Kheira complained to her husband of the conduct of his mistress. Abd-el-Kader immediately summoned Ourika into his presence. The favorite, unconscious of what had passed, entered his apartment with light step and smiling lips, but no sooner did her eyes alight on the countenance of the Sultan, than the color forsook her cheeks, and her knees trembled beneath her. Sternly reminding her of the many favors he had heaped upon her, and reproaching her with ingratitude as evinced by her conduct to his wife, Abd-el-Kader commanded two negroes who stood at the door, to drag forth the mulatto and inflict fifty blows with a cane on her naked shoulders, in the sight of all who passed by his tent. The preparations for punishment were soon completed, but hardly had the poor wretch uttered a shriek, when Kheira rushed from the tent and ordered the negroes to desist, in the name of Abd-el-Kader. Having been apprized of the barbarous order given by her husband, she had hastened to him at the instant, and obtained the pardon of her rival. Overcome by such unlooked for generosity, Ourika embraced the knees of her benefactress, and served her ever after with the most devoted attachment.

In relating these incidents we have somewhat anticipated the order of events, anxious to avoid any interuption in the progress of our historical narrative. Notwithstanding the prudence of Mahiddin and his wise precautions to avert the suspicions of the Turkish Government of Oran, it was generally well known that he meditated designs in favor of the liberty of his countrymen, and hostile to the supremacy of the stranger. His movements were therefore closely watched, and many insidious attempts were made by false friends to

inveigle him into some act of overt treason. But while he steadily pursued the policy he had planned out for himself as best calculated to produce the desired result, he scrupulously avoided every thing that might be construed into an act of insubordination, or even dislike towards the prevailing system. Aware that the time had not yet arrived for the execution of his schemes and fearing the watchful malice of his enemies, Mahiddin announced his intention of making a pilgrimage to Mecca, accompanied by his son Abd-el-Kader. In the year 1827 he commenced this pious journey and repaired to Oran, hoping there to find a vessel bound for Alexandria. Hassan, the Bey of that province, being apprized of the arrival of his two most formidable enemies, caused them to be brought before him. Unmindful of his own dignity, and of the sacred character of pilgrims, he brandished his poniard in their face, and furiously accused them of conspiring to overthrow the power of their master; at the same time threatening to avail himself of the opportunity that presented itself, by giving orders for their immediate execution. During this intemperate outburst of passion Mahiddin remained unmoved, but Abd-el-Kader impetuously defied the Bey to put a single threat into execution, and warned him that their death would be the signal for a general rising of the Arabs. Intimidated by the firmness of the pilgrims, and sensible of the danger of molesting them, Hassan offered no further obstacle to their embarcation, though he besought them to show themselves once more in public, that their friends might be assured of their personal safety. Complying with his request, they were greeted with the most extravagant expressions of attachment and reverence, for sinister doubts had been already entertained as to the conduct of the Bey towards them. Taking ship they proceeded to Tunis, where they were hospitably entertained by the Dey, and then continued their voyage to Alexandria. Here they rested some days and were honored with several private interviews with Mohammed-Ali, who no doubt regarded these kindred spirits with sympathy and interest. They thence prosecuted their journey as lowly pilgrims, and reached their destination in safety. Thus far Mahiddin had been content to watch the progress of events, but deeming the time now near at hand that was to witness the successful development of his schemes, he resolved to put into action the most powerful spring of human policy, and to summon the aid of superstition to further his views of aggrandizement. It was accordingly reported and believed, that Abd-el-Kader had been mysteriously announced by Mahomet as the future Sultan of the Arabs, as him who was destined to free them from the Turkish yoke, and to raise them into an independent state. This rumour was quickly spread from mouth to mouth, and had reached the shores of Africa long ere the return of the pilgrims themselves. Among the credulous tribes of Oran it is not surprising that this report was received with implicit faith, and the immense influence it gave to Mahiddin and his son may easily be imagined. Abd-el-Kader—now known as the Hadji or pilgrim—was however spared the trouble of fulfilling the prediction of the Prophet, by the French expedition of 1830, which completely annihilated the Turkish powers in Algiers. But a new and more formidable enemy was now to be encountered, and the Hadji-Mahiddin every where proclaimed a Holy war against the unbelievers who were polluting the soil of Islamism. A leader however must be appointed, and in this crisis heaven again lent its aid to guide and direct the faithful. One Marabout reminded the Arabs of the already revealed will of Mahomet; while another related a wonderful vision with which he had been favored, and feared not to assert that Muley-Abd-el-Kader had appeared to him and angrily demanded why the word of the prophet was disregarded, and why the son of Mahiddin—named

after himself—had not already been proclaimed Sultan, for that he, and he alone, was fated to expel the French and restore the true faith. These mysterious visitations were not lost upon the Arabs, and a general assembly of their chiefs was held in the plain of Eghris in the year 1832. After a stormy debate Mahiddin led his son to the door of the tent, and exclaimed as if moved by inspiration—"Arabs, behold your Sultan!" These words were hailed by a deafening shout, and Abd-el-Kader was thus recognized as leader of the assembled tribes, nor was he slow to make proof of his newly acquired sovereignty. A levy *en masse* was peremptorily commanded, and with eager alacrity the Arabs crowded round the heaven-favored chief. Finding himself at the head of a considerable force, Abd-el-Kader marched with all haste against the city of Oran, which had lately yielded to the French arms. In this expedition he was accompanied by his father, his brothers, and Ben Tami, the young chieftain who had married his sister. The French Commandant, General Desmichels, being fortunately apprized in time of his approach, took up a strong position outside of the town, and calmly awaited the attack at a place called the Fig Tree. The Arabs soon appeared in sight, and threw themselves on the French squares with marvellous intrepidity, but in vain. Not a man swerved, and the impetuosity of the assailants only tended to increase their own loss. Mahiddin never for an instant quitted the side of his son who, throughout the action, displayed the most desperate valour. In the thickest of the fray his horse, covered with wounds, fell under him, and his followers, supposing him to be killed, fled in confusion from the field. His life however was saved by the courage and fidelity of his negro Ben Abou, who at the risk of his own life succeeded in mounting him on a fresh charger. Dashing among the fugitives and animating them by voice and gesture, he at length rallied the greater part and led them on to a final charge—but with no better success. Above three hundred Arab cavaliers were stretched on the plain, and the survivors, yielding to fate and superior discipline, retired to their tents.

Undaunted by the failure of his first essay in arms, the Sultan allowed himself only a few days repose before he made a second attempt upon the the city of Oran. Although this expedition fared no better than its predecessor, it furnished Abd-el-Kader with an opportunity of acquiring a character for invulnerability, of which he eagerly a[illegible]ed himself. While a perfect storm of shot and shells was pouring on a certain point, he galloped to the spot, making his horse prance amid the thickly-falling projectiles. His burnouse was pierced in ten different places, and a shot struck his heel as he turned round to return to his party. Mastering the pain, he affected to escape unwounded, and his credulous followers affirmed that they beheld with their own eyes the balls glide harmlessly off his person, unable to injure one under the peculiar protection of Allah and his Prophet. It was well for Abd-el-Kader that this belief went forth, or he might have found some difficulty in removing the unfavorable impression caused by these two signal defeats, speedily followed by a third in which he lost his younger brother Ali, on the banks of the river Salei.

Instructed by misfortune, the Sultan determined for the present to act on the defensive, until he had infused a spirit of union among his undisciplined followers, and had tempered their often inopportune valour. Besides, he was by no means unaware of the dissentient opinions with regard to himself that still prevailed among the more distant tribes. Among others, the Beys of Constantine and Tittery, fearing his growing importance, more especially endeavoured to thwart his plans, and refused to recognize his title. So far indeed did their animosity ex-

tend, that they even agreed to seize on his person by stratagem, and deliver him to the French. But these treacherous devices were rendered altogether nugatory by a truce which Abd-el-Kader, secretly informed of their machinations, hastily concluded with General Desmichels.

Profiting by the leisure thus afforded him, the Sultan directed his energetic mind to the better administration of his kingdom and to the introduction of European discipline among his troops. Renouncing all title to the sea-coast, he claimed for himself the exclusive government of the interior. His territory strictly speaking, was confined to the province of Mascara united to a part of Oran. This district consisted of two divisions, Cherk to the east, and Gharb to the west—the former having for its capital Mascara, the latter Tlemcem. Cherk was again subdivided into seven Aghalifs, comprising 152 tribes, 3 douains or burghs, 31,980 tents, 21,110 horsemen, and 12,615 footsoldiers. Gharb was also subdivided into five Aghalifs, comprising 5,015 *houses*, 23,528 tents, 16,975 horsemen, and 21,885 footsoldiers. Such was the distribution of his territory—turn we now to the organization of his forces.

From his birth the Arab is essentially a warrior. His patrimony, a horse—his title-deeds, a sword. His hand is against every man, and thus every man's hand is against him. Should a Holy war be proclaimed, the various tribes, forgetful for the moment of private enmities, unite in the common cause, and hasten with alacrity to the general rendezvous. But the army consists of undisciplined bands that combat singly and separately, without union, without a leader—displaying indeed the most dashing valor, but often insuring their own defeat by the blind ardor of their onset. And a defeat is usually decisive, for no rallying spot has been appointed, no magazines have been prepared, no strongholds await the fugitives. Thus every man flies to his home, content to have escaped with his life, and altogether unmindful of the loss of honor. Nor is a victory more advantageous than a defeat. The only pay of the warrior being the spoils he may gather for himself, no sooner is the enemy driven from the field, than the conquerors disperse to plunder the living and the dead, and when laden with booty return to their tents, nor dream of following up their advantage. But in the absence of a war that threatens the cause of Islamism, the Arab employs himself in way-laying the caravans or in making razzias into the neighbouring tribes, especially should he happen to learn that the men are absent at the time—probably engaged in their turn in some similar expedition. A life of indolence and repose would be intolerable to him, destitute as he is of all mental resources, and interdicted by hereditary indolence and superstition from acquiring the sciences of the stranger and the infidel. His wants are few and easily supplied. The milk of his camel or his mare, the date that grows spontaneously in the desert and drops its fruit at his feet, and perhaps a small plot of ground cultivated by those who are too old or too young to bear arms, suffice to satisfy the cravings of nature. In other matters, to plunder is easier than to trade, and while the Arab boasts of the patriarchal virtue of hospitality—a virtue common to all barbarians—he scruples not to despoil the pious pilgrim, the enterprising merchant, or the adventurous traveller, unless indeed they are willing to purchase freedom from violence by payment of a certain contribution not a little analogous to the black mail of the ancient Highlanders, whom,—without offence be it said,—the Arabs strongly resemble in more points than one. With such rude materials did Abd-el-Kader undertake to raise a body of regular troops, obedient to the strict and self-denying discipline of the Europeans.

His first step was to assemble a certain number of horse and foot soldiers, artillery men and muleteers, whom

he equipped *de cap-à-pied* and, assigning them a certain fixed pay, enrolled as the nucleus of a standing army. These regular troops consisted in the beginning of only one thousand men, but they were afterwards augmented to the number of six thousand. The foot soldiers, or laskars, as they were termed, were divided into companies of one hundred men each, a company being again subdivided into four tents, one for twenty five men.—To each company he assigned two commissioned officers,—a bach-seiaf or captain, and a kalifa-bach-seiaf or lieutenant—and five non-commissioned officers—four chaous or corporals and a kodja or sergeant-major. The uniform of the laskar consisted of a plain outer garment of gray serge, terminating in a hood, a waist-coat of blue serge, and trousers of the same stuff and colour. The uniform of the horseman was less sombre, and consisted of a garment of red cloth ornamented with lace down the seams of the sleeves and back; a waistcoat of red cloth with blue facings, and a haick of a woollen material. Immense were the efforts of the Sultan to procure suitable arms for these troops, and to accustom them by constant practice to manœuvre with steadiness and rapidity. In this task he derived no trifling aid from the European adventurers who had allied themselves to his fortunes, and were content for so much a day to imbue their hands in the blood of their co-religionists, and to retard as far as in them lay the progress of civilization. Fortunately, these mercenaries were not only few in number, but were men of a very second rate order of intellect.

During the continuance of this truce the Hadji Mahiddin was gathered to his fathers, and his grateful son piously caused him to be enrolled among the Musulman Saints, nor did he forget to celebrate with extraordinary pomp the funeral obsequies of the chiefs who had perished in the late battles with the French—well knowing that honors paid to the dead are considered as peculiarly flattering to the living, —there being no vanity under the sun greater than the vanity of the tomb.

To keep up the warlike spirit of his followers Abd-el-Kader frequently gratified them with mock combats of cavalry, in which one party of cavaliers represented the French army and another the Arabs. Wonderful was the address displayed on these occasions, and the varying phases of a battle were similated to the life. When the contest had lasted sufficiently long and *the French* were beginning to be worsted, the Sultan would dash in between the two squadrons, and order was instantly restored. He was then conducted in triumph to his tent, attracting the admiration of all by his noble and dignified bearing, while his charger proudly pranced beneath him, and even advanced erect on its hind legs.

But the further advancement of his schemes of improvement was for a time retarded by the envy and fanatical ignorance of some of the tribes who acknowledged his supremacy, and who pretended that his efforts to reform and civilize them were impious and contrary to the law of Mahomet. Abd-el-Kader wisely determined to crush this ill-feeling in the bud, but, hurried on by the ardor of success, he imprudently pursued the fugitives across the French frontiers. General Trezel, afterwards Minister of War, took advantage of thisa ccidental violation of the truce, to march against the Emir at the head of 3000 men. But the guide, on whom he too implicitly relied, proved to be a spy in the service of Abd-el-Kader, and accordingly led the French columns into an ambuscade, from which they were only extricated, after a dreadful slaughter, by the firm and steady conduct of the rearguard. On the morrow, the survivors of this terrible carnage were again furiously assailed in a narrow defile near Macta, and one half of the entire force fell

beneath the weapons of invisible enemies.

These brilliant successes added amazingly to the influence of the Emir, and those who were previously disposed to dispute his supremacy now hastened to place themselves under his command. But what proved still more advantageous to his interests was the inexplicable conduct of Marshall Clauzel, the new governor of Algeria, who turned his arms against the Bey of Constantine, and left his more formidable foe to concentrate his forces and devise plans of aggression, at his leisure and without fear of molestation. This precious opportunity was not lost upon Abd-el-Kader. Indefatigably did he labor to train his troops to act in combination, and no stratagem was left unpractised to smuggle arms of European manufacture into his territories. He also drew up a digest of such customs and usages as had acquired the stability of law, and even instituted a military code, every page of which bears the stamp of a strong and vigorous mind. Nor did he omit to introduce order and regularity into the administration of justice, and the collection of the revenue. But this wise and enlightened policy was soon doomed to suffer a second eclipse, and the most civilized nation in the world declared itself the foe of civilization unless under its own direction and after its own manner. The governor of Algiers had at length become conscious of his error, and after receiving a rude check under the walls of Constantine he meditated a more successful expedition against Mascara, the residence and seat of government of the Sultan. After a vain attempt to defend the passage of the Sig, Abd-el-Kader was driven back into Mascara, whence he precipitately fled, fearing to fall into the hands of the enemy. Shortly afterwards the French troops entered his capital; and barbarously burnt it to the ground. This disaster was momentarily fatal to the power of the Sultan. The chiefs of the neighbouring tribes overawed by this terrible example returned to their homes, thus hastily abandoning the leader whom they had hitherto regarded as the peculiar favorite of heaven. His very tent was pillaged by the fugitives of his own army, and his mother, his wife, and his children were despoiled of their ornaments. Not even the sacred parasol, the symbol of sovereignty, escaped their rapacious hands, and the gold with which it was adorned was sacrilegiously torn off and reduced to its profane value. The soul of Abd-el-Kader alone remained unchanged, and shone forth superior to misfortune. "The greatness that comes from Allah," he piously exclaimed, "is like the brightness of the sun. A cloud may obscure it, but every cloud passes away."

Alone, without food, without a single attendant, for two days the Emir wandered to and fro in the desert—a prey to hunger and fatigue. At last, however, he was joined by his faithful negro Ben Abou, who had already saved his life on a former occasion, and who now shared with him his scanty stock of provisions. But hardly had the famished Sultan of the Arabs tasted a morsel of the food, now so necessary to him, when the negro gave the alarm that a detachment of the enemy was advancing by the very path that led to their retreat. Again did he resume his flight until he reached a morass, into which he plunged, up to the neck. A long dreary hour was passed in this painful position. before he ventured to withdraw himself from his asylum, and snatch a brief repose while the negro kept watch. On the morrow Ben Abou perceived from the topmost branches of a Carob tree the flames of Mascara, and the French army on the road that led to their own territory. Abd-el-Kader immediately felt the advantages to be derived from this circumstance, and instantly dispatched his negro with letters to the most credulous of the chiefs who had forsaken him in his adversity, informing them that an angel had appeared to him the night after the fall of Mascara, and

had encouraged him to remain near the ill-fated city, though unarmed and unattended, because in three days the French would abandon their conquest in a panic, but that the city would be utterly consumed. These imaginary predictions tallying so exactly with the real events, a new army arose as if by magic, and a wealthy Caid, touched by his perseverance and magnanimity, presented him with his entire fortune—a worthy example that soon found many imitators. Abd-el-Kader was thus once more in a position to assume the offensive. Had it not been for the dilatoriness of his followers there is little doubt but that he would have intercepted the enemy in a dangerous defile and inflicted a terrible retribution. As it was, he cut off a detachment on the march from Tlemcem to Oran, and shortly afterwards successfully disputed the passage of the Tafna, and surrounding the enemy would soon have forced them to surrender from want of food and water, but for the opportune arrival of a strong column under Marshall Bugeaud. This reinforcement changed the aspect of affairs and the Arabs were driven into the bed of a torrent, from which they extricated themselves with much difficulty. Retiring with the shattered remains of his army to Tagdempt, Abd-el-Kader there fixed his seat of government and soon regained the ascendancy he had possessed before the catastrophe of Mascara. In order to gain time for the consolidation of his power, Abd-el-Kader affected a wish to enter into negociations for a definitive and well assured peace. That his sincerity might be the less suspected, he contented himself with a few trifling inroads into the French territory, at the same time that he wrote a confidential letter addressed to his mother, which he took good care should fall into the hands of the enemy. In this epistle he pretended to be weary of the war, and anxiously desirous of peace, provided he could depend upon the good faith of the French to leave him in undisputed possession of the districts into which their arms had not yet penetrated, in addition to the provinces of Oran, Tittery, and Tlemcem, though he confessed that it would be unreasonable to expect that they would deliver to him the cities of Oran, Mostagenem, Mazagran, Arzrew, and Harzgoun. Totally unsuspicious of the real character of this artful missive, General Bugeaud looked upon it as one of the most important documents that had yet been seized—revealing, as it appeared to do, the most secret wishes of the Emir. Accordingly, when towards the end of May 1837, the latter made overtures of peace, his sincerity was readily accredited and, after a few preliminary negociations, the treaty of Tafna was concluded, based on the terms proposed in the intercepted letter. So completely deluded was the French General that, exulting in his *successful* diplomacy, he even proposed a personal interview with Abd-el-Kader, to whom nothing could be more agreeable.

The General did not fail to appear punctually at the time and place appointed, attended, according to agreement, by his artillery, cavalry, and six battalions of foot soldiers. The Sultan, however, fearful of treachery, hesitated to proceed to the rendezvous, and remained at the head of some ten thousand followers nearly two leagues distant from the spot. After waiting five hours without seeing a single Arab, General Bugeaud, indignant at this cavalier treatment, was on the point of retiring, when some messengers arrived from the Sultan, alleging as an excuse for his dilatoriness that he had been accidentally delayed on the road, but that he would not fail to appear before night-fall. Impatient at the continued delay, the General advanced to meet his late opponent, attended only by his staff. After traversing a narrow and rugged path for above a league he suddenly came in sight of the Arab army drawn up in the form of an amphitheatre at the further end of a deep valley. Sensible that it was

too late to think of retreat, but at the same time fully conscious of the danger he had so imprudently incurred, General Bugeaud assumed a bold countenance, and continued to advance without betraying the slightest hesitation. Some of his officers, however, exhibiting symptoms of uneasiness, a kabyle turning to him said: "There is no danger, be not alarmed." "I fear nothing," replied the General, "but I consider it very unbecoming on the part of your leader to detain me so long." In a few minutes Abd-el-Kader was seen approaching at the head of a numerous escort, superbly mounted, and making a right gallant show. The Sultan himself rode a splendid black charger a few paces in front of the cortége, and was easily distinguishable by his dignified deportment and exquisite horsemanship. To avoid the tedium of the Arab ceremonials, General Bugeaud galloped forward to meet him, and inquiring if it was Abd-el-Kader who was before him, cavalierly offered him his hand, which the other took and pressed twice. The usual salutations being exchanged, the General proposed that they should continue their conference on foot, as more convenient. The Emir immediately dismounted and seated himself on the ground, but without inviting the other to do the same. He was not however a man to be trifled with, and accordingly took his seat beside the Sultan. The Arab music, more noisy than harmonious, for a moment threatened to prevent all conversation, but the General made a peremptory signal for it to cease, and began the conference by observing that few Generals would have acted as he had done in concluding a treaty so favorable to the vanquished: that he had been actuated by a hope that the Emir would make use of the power intrusted to him, in ameliorating the condition of the Arabs, and in maintaining a good understanding with the French nation. In reply, Abd-el-Kader thanked him for his good will towards himself personally, and promised to use every exertion to preserve peace. After some further conversation the General inquired if any steps had been taken to re-establish commercial relations with Algiers and the other cities under the French dominion. "No, but I will arrange this as soon as you have placed me in possession of Tlemcem," answered the Emir; and on the other reminding him that this could not be done until the royal sanction to the treaty had been obtained, he exclaimed, "What! are you not empowered to treat with me?" When the General had further explained to him that unless the King ratified the treaty, it would not be binding on any other officer who might succeed himself; but that a suspension of hostilities was in any case advantageous to the Emir, as during its continuance no injury would be done to the growing crops; Abd-el-Kader proudly rejoined—"Destroy what you will, I will even authorize you to do all the harm you can, notwithstanding the peace we have concluded. Your power is but limited. The Arabs will never want grain." He then asked how long it would be before the King's sanction could be received. "Three weeks," replied the General. "It is a long time." "Yes, but you risk nothing by the delay; I alone can suffer by it." The Kalifat Ben-Harachi, who had now joined them, hastily interposed. "It is too long. We cannot wait more than ten days or a fortnight," "Do you command the sea?" sternly demanded the French General. "In that case," resumed Abd-el-Kader, "commercial relations will be established when the peace has been definitively settled, but not before!"—"Be it so," replied the General, "your own friends will suffer the most by the delay—as for us, we can derive all that we want from the sea." With these words he broke up the conference, and as the Emir shewed no inclination to rise, but rather affected to keep his interlocutor standing before him, the other seized him by the hand and brusquely pulled him on his feet, to the great astonishment of the Arabs. They

then took leave of each other amidst the shouts of the bystanders, which were re-echoed along the hills, taken up by the entire army, and as it were replied to by a tremendous peal of thunder, that seemed to ratify this memorable interview. It was late before General Bugeaud and his gallant little escort reached the main body, whom he found not a little anxious for his safety, and on the point of advancing to rescue or support him, if necessary.

(To be Continued.)

THE LILY AND THE BEE.

AN APOLOGUE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE. BY SAMUEL WARREN, F. R. S. BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

DISCOVERED!—we delight : consent : agree :
Amazing ;—
The idea is capital.———
Bored as we are—all are—bored—worried
By acquaintances ! droppers in ! Or
Still worse——Friends
Who ask us—
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE EXHIBITION ?
So Sam——
— Uel —
Warren being bored—
His mighty spirit thirsted for revenge.
Tremendous retribution—
Overwhelming ! He
Concocted—On Interrogators vengeance took !—
By answering their Question——
With a Book : Tis here ! Book : figment :—
Aptly feigned Insanity : Of one
Distracted by incessant Questioning.
We fall into his humour !—But stop—stop—
Stop—We
Bow ! veil ! sink ! And make way for the flood
Of madness master-feigned !
Dip therein ! Reader come—come dip.
Use our support ! No Broadstairs bathing dame
Shall let you in more gently !—Confide !—
Childlike !—Draw in your breath—
You will
Need it all !——Now !—
We dip ! Into this work
Of Mr Warren's ! Now : one—two—three : PLUNGE !—

Horror hath seized me :——
O Spirit,——hast thou then left me ?—
Where art thou——
Why, in this dread hour, away ! Me left behind, all staggering in the fearful dark——
All, all is lost.——
* * I nothing know ! nor see ! nor hope ! and horribly fear, yet know WHAT I fear ! nor why !
Nor whence I came ! Into this dreary fancied Being called ! O, why !
Am I ? Or am I not ? Is Naught around ——O, Conscious Nothingness——
—Deeper and darker still ! Horror more horrible ! Horror beyond Despair——
Am I resolving into air—or Nothingness- This terror ! Whence ? This sense of Light, Unseen !——of Darkness comprehending not !——of unreality, amid reality ! reality in unreality ! Confusion ! ALL FALSE——and yet, strange sense of Truth ! The sport of mocking fiends——
Would I were not——and had not been ——Where art thou, DEATH——
Unthroned by Horror !
I once could think of thee ! and hope ! and fear ! Art thou, Death ? Or art thou not——to me—to any—
Yet why this fear——
I sink !——In abyss of darkness sinking——
——All forgotten——forgetting all——Perishing !——Conscious Nothingness ——unconscious——

* * *

Lily and Bee, p. 180-2.

Never fear, we hold you tight.
What !
Is your breath gone ? Then we must pull you out.

What is it all about, you wish to know?
Revenge
Dark! deep! and well designed! on those who ask their friends
What their private opinion is about the Crystal Palace.

To such persons it is the design of the writer of this book that victimized parties shall have an answer to give

By which
They will be shut up! Completely!

Let us now in ordinary prose relate how cleverly the writer has fulfilled his purpose. Having called his book an Apologue, and given it the title of the *Lily and the Bee*, he writes a preface at the end of which "he ventures to indulge the hope that, by "one who may think proper to peruse this volume deliberately, suspending his judgment till the completion of the perusal, both the LILY, "and the BEE, may be then found "speaking with some significance." This is the prettiest imaginable touch of mischief. The reader punished for his sins goes on, over page after page, seeing no Lily and hearing no Bee, but strongly impressed with that feeling which Mr. Warren says the Exhibition has excited in himself, and which he succeeds like a true artist in communicating to his readers,

"faint suggestion, with sudden startle."

The suggestion of anything whatever in the matter of the book is very faint but the manner of it is immensely startling.

Suns! Planets! Satellites! Comets! Stars!
Endlessly! resplendently! stupendously!
Ever circling in the void immense
Infinitude,
Obedient to the mystic Law,
Then first revealed!
See him gaze——with pious Wonder—gazing——
—Yet silent, bards!
And thou, grand Æschylus! thy lyre hath fallen from thy hand!
Even thou, great Milton, stand'st transfixed with awe——
Immortal harmonies thou hearest——
While sing the Morning Stars together, and shout the Sons of God for joy—

* * *

Lily and Bee, p. 100-1.

There! the asterisks belong to the quotation, for this is a book in which the stars and dashes contain as much meaning as the text. But you go on; because, out of a sly corner of the preface, you are told that you will understand it all if you don't stop too soon. When you reach the end, the thing is to be clear. So you are stimulated to go through with your sufferings. At the end of the first part you find, by the frequent occurrence of the words Bee and Hive, that bees are being talked about or sung about—but whether they are talked about, or sung about, and if so, what is talked or sung about them, you don't quite know. Only you go on to the end in order that you may discover. At the end of the second part, a Lily suddenly comes into the question. The second part seemed until then to have been dealing with spirits—who are often addressed as ancient ghosts—sorely amazed ghosts—

Oh ancient Ghosts!
Sorely amazed Ghosts!
With strangely beaming eyes,
Fixed still upon that Orrery,
Vain, vain, your toils profound!
Fond dreamings! Teachings esoteric! exoteric!
The Heavens read falsely with your utmost skill!
Amidst subverted systems standing,
O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed——
——And yet ye surely are majestic ones,
Living in men's holy memories;
Thales! Pythagoras! Anaxagoras!
Socrates! Plato! Aristotle!
You see me not,
Trembling in my inner soul,
So little and so poor,
You cannot see me—

Or you might despise
Me, and some other Little Ones
Of this our day.
O!—Away Ye!—Into the oppressed, oppressing air,
For Littleness, in Greatness' presence, trembling,
Is perishing.——
Awful Ghosts, away!

Lily and Bee, p. 144-5.

In that quotation we seem to detect an idea that Socrates and Plato would have wondered if they had seen the *Lily and Bee*—and we have no doubt whatever that it *would* have astounded them. But the " me and some other little ones" seems at the same time to support our idea of the object Mr Warren had in view when he consented to make himself look rather ridiculous, in the eyes of these and other wise spirits. He couples himself, so as to insinuate a motive : that he might have his revenge upon those " Little Ones of this our day," who go about perpetually asking people what they think about the Exhibition.

But after the Ghosts, the sorely amazed ghosts, there comes, as we have said, a Lily into question. Why that comes, and what it means, is a conundrum that would knock down the strongest Sphynx. We had a faint perception of something that might be a meaning when we are at the Bee. But the spirit of the Lily is as black as chaos. There the book ends; except that there follow a page or two to say that the Exhibition will be over when it is done, and that if the building be removed, pilgrims will come to

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
To that green spot;
And, pointing to their sons, all grown incredulous, say,
Here It stood.

Lily and Bee, p. 205.

By this time the revenge is complete, the reader punished; and the book so ends.

Nevertheless we have so much pride in our literary penetration that we do not like to let it go forth to the public that anything has been written which we are unable to understand. And so, although we abide by our first theory, and do not think the author meant anything but a good-natured touch of mischief, we will grope for a few meanings through the mist.

A great number of the first pages of the book seemed to represent the Queen walking through the courts of the Exhibition, and talking in a manner, which, if it were really her's, would cause her subjects serious alarm, and lead to some discussions of a regency. We have a glimmering of a notion that an attempt is made to enliven this part of the book with a love-episode; though we must confess that we found this fancy of our's only on two passages. In Spain, it is said of the Queen—" Thinks she of mighty ones gone by " —all, all, *but one* : of Hannibal : of " Scipio : Pompey : Cæsar : Napole- " on : *her own Wellington*." And again, in another place : " What whispers " the Queen *to her Wellington?* And " he to his puissant Mistress?"

We cannot dwell much, to be sure, upon these slight indications; but we now invite attention to a passage which we positively do understand. On the corpse of Napoleon being carried to France, it is stated, distinctly and undeniably, that " his ear " heard not the wailing peal thrilling " through the o'ercharged hearts of his " mourning veterans, whom neither " did he see" : this also, you observe, is true : " nor did he hear the " mingled thunderings of our artille- " ry, yours, and our own, in blended " solemn friendliness, honouring his " mighty memory.' Ye, Frenchmen, " saw, and heard, weeping nobly " 'mid the melting melody : and we " were looking on, with throbbing " heart. See, then, our Queen. She " wears a crown, and holds a scep- " tre."—But now we are getting to the gingerbread department, and unluckily it turns out that we do *not* understand the above passage, which we fancied we had found it possible to apprehend. For, what sort of sound are we to suppose being made by

Frenchmen who weep nobly 'mid the melting melody of mingled thunderings of artillery, our's and their own?

—At length, however, to go on with what analysis we can make out of the book—"A Queen and Prince are gone!" And the author proceeds to look about him, having a puzzlingly superhuman power of seeing into anything among the men he meets. "Here is one," he says, "little thinking that he will suddenly fall dead to-morrow." Presently after which he spies a poet, and immediately throws himself thus heart and soul into the character.

"Yonder is a musing poet: gazing silently Eastward—Westward—Northward—Southward: above—below: everywhere pouring a living tide of wonder——nor silent——nor noisy——a strange hum—a radiant flood of light——many-hued objects, now glittering brightly——then glistening——fainter and fainter, till lost in distance: whence come faintly the strains of rich music——intermingling mysteriously with the gentle hum around him—Gliding about, forms of exquisite beauty, most delicate loveliness—living, eclipsing the sculptured beauty, at which it is looking, with blushing consciousness——yonder, a fair daughter of Eve, before the Mother of all living: her shuddering eye glancing at the serpent, her ear catching the deadly whisper——Far away, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, Satan——as it were showing all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time. There they are! Great Nations, new and old, with their bright banners streaming: helm: lance: sabre—scimitar——See there, solemnly silent all——Crusaders——the crashing of a mailed throng——soundless——banners—the Crescent——Cross——fierce-gleaming Saracen——Saladin——Cœur-de-Lion——glorious De Bouillon * * * A dim religious light——Dante——Tasso——Milton——Shakespeare——there They are! Could they see but this——or he, with eyes like theirs——be stirred with thoughts like theirs——ah, sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious? * * * still the hum—the dazzle——

Gifted one——Up Laureate, Wake! Ay—it is no dream——but radiant reality—Up Laureate, with thy lyre."—*Lily and Bee*, pp. 49-51.

So, Mr Warren, as the vulgar have it, "Ups with his Lyre"; and we had better confess shortly that the whole remainder of the book completely puzzles us. All our readers have not been such plagues as to ask us what we think about the Exhibition, and if any have been troublesome the extracts already given will be punishment enough.

Three things we may add.

First, that the book has a good motto from Virgil—

Hunc circum innumeræ gentes populique volabant.
Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum
Lilia funduntur: strepit omnis murmure campus.

which might have put us on a right scent for the signification of the title, if the contents had not afterwards destroyed that scent entirely.

Secondly, that the preface hints to us an idea that the style of writing imitates the Anglo-Saxon, and especially King Alfred's poems. This may be said in fun; but if we are invited to be critical, we must pronounce it an alarming hoax. The characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry are as follow. Rhymes may or may not exist; but where there are no rhymes, there always is alliteration. The lines vary in length, but are on the whole very short, containing seldom less than four syllables or more than nine. Each line must contain at least two emphatic root-syllables. We append a small piece of King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon verse, with the translation opposite. The alliteration we have marked; and for this there is a rule—namely, that in each pair of lines, the letter which begins one word of importance in the second line, must begin two such words, or one only, but in no case more than two such words, in the line preceding it. Thus;

Se-the *w*ille *w*yrcan	He that will work
*W*æstm-bære lond	fruitful land,
a-teo of tham æcere	let him pluck off the field
ærest sona	first straightway
*f*earn, and thornas	fern, and thorns,
and *f*yrsas, swa-same weod ...	and furzes, as also weeds.

This being the Anglo-Saxon method, we may imagine the consternation among King Alfred's subjects which might have been excited by the production on his part of a poem without rhyme, and without reason, and without alliteration, and with lines varying in length after a most disorderly fashion between two syllables—such as "Ah me!—" "O me!—" "Egypt—" "Is here! ——" "Of art ——" and a great many more which exist in this volume, to lines of eighty, ninety, or more syllables. We beg therefore, if we must be critical, to say that we have not fallen victims at all to the "King Alfred" hoax.

The other, the third and last thing that we have to say, is somewhat earnest. Mr. Warren may have published this book in a spirit of fun, to try the temper of the public; but a joke may go too far. We are told in a note that "our illustrious philosopher, Boyle, never heard the "name of the Deity mentioned, nor "mentioned it himself, without humbly taking off his hat." It is to be wished that Mr. Warren never quoted Scripture, in the midst of his farragoes, without parting the sacred from the silly by inverted commas. It is all very fair and agreeable, to those who like to quote chapter and verse with the full text from Revelations about "the Scarlet-coloured Beast," when Rome comes to be mentioned. But it is not fair, and it is very repulsive, to introduce whole pages of Scripture thus King-Alfred-be-Warrenized and mixed with private nonsense, irreverently, and without that spiritual lifting of the hat which all men use who quote out of the sacred volume. The awful amount of hashed Bible with which we are in this way presented throughout Mr Warren's book has impressed us painfully.

We are reluctant to shock our readers by specimens of this offence against right feeling and taste. But let us quote a fragment or two, to show what kind of masquerading dress the Scripture is made to wear when it appears upon the page of Mr Warren:

On—on—on!
—What's sounding in my ear——
What Scenes— * * * —And Who are these—
In Babylon?———
—Lo, People!—Nations!—Languages!—
Princes! and Governors—
Assembled all——and there A King——
A Golden Image! Hark, a Herald crying!
All bowing down—all worshipping
* * *
And Nineveh——
Assyria——
Egypt——
O, what a solemn haze! But I am passing by them all——
* *
Samson! Philistines!
Pharoah———
Old Abraham-

What Tower is yonder——
—and a confused multitude?———
* * *
Again Away! Away!—Away!—
Am I flying hidden—safe—on an angel's wing unseen,
O, me!
* * * *
—Troubled, this ancient air——my soul is cold with awe——with fear * * * the air is all gone red——
O, Cain——
Do I look on thee——with creeping blood?——
O, thou First-born Bloody One!

What hast thou done?
Whither shalt thou go?—it Crieth all around—thy brother's blood!—Out of the ground, Into the ear of God.
First Murderer—Prince of thy bloody Race!
The first page of Our History hast thou fouled with hand all bloody——
O impious one! First to efface His image stamped on Man——
Cain! tortured one! to endless torture doomed!
Greater than thou can'st bear——
Cain!—Didst thou see him pass—that man?——
What! one of thy Sons upon his Father looking———
Didst thou note his start so horrible, and his visage, sudden so ghastly grown?
No one knowing Him, but Thou,
And his God,
While he felt the secret bloody tie that bound him fast to THEE———
Did the sight force out the big red drop
Upon thy Tortured brow,
Seen by no eye but his, his ear affrighted hearing,
The question first affrighting thee,
Where is thy Brother?——
——Around thee for a moment, stand
Faces all to thee uptumed,
Oh, hideous throng?——
Horror all erect in myriad form—
Thy Ensanguined Progeny
Known! Unknown, to man—
All known to God——
The Dread Inquisitor.
——O ye bloody men!——your hands are full of blood———
—The fear of Death hath fallen upon me——
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon men,
And horror hath overwhelmed me—
—Oh that I had wings like a Dove, then would I fly away:—
—Away!—from out this blood-red haze—
My sense, my soul, oppressing! scaring!—
A CURSE is sounding in the air—
Let me away!—I faint—I die—all—all red—around—
Let me away—O, me! I—have slaughtered none!—but These, may slaughter Me—
Let me away!—
* * *
Thanks, gentle Spirit! from that Terror, ruddy,
—Already past so far away!—My Bloody brother let me see no more!
* * *

Lily and Bee, p. 158-162.

By the bye—our readers will pardon us, but this mention of Mr. Warren's Bloody Brother reminds us of his Black Brother, whom we must digress to get at.

Koh-i-Noor—having done thee suit and service due, with my myriad fellows, lo! I would speak with thee!
What thoughts are passing through thy translucent bosom,
Purest ray Serene!
Thou hast beauteous kinsfolk: lovely sisters: arrayed in sapphire, ruby, emerald hue:
But also,
A black sister, Koh-i-Noor—
Standing modestly, far away from thee: within this Palace, but not in thine.
What! art thou ashamed of her? Wouldst thou disclaim relationship?
Not so, sweet gem! And now I do bethink me, I, too, my black brother have:
And I disclaim him not.
Behold him by my side—
Give me thy hand, black brother.

Lily and Bee, p. 73-4.

Now we resume our purpose, and give one more sample of the devastation done by Mr Warren among the texts of Scripture:

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, be Thou my Light, for none other is, but Thou!
O, stumbling-block to Jews, and foolishness to Greeks,
Be Power and Wisdom unto me,
Light, succour, and support!
Dissolving every doubt, that Wisdom wills shall be dissolved—
And shedding peacefulness serene

O'er all the chequered scenes of Life,
The chances and the changes of this mortal life,
Melting its idle Vanities away,
Peace! that passeth understanding!—
Gently sustaining,
Lighting, all through the Valley, till I sweetly sleep,
With my dear fellows, in the dust,
Only my Earthly Tabernacle,
My dust, with theirs, mingled awhile, mysteriously,
Safe in the keeping of Omnipotence,
Who made me of that dust,
Breathing the breath of Life,
A living Soul become, never to die.
O happy me,
This is Enough, for Me.

Lily and Bee, p. 183-185.

This is Enough also, for Us. In conclusion we may say that if this book be serious it is a psychological curiosity; but if it be a joke, it has been carried much too far.—*Examiner.*

THE NOVELS OF CERVANTES.

(Translated from the Original.)

TO THE EDITOR OF SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I observe in your Prospectus that you propose to receive translations of foreign authors at so much per printed sheet of sixteen pages, but that the matter of such translations must be of a high order and of general interest. In Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Chapter 83rd. the following passage occurs—"Sir Walter, though he spoke no foreign language with facility, read Spanish as well as Italian. He expressed the most unbounded admiration for Cervantes, and said that the 'Novels' of that author had first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction, and that until disabled by illness, he had been a constant reader of them." I have never seen, or met with any one that has seen, a translation of Cervantes' Novels. It appears to me, therefore, that a translation of some of them will nearly fulfil your conditions. A translation of those Novels that first inspired the "Great Unknown" with the ambition of excelling in fiction must be of great interest. The name of the immortal writer is a sufficient guarantee for the high order of the work, but I must frankly confess that the abilities of the translator are not of that high order required to do justice to the great original. No Spanish author is so difficult to translate as Cervantes. He is the Shakespeare of Spain, and even Smollett's translation of Don Quixote is as erroneous and imperfect as Voltaire's attempted translations of Shakespeare. He who attempts to translate Cervantes must not only be able to render Spanish into English, but he must be thoroughly acquainted with the idioms of the Spanish language, and the customs of the Spanish people. Even then he will find vast difficulties to overcome, for Cervantes wrote nearly three hundred years ago, and many of his allusions are unintelligible, and his phrases obsolete. You will naturally ask why, with the confession of inferior ability, and the great difficulties of the task, I attempt the translation at all. To which I reply. First—I make the attempt because it has never, to my knowledge, been made before, and a bad translation of a great author may be better than none at all. And secondly, you can consign it to the B. B. if it does not meet with your approval. It is not my intention to translate the Novels

according to their order, but I shall make selections according to my own pleasure. Cervantes's Prologue to the Novels being short and interesting, inasmuch as he gives a description of his person, and makes a few brief allusions to the principal events of his life, ought not, in my opinion, to be omitted. With the Prologue then I commence.*

Prologue to the Reader.

WOULD it were in my power, most loving reader, to avoid writing this Prologue, as it did not fare so well with me in the one to my Don Quixote, that I should have any inclination left to attempt a second. The blame of this must rest with one of the many friends I have gained in the course of my life, rather by my naturally good temper, than by my genius; which friend might have, as is commonly the custom, engraven or sculptured me in the first page of this book—the famous Juan de Jaurigui would have given him my portrait for the purpose—and then my ambition would have been satisfied. Then would have been satisfied the desire of those who might wish to know what face and figure the man had who dared to exhibit so many fictions in the world's arena before the eyes of the people. Beneath the portrait might have been written—he whom thou seest here of the aquiline countenance, chesnut hair, forehead smooth and open, merry eyes, hooked nose, albeit well proportioned, silvered beard, although twenty years ago it was of gold, large mustachios, small mouth, not blessed with many teeth, seeing he has no more than six, and these badly conditioned and worse set, as they do not correspond the one with the other, the person between the two extremes, neither large nor small, of a lively colour, more white than brown, somewhat heavy shouldered, and not very light of foot. This he might have said is the portrait of the author of Galatea, Don Quixote de la Mancha, The

NOTE.—I will give a couple of examples of Smollet's incorrectness and ignorance of the Spanish language, although I could enumerate hundreds In the Eleventh Chapter of Cooke's edition of Smollet, volume 4th; but in Pellicer's edition, Chapter 43rd, volume 6th, headed "The second series of instructions given by Don Quixote to Sancho Panza before his departure to Barrataria," there occurs the following passage. Sancho is telling his master that although he can't sign his name, he is not to be done—not to be imposed upon, and says—"*las necedades del rico por sentencias pasan en el mundo, y siendolo yo, siendo Gobernador y juntamente liberal, como lo pienso ser, no habia falta que se me parezca, no sino haceos miel y papàros han moscas.*" Smollet translates this passage as follows—"A rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye; now, I being rich, as being Governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. *Make yourself honey and a clown will have flies.*" What possible meaning can be extracted from the sentence I have italicised? Smollet has gone to his dictionary and found the substantive *paparo* a clown; and he has translated "*Haceos miel y papàros han moscas*" literally—thereby showing his gross ignorance of the language, and utterly destroying the meaning of the proverb. The passage ought to be rendered—"A rich man's folly is wisdom in the world's eye; now I being rich, as being Governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. Ha, don't I know that if *you make yourself honey the flies will devour you.*" Smollet blunders on the word *papàros*. It is not a substantive but a verb with its pronoun *papar os*—*os* being constantly used for *vos* as in the first word of the sentence *haceos*—for *haced-vos*. *Haced-vos miel y las moscas han de paparvos.* Make yourself honey and the flies will devour you. Be soft and you will be done on all hands—a very different thing from Smollet's nonsense—"Make yourself honey and a clown will have flies."

In Chapter 31st, volume 6th of Pellicer's edition, occurs this passage—"*Andad enhorabuena y en tal se os diga volveos a vuestra casa y criad vuestros hijos si los teneis y curad de vuestra hacienda, y dexad de andar vagando por el mundo papando viento y dando que reir a quantos os conocen y no conocen.*" Smollet in Cooke's edition, Chapter 14th, volume 3rd, translates this passage as follows—"Return in good hour (for in good hour I advise you) return to your own house, educate your children if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, *sucking the wind*, exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and of those who do not know your infirmity. *Papando viento* literally translated means "*sucking the wind*," but its metaphorical meaning is "*gaping like a fool.*" What would be said of a translator of the Hindostanee, if he rendered "*huwa khana*" to eat the wind—yet Smollet's translation is quite as bad. Enough is shown here to support my assertion as to Smollet's incorrectness.

Voyage to Parnassus, in imitation of that of Cæsar, Caporal Perusino, and many other works which are scattered about, perhaps without the name of the author. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was many years a soldier, and five years and a half a captive, where he learned patience in adversity. He lost his left hand in the battle of Lepanto by a shot from an Arquebuse – a wound, although it looks ugly, he looks upon as beautiful, having been received on the most memorable and glorious occasion which past ages have seen, or future ages may hope to see; warring too beneath the banners of that thunderbolt of war—Charles the fifth, of happy memory. And when nothing else but the above might have occurred to the friend of whom I complain, I could have raised to myself two dozen of testimonials, with which he might have extended my fame and enhanced my genius; for it is preposterous to think that such eulogiums are rigidly confined to truth, as there is no defined boundary either to praise or censure. Well, since the opportunity has been lost, and I have been passed over in silence and without portrait, I shall be compelled to avail myself of my tongue, which, although afflicted with stuttering, will manage to give utterance to truths, which even pointed out by signs are readily understood.

Therefore I tell thee, most amiable reader, that out of these Novels which I offer thee thou canst not by any possible process make a fricassee* for they have neither feet, nor head, nor entrails, nor anything in the least like them. I mean, that the amorous passages which thou wilt find in some of them are so pure and so consonant to reason and Christian discourse, that they will not raise an evil thought in the breast of the careless, or careful, who may peruse them. I have given to them the title of "Examples," and if thou studiest them well, there is not one out of which thou mayest not derive a profitable example; and, were it not for fear of lengthening this subject too much, I could point out to thee the pure and delicious fruit thou couldst extract, as well from the whole together, as from each one by itself. My intention has been to place in the square of our Republic a table of trucks† where every one could approach and amuse himself without danger; by which I mean without danger to the soul or the body—because honest and agreeable exercise does good rather than harm. Yes, we are not always in the temples; the Oratories are not always frequented; business is not always attended to, however profitable it may be. Yes, there are hours of recreation when the afflicted spirit reposes; for this purpose shady promenades are made, fountains are visited, mountains are levelled, and gardens are carefully cultivated. One thing I may say to thee confidently, that if I could understand in any way that the persual of these Novels could raise an evil desire, or thought, in the imagination of the reader, I would rather cut off the hand with which I wrote them than publish them to the world. My age is not such as to permit me to trifle with the other world—as at fifty-five I have lived nine years beyond the average,—loss of hand notwithstanding. To this work I have applied my whole talent, assisted by my inclination, and I must further give it to be understood—and it is a fact—that I am the first that have written Novels in the Spanish language, as the many Novels, which are printed in that language are all translated from foreign tongues—and these are mine own – neither imitated nor stolen. My imagination engendered them, my pen gave them birth, and they increase under the auspices of the Press. After the Novels—if life

* *Pepitoria*—A fricassee made of giblets, livers, and lights.

† "*Trucos.*"—A game something like that of billiards, played upon a very large table, with large balls and cues. It is still common in old Spain and South America.

be spared to me,—I promise thee the Labours of Persiles, a book that dares to compete with Heliodorus, unless, like "vaulting ambition, it falls on t' other side."* But first you will see me descant upon the deeds of Don Quixote, and that briefly too, as well as the witticisms of Sancho Panza, and after them the "Semanas del Jardin." I fear I promise great things, with the little strength left me—but who can curb the will? There is but one thing I wish thee to take into consideration, that, as I have had the boldness to dedicate these Novels to the great Conde de Lemos, there must be some hidden mystery of weight in them. No more, God preserve thee, and give me patience to suppport the obloquy that will be heaped upon me by a few of the starched and refined ones.

RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO.

On a sultry summer's day two lads, of about the ages of fourteen and fifteen years, were loitering about the inn of the Molinillo, which is situated on the confines of the famous plains of Alcudia as you travel from Castilla to Andalucia. Neither the one nor the other had passed his seventeenth year. Both were well favoured, but their garments were ragged and torn, exhibiting marks of very bad treatment. Cloak they had none; their trousers were of coarse hempen cloth, and their stockings of flesh. It is true that their shoes made up for this want in some degree, for those of the one were hempen sandals that had seen a great deal of service, while those of the other were honey-combed and without soles, so that they served him rather as shackles than shoes. The one had on a green hunting cap, and the other a hat without a ribbon, low in the crown and broad in the brim. On the shoulders, and tied across the breast, the one had a chamois coloured shirt, all crumpled in the sleeves; the other was free from all incumbrances of baggage, although a large protuberance appeared in his bosom, which, as afterwards turned out, was caused by a collar of the kind called starched Walloons, the starch in this case being grease, and the whole so tattered, that it looked as if it would fall to pieces. Carefully rolled up and concealed in this shirt was a pack of cards of an oval shape, as from constant use the corners had been worn off, and in order to make them last longer they were clipped and left in the shape described. They were both burned by the sun, their nails lengthy, and their hands not overclean. The one had a half sword, and the other a knife with a yellow handle of the kind used by cowherds.

The two lads directed their steps to a door-way or covered passage, which was in front of the inn, for the purpose of sleeping the siesta, and seating themselves in front of each other he who appeared the eldest said to the younger—

"From what country is your honor, Mr. Gentleman, and where are you travelling to?"

"My country, Sir Knight," replied the questioned, "I do not know, neither do I know where I am going to."

"Sooth to say," rejoined the elder, "your worship does not look as if you had descended from heaven, and this is not a place where you can fix your residence; you must necessarily move on somewhere."

"True," replied the younger, "but I have spoken the truth in what I

* "*Si ya por atrevido no sale can las manos en la cabeza.*" I cannot give the meaning of the original in any other way than as above. The phrase "*salir con las manos en la cabeza*" "to come out with the hands on the head" probably alludes to the practice of courtiers or applicants, or petitioners of any kind going before some great authority, and on being refused and disappointed in their hopes, they rush out with their hands pressed over their heads or it may allude to a defective birth.

have said, for my country is not mine, as I have nothing in it but a father who does not recognize me as his son, and a mother-in-law who treats me like a step-son. The road I travel I leave to chance, and my journey would come to a halt whereever I could find any one that would give me sufficient to support this miserable existence."

"And do you know any trade?" asked the elder.

"I know none," replied the younger, "except that I run like a hare, jump like a deer, and I can cut with scissors in the most delicate style."

"This is all very good, useful, and profitable," said the elder, "as you may find some sacristan who will present your honor with the offering of All the Saints, as a reward for cutting out large paper flowers for the monument on Holy Thursday."

"My cut," replied the other, "is of a very different style from that. My father, by the mercy of heaven, is a tailor and stocking maker, and he taught me to cut out gaiters, which as your honor well knows are short hose with insteps commonly called spatterdashes, and I learned to cut them so well, that I could have passed my examination as a master, if my unhappy fate had not been adverse to me."

"All this and more happens to the good," said the elder, "and I have always heard that the best abilities are most often lost to their possessor: but your honor is young enough to mend your fortune: nevertheless, if I don't deceive myself, and the eye tells no false tales, your honor has other abilities of a secret nature, which you don't wish to disclose."

"Yes, I have," replied the young one, "but they are not to be made public, as your honor has very judiciously hinted." To which the bigger responded, "I can assure you I am one of the most secret fellows you will find in any part of the world, and in order to induce your worship to make a clean breast of it, and repose confidence in me, I will favour you by making a full confession of my own affairs first—the more so as I imagine that fate has not brought us together here without some mysterious purpose, and it strikes me we shall be true friends from this day to the last of our lives."

"I, Sir Hidalgo, am a native of Fuenfrida, a place known and famed for the illustrious travellers that constantly pass through it. My name is Pedro de Rincon; my father is a person of quality, for he is a minister of the Holy Tribunal of the Crusade, I mean he is the distributor of crusade bulls, the *bulero* or *buldero* as the common people call it. I accompanied him for several days in this business, and worked in such a way as not to be excelled in the sale of bulls by the most expert in the trade. But one day having fallen in love more with the cash of the bulls than with the bulls themselves, I laid hold of a large bagfull, and landed myself with it in Madrid, where, with the facilities that are readily afforded in that place, I sacked the entrails of the bag, and left it with more creases in it than the clout on the wrist of a hand-cuffed convict. I was followed by the man who had charge of the money, and seized. Little favor was shown to me, but these gentlemen taking into consideration my great youth, were contented with tying me to a beam, and giving me a taste of the cat-o-nine-tails for a short space, and afterwards banished me for four years from the Court. I studied patience, shrugged my shoulders, suffered the full measure of my stripes, and left, in order to fulfil my banishment, with such haste that I had not time to look for beasts of carriage. I took with me all the articles I could and that appeared to me to be the most necessary, and among them I selected these cards (on this he disclosed to view those that we have said he carried in his collar) with which I have earned my livelihood in the taverns and inns between this and Madrid, playing at *vingt et un*. Although they appear to your worship so dirty and roughly treated, they possess a most mar-

vellous virtue to those who understand them, so that on cutting them they always leave an ace at the bottom. If your worship is well versed in this game you will see what an advantage one has who knows that he has secured for his first card an ace, which serves to count one, or eleven, as the case may be, and with this advantage, as at *vingt et un* the money is staked to any extent by the player first, it is sure to be pocketed. In addition to this I learned, from the cook of a certain ambassador sundry tricks at Reversis and Lansquenet, which is also called Andabora, so perfectly, that, as your worship could pass an examination in the cutting of gaiters, I too may be termed a master in the science of roguery. With this knowledge I am secure against dying of hunger, for although I stop even at a farm house, there is always some one who wishes to pass the time in a game at cards. Of this we must make the experiment by and bye. Let us prepare the net, and see if some pigeon among these muleteers here will fall into it; I mean that you and I should commence playing at *vingt et un*, as if we were in earnest, and if one offers to make a third, he will be the first to drop the pecunia."

"With all my heart," replied the other, "and I must confess the great obligation I owe to your honor for having given me a history of your life, which renders it incumbent upon me to disclose my own history which is briefly as follows."

"I was born at Pedroso, a place situated between Salamanca and Medina of the plain. My father was a tailor; he taught me his trade, and from my dexterity in handling the scissors, my admirable genius led me to cut purses. The confined life of the village, and the cruel treatment of my mother-in-law annoyed me so much, that I left it and went to Toledo to exercise my trade. In that place I have performed marvels—for reliquary hangs not from hood, nor is pocket so hidden, that my fingers can't discover, and my scissors cut into, although the eyes of an Argus may be watching over them. In four months that I remained in that city I was never caught skulking in door ways, nor assaulted, nor pursued by catchpolls, nor blown upon by any informer. It is true that about eight days ago a traitorous spy gave information to the corregidor of my expertness, who conceiving an affection for my great talents expressed a desire to see me; but I, from excess of humility, not wishing to hold intercourse with so grave a functionary, took care not to be seen by him, and so I left the city with such haste that I had not time to procure pack horses, nor a return coach, nor even a cart, and not a maravedi to bless myself with."

"Say not a word more," said Rincon, "and as we now know each other we may dispense with all pretensions to such grand and lordly things. Let us plainly confess that we have not a maravedi, nor even a pair of shoes."

"Be it so," replied Diego Cortado (for so the younger said he was named) "and as our friendship, as your worship Mr. Rincon has stated, is to be eternal, let us commence it with holy and commendable ceremonies." On this Diego Cortado, raising himself, embraced Rincon, who returned his embrace tenderly and closely. The two then commenced playing at *vingt et un* with the cards alluded to, which, although free from dust and chaff, were fraught with grease and roguery,*

* In the original "*limpios de polvo y paja, mas no de grasa y malicia.*" I have been obliged to translate "*limpios de polvo y paja*" literally on account of the word "*grasa*" that follows, although its metaphorical meaning is "free from all charges." This is one of the many passages in Cervantes's works of which it is impossible to give a translation so as to convey the full meaning of the author. The word *limpio* not only means clean, but is always applied to fair play in gambling. "*Quien juega limpio limpio se va à su casa.*" Who plays clean (that is, fair) goes home clean—(that is, well cleaned out). The word is therefore peculiarly applicable to the cheating pack of cards of the boys.

and after a few games Cortado could cut on the ace as well as his master Rincon.

At this moment a muleteer came out to cool himself under the shed, and begged to be allowed to make a third in the game. They admitted him with great delight, and in less than half an hour they won from him twelve reals and twenty-two maravedis, which was equal to giving him twelve thrusts with a lance, and twenty-two thousand heart-sores. The muleteer then thinking, that as they were boys they could not defend themselves, tried to take the money from them forcibly, but the one laying hold of his half sword, and the other seizing upon his yellow-handled knife, gave him so much to do, that had his companions not rushed to the rescue, he would have fared very badly. At this time a troop of travellers on horseback, who were on their way to sleep the siesta at the inn of Alcalde, which was half a league distant, passed accidentally, and observing the affray between the muleteer and the two boys, endeavoured to pacify them, and offered to take them on to Seville, if they were bound for that city.

"That is the very place we are going to," exclaimed Rincon, "and we shall be happy to serve your honors in all your commands;" and without further delay, they jumped on the mules and went off with them, leaving the muleteer to digest his wrongs and his rage. The inn-keeper, who had overheard the whole of the conversation of the boys, without their having the slightest idea of it, was astonished at the tact and expertness of the rogues, and when he told the muleteer all that he had overheard them say about the cards being false, he tore his beard, and was preparing to follow them to the inn to get back his property, for he declared it was a most mighty dishonour and a most disgraceful case, that two boys should have cheated a huge man like himself. His companions held him back, and advised him not to go, as he would only be exposing his own folly and simplicity. Finally they argued the matter so fully with him, that, although they were unable to console him, they succeeded in preventing his departure.

Meanwhile Cortado and Rincon showed so much aptness in serving the travellers, that they carried them nearly the whole way mounted behind them, and although several opportunities were afforded them of probing the portmanteaus of their temporary masters, they did not avail themselves of them, as they did not wish to lose so excellent an opportunity of journeying to Seville, where they most anxiously wished to see themselves. With all this, on entering the city at sunset by the gate of the Custom House, which was necessary on account of the search required and the duty to be levied, Cortado could not resist cutting into the portmanteau or travelling bag, which a Frenchman of the company carried *en croupe*, and so, with his yellow handled knife he gave it such a wide and deep wound, that the contents were laid bare before him, and he extracted with great sleight of-hand two good shirts, a sun-dial, and a memorandum book—things which, when they came to examine them, gave them very little satisfaction. They imagined that as the Frenchman carried his portmanteau at his back, he would not have furnished it with things of so little value as the articles they had cribbed, and they thought of returning to give another dive into it; but they refrained, fearing the articles might have been already missed, and the remainder put in a place of greater safety. They had made their adieus, before they committed the robbery, to those who had hitherto supported them, and next day they sold the shirts at the Ragfair,* which is held outside the gate of the Arsenal, and got twenty reals for them.

* *Malbaratillo.*—A place where petty pedlars and pilferers sell things of little value, about the fall of night.

Having concluded this business, they went to examine the city, and were filled with admiration at the grandeur and sumptuosity of its largest Church, and the vast concourse of people on the river, it being the time of the lading of the fleet. There were also six galleys afloat, whose appearance made them sigh, and tremble at the thought of the time when their own crimes would bring them to take up their perpetual residence in them. They noticed the great number of boys—basket carriers—who wandered about the place, and they made enquiries of one of them, what sort of trade it was, and if it was very laborious and profitable. An Asturian youth, to whom they put these questions, replied that the trade was not a laborious one, and paid no alcabala,* and some days he earned five and six reals, which sufficed him for his eating and drinking. He was as happy as a king, free to look out for a master, to whom he could give good security, and certain of dining at any hour he pleased, as at all hours victuals were to be had even at the pettiest cookshop in the whole city, where also there were so many and so good. This report of the little Asturian did not appear to the two friends to be at all bad, nor were they displeased with the trade, as it struck them it would dovetail with their own, and enable them to pursue it with safety and under cover, from the opportunity it afforded of gaining an entrance to all the houses. They immediately determined to purchase the necessary instruments to commence the business, as it could be done without passing any examination, and they enquired of the Asturian what they had to buy. He told them to get two small sacks, clean and new, and each of them three panniers made of palm leaves, two large ones and one small, in which were distributed the meat, fish and fruit, the sack being for the bread. He then guided them to where these things were sold, and they, out of the money which they had pilfered from the Frenchman, purchased every thing wanted. Within two hours they might be said to be graduated in their new trade, so well did they handle their baskets and carry their sacks. Their leader (or instructor) informed them of the places which they ought to frequent, viz. every morning the meat market in the square of San Salvador, on fish days the fish market and the coasters, the river every evening, and the fair every Thursday. These instructions they committed well to memory, and next day, very early in the morning, they planted themselves in the square of San Salvador. Scarcely had they arrived, when they were surrounded by other boys of the same trade, who saw by the spick and span newness of their bags and baskets, that they were new comers to the square. They asked them a thousand questions, to all of which they received discreet and judicious replies. At this moment there appeared a half sort of student and a soldier, and attracted by the cleanliness of the baskets of the new beginners, he that looked like a student called for Cortado, and the soldier engaged Rincon. "Be it in the name of God," exclaimed both. "Our trade commences with luck," said Rincon, "as your worship will handsel me no doubt." To which the soldier replied. "The handsel will not be bad, as my gambling has been lucky, and I am in love, and I have to give a banquet to the friends of my lady."

"Then load me, your worship, as much as you like, as I feel spirit and strength enough to walk off with every thing in this square."

The soldier was pleased with the natural sprightliness of the lad, and told him that if he would enter his service, he would rescue him from his present degrading trade; to

* A duty of 5 per cent levied in Spain on every article sold and re-sold, even should the operation be repeated a thousand times. No trade can escape from it except that of the pannier boys of the story.

which Rincon replied, that as it was the first day he had made a trial of it, he did not like to leave it so soon, until at least he found out the good and the bad of it; but if it did not please him, he gave him his word to take service with him sooner than with a prebendary. The soldier laughed, loaded him well, and pointed out to him the house of his lady, that he might know it in future, so that he might not be under the necessity of accompanying him when he again employed him. Rincon promised fidelity and good behaviour; the soldier gave him three cuartos,* and he flew back to the square not to lose a chance. The Asturian also put him up to another dodge, which was, when he carried small fish, such as dace, sardines or flounders, he might prig a few, and take the first taste of them, were it only for the consumption of that day, but that this must be done with the greatest sagacity and caution, in order that the credit of the trade might not be lost, which was of the utmost importance. Quick as Rincon returned to his post he found Cortado already there.

Cortado approached Rincon and asked him how he had fared. Rincon opened his hand and showed him the three cuartos. Cortado thrust his own into his bosom, and drew forth a purse which seemed to have been perfumed with amber in former days, and which was somewhat distended. Cortado said—"with this his Reverence the student paid me, and with two cuartos more. Take it you Rincon in case of anything happening." He had scarcely handed it over to him secretly, when the student came running back, sweating and frightened to death, and seeing Cortado, he asked him if he by any chance had seen a purse of such and such a description containing fifteen escudos† of gold, three double reals, and so many maravedis in cuartos and ochavos which he had missed; and he further asked him if he had taken it during the time he had accompanied him in his purchase. To which, with wonderful dissimulation, without moving or altering a feature, Cortado, replied,

"What I have to say about that purse is, that it ought not to be lost, unless it has so happened that your worship has put it in a place of little safety."

"That is the very thing, sinner that I am," responded the student, "I must have put it in a place of little safety, seeing that it has been stolen from me."

"I thought as much," said Cortado, "but for every thing there is a cure, except for death, and the first and best medicine which your honor ought to take is, patience; for "God has made us from smaller things," and "one day comes after another," and "those that play at bowls must expect rubbers," and it may so happen that in time, he who pilfered the purse, may repent and return it to your worship even perfumed."

"We would dispense with the perfume," said the student.

"In addition to this," pursued Cortado, "there are letters of ex-communication, interdicts, writs of good diligence,‡ which is the mother of good luck. Truly I should not like to be the pilferer of the purse, for if it is true that your honor belongs to some sacred order, it would appear to me, that I had committed some great incest or sacrilege."

"Assuredly the thief has been guilty of sacrilege," said the distressed student, "for although I am no priest, but only Sacristan of some nuns, the money in the purse was a third share of the rent of a religious endowment, which a priest, a friend of mine, sent me to collect, and the money is therefore sacred and blessed."

"I would not be in his shoes for a trifle," interposed Rincon at this moment, "I don't envy him the profit;

* *Cuarto.*—A copper coin worth four maravedis.

† Escudo, a gold coin worth two dollars.

‡ *Cartas de buena diligencia*—properly translated means—letters of writ, but as Cervantes plays on the word *diligencia*, I have been obliged to translate it as above.

there is a day of judgment when every thing will be brought to light. Then it will be seen who was the daring pick-pocket who had the impudence to take and rob and squander away the third part of the rent of the chaplaincy; but Mr. Sacristan, I beseech you to inform me how much the whole rents for yearly."

"It rents the strumpet that gave me birth," exclaimed the enraged Sacristan. "Think you I am in a mood at present to be telling you what it rents for. Tell me at once, brother, if you know anything about the purse, if not, farewell in the name of God, as I am off to have it proclaimed by the common crier."

"I don't think that is a bad move," said Cortado, "but let your worship be careful in not forgetting the description of the purse, and the exact amount of money that was in it, for if a mistake is made in one doit it will never appear in the days of this world, and this I tell you will be its inevitable fate."

"There is not the least fear of that," replied the Sacristan, "for I have it more engraved in my memory than the ringing of the bells. I won't make a mistake in one atom." At this moment he took from his pocket a handkerchief fringed with lace, to wipe off the perspiration which rained from his face as if it came from a still; and scarcely had Cortado fixed his eye upon it when he marked it for his own. The Sacristan having departed, Cortado followed him and overtook him on the staircase, from whence he called him, and taking him aside, he began to cram him, in the style called bamboozling, with so many nonsensical stories regarding the theft and recovery of the purse, filling him with great hopes, without ever concluding a story he commenced, that the poor Sacristan was confounded listening to him. As he could not fully comprehend what he was saying to him, the Sacristan made him repeat the story two or three times. Cortado kept looking at him steadily in the face, and fixed his eyes upon those of the Sacristan, who returned his gaze, for he hung, as it were, on his words. This extraordinary state of perplexed fascination gave an opportunity to Cortado to conclude his job, and having adroitly extracted the handkerchief from his pocket, he bade him adieu, telling him to be sure to come to the same place in the evening, as he had a suspicion that a boy of his own trade, and about his own height, who was a bit of a thief, had stolen the purse, and he would make it a point to find him out in a few days.

With this promise the Sacristan was somewhat consoled, and he left Cortado, who returned to Rincon, who had been watching all his proceedings at a little distance. Further off there was another basket boy, who had seen all that passed, as also Cortado handing over the handkerchief to Rincon, and coming up to them, he exclaimed, "Hollo, gallant sirs, do you belong to the bad entry or not?"

"We don't understand that language, gallant sir," said Rincon.

"What, don't you twig, Messrs. Murcians"* replied the other.

"We are neither from Thebes nor Murcia," said Cortado, "and if you want anything else, say so; if not, go in the name of God."

"You don't understand, eh!" replied the boy, "faith, then, I will make you understand it, and swallow it too as glibly as if you used a silver spoon. I wish to know, gentlemen, if you are thieves or not? But I scarcely know why I ask the question, for I already know that you are, but tell me why you have not visited the custom house of Monipodio."

"Is there a duty on thieves to be paid in this country, gallant sir," said Rincon.

"If they don't pay," replied the boy, "at least they are registered in Mr. Monipodio's books, who is their father, their master, and their protector; and I therefore advise you to come with me and render him obedience. If not, don't attempt to steal without his sanction, or it will cost you dear."

"I thought," said Cortado, "that

* *Murciano.*—A Murcian, also a slang word for a thief.

thieving was a free trade, clear of impositions and duties, and that when one pays it is in the lump, giving as securities the neck and back; but since it is the case, and as every land has its customs, let us follow the custom of this place, which must be a good one, as it is the greatest country in the world. Your worship may therefore guide us to the habitation of this gentleman that you spoke of, as I have certain suspicions, from what you have told me, that he has good qualities, must be generous and dexterous in his business."

"You may well say that he is accomplished and dexterous in his business," replied the lad, "He is so much so that in the four years he has had charge of being our leader and father, only four have suffered in the "*finibusterre*"* some thirty "*embesados*," and about sixty-two in "*gurapas*."

"Truly, sir," said Rincon, "we could as soon fly as understand these words."

"Let us commence our journey, and I will explain them to you on the way," said the lad, "as also several others which are as necessary for you to know, as it is to get your daily bread."

And so in the course of conversation, which was not short, as the road was long, he commenced telling and explaining to them many other words derived from the gibberish of the gypsies. On the road Rincon said to his guide,

"Is your worship by any chance of the fraternity of thieves."

"Yes," he replied, "for the service of God and all good people, although I am not one of the very experienced, this being the first year of my noviciate."

"It is a great novelty to me," said Cortado on hearing this, "to learn that there are thieves in this world for the service of God and all good people."

"Sir," replied the lad, "I never meddle with theology; all that I know is that every one in his trade is empowered to praise God, and still more with the strict order that Monipodio has given to all his protegés."

"Doubtless," exclaimed Rincon, "it must be a very good and holy order, seeing that it makes thieves worship God."

"It is so holy and so good," replied the boy, "that I do not know that it could ever be improved upon by any in our trade. He has ordered us, out of our earnings by theft, to give a portion as an alms for the purchase of oil to supply the lamp of a most sacred image, which is to be found in this city. And true enough we have seen most wonderful things in consequence of this charitable practice. Only a few days ago they gave three "*ansias*" to a "*cuatrero*," who had stolen two "*roznos*," and although he was very thin and suffering from fever and ague, he endured them without even singing out, as if in fact they were nothing at all, and all this we of the trade attribute to his great devotion, for his strength was not sufficient to stand the "*primer desconcierto*" of the executioner. Now as I know you you will be asking the meaning of several of the words I have used, I wish, by anticipating you, to spare you the necessity of putting any questions to me. Know then, sirs, that "*cuatrero*" is a cattle-stealer, "*ansia*" is the rack, "*roznos*" the donkeys—begging your pardons—"*primer desconcierto*" is the first twist of the cord given by the executioner. But we do more than I have said, for we count our rosaries, allotting the days so as to embrace the whole week, and most of us won't steal on Fridays.

"All this appears to me to be most admirable," said Cortado, "but tell me, your worship, do you never make any other restitution or penitence than those you have mentioned."

"As to restitution," replied the lad, "we had better say as little as possi-

* Thieves' slang or latin, of which the meaning only can be guessed. "*Finibus-terre*" may mean transportation—the other words are unintelligible to me.

ble, because it is altogether out of the question, on account of the many shares in which the spoil is divided, every one of the functionaries and accomplices carrying off his own quota, so that it is impossible for the original thief to restore any thing. In addition to this there is no one to compel us to perform such an operation, because we never approach the Confessional. If letters of ex-communication are taken out against us, they never reach our ear, as we never go to Church at the time they are read. We only go on festival days for the profit that the great concourse of people affords us."

"And with this trifle that they do," said Cortado, "do these Signiors mean to say that their lives are holy and good?"

"What is there bad about them," said the boy, "is it not better than being a heretic, or a renegade, or a murderer of father and mother?"

"All that is bad," rejoined Cortado, "but since it has pleased the fates that we should join the fraternity, your worship will be good enough to mend your pace, as I am dying to have an interview with this Signior Monipodio, of whom so many virtues are recounted.

"Your wishes will soon be fulfilled," said the lad, "for already from this spot you can see his house; I pray of your worship to remain at the door, and I will go in and see if he is at leisure, for this is about the time he is in the habit of receiving visits."

"Be it so," said Rincon—on which, advancing a few paces the lad entered a house, not only not of a good, but of a very suspicious appearance, and the other two remained waiting at the door. After a short time the boy returned and called them, and they entered after their guide, who directed them to wait in a small court-yard paved with bricks, which, from excessive scrubbing and mopping, looked as if the finest carmine was exuding from them. On one side there was a bench with three legs, and on the other, a broken mouthed pitcher with a little jar on the top of it, in as bad a plight as the pitcher itself. In front there was a matting of rushes, and, in the centre, an earthen pot of the kind which is called in Seville the sweet basil flower pot. The boys took a sharp look at the furniture of the house in the interval of Signior Monipodio's coming down, and seeing that he was in no haste to appear, Rincon ventured to enter into one of the low small rooms, two of which were in the court-yard. In this room he saw two fencing swords, and two bucklers of cork hanging on four pegs, a large wooden chest without a lid or cover of any kind, and three more rush mats spread on the ground. In the centre wall was stuck an image of the holy virgin, villainously executed, and beneath it was hung a basket of palm; there was also a white earthen jug in a niche in the wall, from which Rincon inferred that the basket served the purpose of a poor box, and the jug was for the holy water, which was quite true.

At this moment two youths entered the house, each about twenty years of age, dressed like students; they were soon followed by two basket boys and a blind man, and without uttering a syllable, they all began to walk up and down the court-yard. After a short interval two old men entered, clothed in black gowns, with double rosaries of jingling beads in their hands, and spectacled, so as to look more grave and command greater respect. Behind them came an old woman, with her skirts flying loose, who, without saying a word, entered the room, and having used the holy water with the greatest devotion, dropped on her knees before the image; in which posture having remained for a considerable time, she kissed the ground three times, and raised her arms and eyes to heaven three times more. She then rose, and throwing her mite into the basket rejoined the others in the court-yard. Finally, in a short space, about fourteen persons, in different garbs and of different trades, were gathered together in the court-yard. Last of all entered two hectoring and high-mettled bullies, with enormous mustachios, broad-brim

med hats, collars of the Walloon style, coloured stockings, garters of large dimensions, swords far beyond the average size, a brace of pistols each, instead of daggers, and their bucklers suspended from their waistbands. As soon as they entered, they cast suspicious glances on Rincon and Cortado, as if they were intruders and strangers, and approaching them, asked if they belonged to the fraternity. Rincon replied that they did, and that they were very much at the service of their worships.

The time of Signior Monipodio's appearance having arrived, that gentleman, so anxiously expected, and so highly esteemed by that virtuous company, entered the hall. His age might be from forty-five to forty-six, his stature was lofty, his complexion swarthy, his eyebrows joined together, his beard black and very thick, and his eyes sunk in his head. He came out in his shirt, and through the aperture in front, a perfect forest was discovered, so dense was the hair that grew on his chest. He had on a cloak of baize that nearly reached to his feet, which were thrust into a pair of shoes down at the heels like slippers. His legs were covered with drawers of coarse cloth, wide and long, reaching to the ankles. His hat was of the kind used by the fraternity of the Hampa,* bell-shaped at the crown, and falling in the leaf. A belt was slung across his shoulders and breast, from which was suspended a sword broad and short. His hands were short and hairy, his fingers fat, the nails being flattened and shaped like those of a female. His legs were not visible, but he was splay-footed, and the feet were out of all proportion large and broad. In fact he appeared the most savage and deformed barbarian in the world.†

The guide of the two boys came in with him, and seizing them by the hands, introduced them to Monipodio, saying,

"These are the two good youths of whom I spoke to your honor, Signior Monipodio, and if you examine them, you will find they are worthy to be admitted into our congregation."

"That I shall do with great pleasure" replied Monipodio.

I omitted to state that when Monipodio entered, all those that had been waiting his arrival instantly made him a profound and reverential bow, with the exception of the two bullies who carelessly (*a medio mogate* as they themselves would have termed it) raised their hats, and immediately resumed their walk. Monipodio paced up one side and down the other of the court-yard, and questioned the new comers as to their trade, their country, and their parentage, to which Rinson replied—

"Our trade is already made known to you, seeing we have come to your worship's presence; and as to our country and parentage, I do not think it can be of much importance to mention them, as the association we are to join is not of such an honorable kind as to render it necessary to give such information."

"You are right, my son," replied Monipodio, "and it is very wise of you to keep secret what you say, for if fate were adverse to you, it would never do to have it certified under the sign manual of a notary, and recorded that—'So and so, son of so and so, native of such and such a place, was on such and such a day strung up, or flogged,' or something of the kind, which, to say the least of it, does not sound well to virtuous ears. I therefore repeat that it is the most advantageous plan to preserve silence as to country, to conceal the names of parents, and even to change your own proper names. Among ourselves, however, there must be nothing hidden, and at present I shall be satisfied with being made acquainted with your names."

Rincon gave his, and Cortado followed his example.

* *Los de la Hampa*—A company of rogues and vagabonds formerly in Andalusia who used a jargon like the gipsies.

† The reader will remember in the Fortunes of Nigel Duke Hildebrod, the truculent potentate of Alsatia, and the bullies of that interesting region. Monipodio, the chief of the Seville Alsatia, is a match any day for the Duke.

"Well then," said Monipodio, "from henceforth I wish, and it is my pleasure that you, Rincon, be called Rinconete and you Cortadillo, as these are names that admirably suit your ages* and our rules which imperatively require the names of the fathers of the brotherhood to be declared. For it is our practice to order a certain number of masses to be performed every year for the benefit of the souls of our dead and of our benefactors, paying the stupendous† of those that perform them, from part of the proceeds of what we grab, and it is said that these same masses performed as well as paid for, profit thos[illegible] *por modo de naufragia*‡ by shipwrecking them. Those to be enumerated among our benefactors are the proctor who defends us, the catchpoll who puts us on our guard, the executioner who has pity upon us, and he who, when some one of us is flying through the street, and behind him are bellowed out loud cries of "Thief, Thief, stop him, stop him," places himself in the middle, and stems the torrent of those that follow by saying—"Let the poor wretch go, his luck is bad enough already, let him alone, his crime will be his punishment." Benefactors of ours also are the charitable who with the sweat of their brows, give us succour as well in the jails as in the hands of the police, so also are the fathers and mothers who bring us into this world, and the attorney who, if he be favourably inclined, there is not a crime that will be made out to be a fault, nor a fault for which much punishment will be awarded. For all these then that I have enumerated, our fraternity holds every year its adversary§ with the greatest pop and solitude|| that is possible.

Truly," said Rinconete, now confirmed in this name, "this is a ceremony worthy of that most lofty and most profound genius which we have been told your worship Signior Monipodio possesses; but as our fathers are still in the enjoyment of life, we may probably come across them, and then we shall immediately give them notice of the existence of this happy and most creditable fraternity, in order, that for the benefit of their souls they may perform that shipwreck,¶ or that adversary which your worship speaks about, with the usual pomp and solemnity, unless it can be performed better with pop and solitude, as your worship so admirably remarked."

"It shall be done, were I to be cut to pieces!" replied Monipodio.

On this he called the guide, and said to him, "Come here, Ganchuelo, and tell me if all the sentinels are posted."

"Yes," said the guide, whose name was Ganchuelo, "two sentinels are keeping a sharp look out, and there is no fear of our being taken by surprize."

"To return then to the business in hand," said Monipodio. "I wish to know, my sons, what your qualifications may be, in order to employ you in such work as may square with your inclination and abilities."

"I," replied Rincon, know a little of cheating at cards, understand how to keep what I get hold of, and have a special eye to the main chance. I play perfectly at *sola*, *quatro*, and *ocho*,** and am up to every sort of trick and fraud knowr to gamblers—having cut my eyeteeth long ago. I can penetrate into a dark dungeon as easily as into my own house. I would back myself to make a third at a game of hazard against any third in Naples, and I would undertake to give a backhander to the sharp-

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* Rinconete and Cortadillo being the diminutives of Rincon and Cortado.

† *Stupendous*—Monipodio uses the word *estupendo* for *estipendio*, stipend or pay.

‡ Mr. Monipodio intends to use the Latin phrase *per modum suffragii*—but in his gross ignorance he perverts it as above, thereby saying something very different from what he means.

§ *Adversario*—The learned Monipodio means *aniversario*—anniversary.

|| *Popa y soledad*—for *pompa y solemnidad*—pomp and solemnity.

¶ Mr. Rinconete is taking a rise out of the great Monipodio.

** I have been obliged to give the original words, as there are no such games known now. I have been obliged also to make a very free translation of Mr. Rinconete's attainments, as in the original they are couched in language which must have been the thieves' slang in the days of Cervantes. The words are not to be found in any Dictionary in my possession.

est practitioner as easily as to lend him a couple of reals.

"These are beginnings," said Monipodio, "but like faded flowers of lavender they are all so antiquated and so common, that every tyro is acquainted with them, and are only fit to be tried on those that are so very green as to allow themselves to be walked into very early in the morning; but we shall see what is to be done in time. I hope to God that, by adding half a dozen lessons to your present acquirements, you may turn out to be a first rate workman and perhaps even a master."

"All," replied Rinconete, "shall be for the benefit of yourself and the worthy brotherhood."

"And you, Cortadillo," said Monipodio, "what do you know?"

"I," replied Cortadillo, "know the the dodge which is called throwing in two and taking out five; and I know how to pick a pocket with unsurpassed dexterity."

"Do you know any thing else," enquired Monipodio.

"No," replied Cortadillo, "great sinner that I am."

"Don't be cast down, my son," said Monipodio, "for you have reached a school and a harbour where, you will not be lost, but from whence on the contrary, you will not fail to emerge with all the profit you can desire. But how are you off for courage, my children?"

"How should we be," replied Rinconete, "but very well off. We have courage to attempt any enterprize connected, with our trade."

"That is so far good," rejoined Monipodio, "but I wish you had the pluck to suffer, if necessary, half a dozen stretches of the rack without opening your lips, but preserving the profoundest silence."

"We know very well," said Cortadillo "what stretches of the rack mean, and we have pluck for all that, for we are not such numskulls as not to understand that the throat pays for what the tongue utters; and moreover Heaven has been over and above bountiful to the spirited fellow —to call him nothing else—by placing his life at the discretion of his tongue, as if it were not as easy to say "Yes" as "No."

"Hold hard," interposed Monipodio at this time, "say not a word more, for that last argument convinces, obliges, persuades, nay, compels me to admit you at once into the highest grades of the fraternity, and to dispense entirely with the first year of your noviciate."

"I am of the very same opinion," said one of the bullies, and this was confirmed unanimously by all present, who had been listening to the conversation. They begged Monipodio to confer upon them and permit them at once to enjoy all the privileges of the fraternity, as their agreeable appearance and spirited conversation well merited this favor. Monipodio replied that, to gratify them all, he from that instant conferred all the privileges of the fraternity upon them, charging the boys to hold them in the highest estimation, as they exonerated them from paying the half annats of the first robbery they might perpetrate. They also exonerated them from a number of petty obligations imposed upon the first year of the noviciate—such as—to be obliged to carry messages to a brother of the highest grade in gaol, or in his house, from his correspondents. They were at liberty to provide themselves with the real Turkish, and to dine, when, where and how they pleased, without asking leave of their chief. They might come in at once by the same entrance as the brothers of the highest grades, like one of themselves—and in short many other privileges which they looked upon as special marks of favor,—for all of which they returned their best thanks in the most polite terms.

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And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders, or limbs!" Do you wish to

know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"you have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines—"have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine, and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

Sold in Boxes and Pots, at 1, 2-8, 4-8, 11, 12, and 33 Rupees each.

Directions for their use in all diseases accompany each Box and Pot.

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